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## HOGARTH.



TO say that, towards the middle of the Eighteenth Century, the first great original and emphatically English artist was comparatively ignored as a painter, seems like the proclamation of a paradox. Yet the fact is incontestable. It was as an engraver and designer, some said a caricaturist, that he was chiefly known. The gross, good-humoured, gaping middle-classes, the tradesmen whose honest motto was "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you," the critics of the kennel and the gutter, clustered eagerly round Mr. Bakewell's, "next the *Horn Tavern in Fleet Street*," and grinned hugely over the humours of "Southwark Fair" and the "Strolling Actresses," or peered hushed and awestruck at the terrible tragedies of Mary Hackabout and "silly Tom." They recognised the racy drollery, the keen ridicule, the almost sardonic delight in the exposure of hypocrisy; but they

recognised also the uncompromising morality which never omitted to declare with remorseless pictorial emphasis that the prodigal must inevitably lie among the husks, and the rogue come at last to the gallows. These, Hogarth's best and most steadfast admirers, knew nothing of the "grand style" in art; they had never experienced the force of that contemptuous word "low," which grated so harshly upon Fielding and Goldsmith; they felt only that these engravings sent them away with shaking sides, or that their grimly-graphic precepts lingered in their minds with a haunting persistence never attained by any utterance from the most "heated pulpiteer" who ever wore a "feather-topped grizzle." They bought them perhaps; and hung them on dark wainscot in their City homes and counting-houses, or carried them to their Islington and Hampstead country-boxes—"from *Halfpenny's* exact designs"—to be a memory to their descendants in the next generation. Of the paintings from which they were reproduced they thought little,—probably they scarcely realised their existence. And if these thought little of them, others thought less. The picture-buyers and connoisseurs, the pulvilio-and-punctilio fine gentlemen, who went in curl-papers to Piazza auctions, and flourished their agate boxes of Fribourg's *tabac d'étrennes* over a Furini that called itself Correggio, or a noseless Jupiter Tonans, could scarcely be expected to appreciate the Cumberland schoolmaster's son. What good, artistically, could possibly come out of Cranbourne Alley and Leicester Fields? What did he—this profane professor of *caricatura*—know of "the learning of Poussin, the air of Guido, the greatness of taste of the Caraches, the sublimity and grand *contorno* of Michael Angelo,"—he, who was not even the pupil or the imitator of anybody? If such were, and it may safely be assumed they were, the sentiments which the *virtuosi* entertained towards the artist, they were certainly reciprocated by Hogarth. An unpliant, an obstinate, and a vainglorious little man, he was thoroughly convinced of his own ability, and only hardened in that belief by opposition. So his canvases remained upon his hands, or were sold by strange expedients, at wretched prices. Of his three great series, the eight pictures of the *Rake's Progress* fetched £184 16s.; the six of the Harlot's, £88 4s.; while his masterpiece, the *Marriage à la Mode*, in Carlo Maratti frames that had cost exactly four guineas a-piece, brought in the unprecedented and magnificent sum of £126.

What would be their price now, these wonderful pictures, which their first purchaser, Mr. Lane, carried away triumphantly to his country seat "at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge!" In 1792 they had risen to £910, and five years later, when they were bought by Mr. Angerstein, who gave them to the nation, their value had again risen to £1381. And this was before they were really revealed to the public in 1814 at the British Institution. What would they command now at Christie's or Sotheby and Wilkinson's! It is idle to speculate. Moreover, they have passed "to where beyond all auctions there is peace;"

and, save for the indiscretions of reviving and restoring, are comparatively secure from the shocks of time. When, in 1740 or thereabouts, Hogarth first planned them he was no longer young, having been born in 1697. Out of the "conversation pieces" of his portrait days, and his many scenes from the *Beggar's Opera*, had grown the "story-pieces" of his maturity. Already he had delineated the progress of a Harlot, the progress of a Rake. Admirable as was the former for boldness and veracity, it dealt too exclusively with a state of things of which the *penetralia* are best left untrodden, at all events pictorially; while the latter, though wider in its range, was more laboured, and less happy in its evolution. It was also a little theatrical, and (as many think) impeded by abuse of the pathetic fallacy in the introduction of the ruined sweetheart, Sarah Young. But in each he had disclosed his wonderful power of tragic suggestion, his unerring eye for social shame and folly, his minute and extraordinary apprehension of the eloquence of details. Look, for example, at the base use of Bishop Gibson's "Pastoral Letter" in Plate 5 of the *Harlot's Progress*, or the cobweb over the poor's-box in Plate 3 of that *vive Odyssée* of the *Rake*. In his next great effort he was to rise to his highest achievement; and to crowd into six admirable canvases what was at once the brief abstract of the fashionable life of the Georges and the brief abstract of the fashionable life of all time.

Those who read the first announcement of the prints as representing "a Variety of *Modern Occurrences in High Life*," no doubt wondered a little at the audacity of the painter. What could he, whose pencil had scarcely travelled beyond the limits of St. Giles's, know of the inner secrets of St. James's! A Hervey, or a Walpole, or a Beauclerk, or even a Fielding, might have sufficed, but a Hogarth of Leicester Fields, whose only title to social distinction was that he had eloped with Thornhill's handsome daughter,—what claim had he to depict the charmed region of cards and folly, ringed with its long-resounding knockers and its flambeau-carrying footmen! This was, however, to reckon without genius, which overleaps higher barriers than these. It is true that the English Novel of Manners, which has since stimulated so many artists, had only just made its appearance; and *Pamela* and *Joseph Andrews* but falteringly foreshadowed *Clarissa* and *Tom Jones*. But there is nothing in the story of the *Marriage à la Mode* which was beyond the powers of a *spectator ab extra*, provided he was fairly familiar with the Modelys and Wildairs of the stage, and the satires of Johnson and Pope. Like that of all masterpieces, too, the plot is extremely simple. An impoverished nobleman, who marries his son to a rich citizen's daughter: a husband, who, pursuing his own equivocal pleasures, leaves his wife to the temptations of opportunity: a foreseen result, and a tragic issue:—this material is of the oldest, and could make but slender pretence to originality. Submitted to Colman or Garrick as the outline of a

play for Yates and Mrs. Woffington, it would probably have been rejected with contempt as hopelessly threadbare. Yet combined and developed under the brush of Hogarth, set in an atmosphere that makes it as vivid as reality, decorated with surprising splendour and fidelity, and animated by all the resources of the keenest humour, it passes out of the line of mere *trompe-l'œil* and transcripts of life, and retaining the merits of the particular, becomes a representative and typical work, which is as articulate to-day, as direct and unhesitating in its message, as it was a hundred years ago.

The first picture represents the signing of the marriage contract. The scene is laid in a splendid room at "Earl Squanderfield's" (this is the painter's own name for his character). His lordship, dressed in a laced waistcoat and richly embroidered coat, his gouty foot swathed in flannels, half-sits, half-reclines, upon a couch or settee, and points with a magnificent air of *père noble* to his pedigree (which issues from the loins of the Conqueror), and his incorruptible bosom. The citizen, his *vis-à-vis*, is an admirable contrast. He wears plain, almost sad-coloured clothing, though, for the nonce, he has arrayed himself in his aldermanic chain, and girt himself with an unwonted sword, the sheath of which projects awkwardly between his legs. He peers curiously through his horn spectacles at the endorsement of the settlement, while a third personage, probably his clerk or cashier, holds out to the Earl a deed labelled "Mortgage." The contract is already signed and sealed, for the pen is still in the ink, and the lighted candle (in which a thief is conspicuous) yet flickers on the table. The only other figure in this group is an old lawyer, who, with a gesture of wonder, surveys an unfinished building outside, the plan of which is in his hand. Like Pope's "Visto," my Lord Squanderfield has "a taste," and his taste is the ruinous one of bricks and mortar.

Towards the left of the canvas the intrigue is actively beginning. The bride, fresh and pretty in her wedding-dress, but plainly suffering from *mauvaise honte* or piqued vanity, twirls a ring upon her handkerchief, and listens with clouded face to Counsellor Silvertongue, who bends towards her with a half-whispered compliment. Meanwhile, the Earl's son, the bridegroom, in a light-blue coat, a vest stiff with embroidery, a huge solitaire and red-heeled shoes, turns from his future wife, with a self-complacent smirk, to a mirror at his side. In his hand is an open snuff-box from which, with affected elegance, he mechanically lifts a pinch. At his feet are two dogs, coupled with links; but one lies down while the other stands. There are other details in the picture to which we shall return.

"The little rift within the lute" of Scene 1 gapes wider in Scene 2. Building "*inmemor sepulchri*," the old Earl has carried his architectural improvements to William of Normandy; and the new Earl and his Countess are living as seems good in their eyes, and, to all appearance, quite independently of each other. After a prolonged

session of music and cards, my Lady has risen about noon, and in a night-cap and coquettish morning jacket, is refreshing herself with a dish of tea. She has been inspecting her appearance in a pocket-mirror, and throws back her arms wearily with a strange side leer at her husband, either to be explained by his condition, or by her consciousness of the letter upon her plate. He, it seems, has just returned from a night's debauch, flinging himself into a chair at the side of the fireplace in a posture which expresses the nausea and reaction of complete satiety. His pale, unhealthy face looks paler against the yellowish white of Kent's mantelpiece, his hair hangs loose and disordered, his vest is open, and his hands plunged deeply in his small-clothes. He still wears his hat—an instance of his undisguised indifference to the presence of his plebeian partner—though he has unbuckled and flung from him his sword, broken ignominiously in its sheath during the evening's exploits. From his coat-pocket droops a woman's blue-ribboned cap, at which a pet dog sniffs curiously. He seems in a kind of stupor; and the Methodist steward, after vainly endeavouring to attract his attention, leaves the room with uplifted hand and *one* paid bill on his file. In the background a footman, half-awake and half-dressed, yawns wearily as he essays to arrange the chaos of chairs and tables.

Not content with having indicated the moral alienation of the ill-matched pair, the artist proceeds to show us the separate pursuits of the husband and wife more specifically in pictures 3 and 4. Over the former of these, the scene at the Quack Doctor's, it is needless to linger. Besides being obscure (Hogarth's promise in his programme not to offend against decency probably prevented him from being thoroughly explicit), its subject lifts the curtain upon too grave a malady of social life to be quite endurable in plain English. Briefly, it may be thus described. The Earl has brought the lady of the blue-ribbed cap to a quack, one of that worthy fraternity whose advertisements of "electuaries" and "catholicons" generally formed the tailpiece of the Eighteenth-century newspaper. The girl's health, and his treatment of it, is the theme of discussion. A Jezebel-looking personage, supposed to be the quack's wife, or a procuress, or both, threatens the Earl with a clasp-knife: he, in return, lifts his cane, and, laughing sardonically, exhibits a box of pills. Meanwhile the quack wipes his horn spectacles and snarls across the room at the girl—a mere child in years and figure,—who, looking more childish in her laced "manteel" and grown-woman's finery, listens impassively. The room, which is said to have resembled one in St. Martin's Lane, where dwelt the famous Dr. Misaubin of the *Harlot's Progress* and Fielding's *Mock Doctor*, is an appropriate background to the picture. Phials, stuffed alligators, mummies and retorts, cumber it on all sides. Behind the Earl an *écorché*, a wig-block, and a skeleton seem holding a medical consultation; to the left, in the corner, are two cumbrous pieces of

machinery—one for setting collar-bones, the other for drawing corks. Both are the invention of M. de la Pilule (presumably Hogarth's name for the quack himself); and both have been honoured by the approval of the "Academy of Sciences" at Paris.

The pictures already described have introduced us to the drawing and morning-rooms of the Georgian era,—the fourth scene exhibits the bed-room, with its state-bed, surmounted by a coronet, standing in its alcove. We are assisting at the Countess's levée. A Swiss *friseur* is dressing her hair, while Weidemann the flute-player accompanies the singer Carestini. Hard by, an effeminate virtuoso in curl-papers, with a certain look of Horace Walpole in his face, listens resignedly; near him a fair enthusiast with red hair (Mrs. Fox Lane, afterwards Lady Bingley) sways herself forward in an ecstasy of admiration, to the astonishment of a black boy, who hands her her chocolate. In front of the Countess, in the easy posture of a privileged person (his portrait is conspicuous on the wall) reclines the young lawyer of the "Contract." He points airily to a screen behind him which is painted with persons in masks and dominos, and, "prologue to the omen coming on," flutters invitingly in his other hand a masquerade ticket.

By the ensuing scene, we must conclude that the invitation was accepted. From Heidegger's impure saturnalia, two figures have detached themselves, and two chairs have gone swinging off between their sturdy-legged Irish bearers to some "side door with a lamp" in Covent Garden or Soho. Here suddenly, dashing open the door, the Earl has broken upon the fugitives; the furniture has been hastily thrust aside; a brief duel has been fought out in the firelight; and now the panic-stricken Countess is on her knees before the filmy-eyed, fading figure of her husband, run through the body, and clutching vaguely at the table. His small-sword falls rattling from his hand: the Counsellor escapes naked through the window into the night: the watchman and the keeper of the Bagnio enter horrified at the door.

The "last scene shifts" to the citizen's home by London Bridge, which with its rows of tottering houses is seen through the window. Counsellor Silvertongue has been hung at Tyburn for murder (his "dying speech" lies on the floor); and the Countess has poisoned herself with laudanum brought to her by a half-witted serving man, whom the apothecary is rating. The physician, who can do nothing, takes his departure. The father ("careful soul!") prudently draws the ring from his dead daughter's finger, while a whimpering old nurse, with puckered anile face, holds up a rickety child to kiss the yet warm cheek of its mother. The child is a girl; and the male race of Squanderfield is extinct.

There is no need to point the moral of this "over true tale." He who runs may read it, as plainly as in Thackeray's "Newcomes." But it is worth while to go back

or a moment, and note some of the numberless strokes of detail, by which the artist has made the whole age a background for his episode. Its tasteless taste for bric-à-brac is shown in the jumble of auction trumpery from Sir Timothy Baby-house's sale, which litters the Countess's dressing-room, and in the toads and "fat squabs" of the saloon scene. The insensate passion for Italian song—that "*Dagon* of the Nobility and Gentry which had so long seduced them to Idolatry," is satirised in the pampered, unwieldy form of Carestini, loaded with lace, and as much be-ringed as the old woman of Banbury Cross. The invitation cards in Scene 4, the playing-cards in Scene 2, indicate the curse of the time, which lay alike upon men and women, the curse of Pharaoh and basset, of ombre and piquet. Observe, too, how aptly the decorations and accessories of each room are adapted to the occupants, the heavy furniture and shabby adornments of the chamber in the "Turk's Head"—Moll Cut-purse completed by a mouldy "Judgment of Solomon" in needle-work—the grinning masks on the floor, the shadow on the sword, the inevitable pills. Observe, again, the mean environment, the wealth-cum-squalor of the money-making merchant, the starved dog stealing the pig's head, the massive silver goblet, the egg in rice, the gross Dutch pictures on the wall. What a furious onslaught he makes, too, the sturdy little Londoner, upon the vast canvases from over the sea—"the shiploads of Madonnas, Holy Families, and other dismal dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental," against which he had inveighed so bitterly in the St. James's 'Evening Post.' In these pictures of his you may see them all, the Judiths and Holofernes, the Murders of Abel, the Martyrdoms of St. Lawrence, cheek by jowl with Jupiter and Io, and the Rape of Ganymede,—all the high-priced rubbish which the *cognoscenti* brought back from the Florence picture factories to embellish their English mansions withal, to the hurt and harm, as honest William thought, of all native and individual art.

One of the other pictures reproduced here, which hangs in the National Gallery, not far from the *Marriage à la Mode*, is the direct outcome of the sturdy hatred which the painter cherished for the "Black Masters" and all their works. In an evil hour he attempted to rival them on their own ground, and conceived his well-known "Sigismonda weeping over the heart of her lover, Guiscardo." A picture attributed to Correggio, and having the same title, had been sold at Sir Luke Schaub's collection in 1758; and the large price given for it, £400, stimulated Hogarth in his endeavour to outdo it. He had an open commission from Sir Richard Grosvenor; and, with immense pains, completed this example of the grand style. But Sir Richard, who had expected, and no doubt would have preferred, something more in the semi-erotic line of Mr. Huth's "Virtue in Danger," which Hogarth had just painted for Lord Charlemont, rather meanly shuffled out of his bargain, upon the ostensible ground "that the constantly

having it before one's eyes would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind." "I own," says Hogarth, in some verses of which, with Paul Whitehead's aid, he delivered himself upon this occasion :

"I own, he chose the prudent part  
Rather to break his word than heart ;  
And yet, methinks, 'tis ticklish dealing  
With one so delicate in feeling."

The worst was that *Sigismonda* remained upon his hands, only to be sold long after his death, when the Boydells bought it for 56 guineas. During his lifetime it was a butt for the caricaturist and lampooner. It is said to be a portrait of his wife, which did not lessen the sting of its ill-fortune. And yet, making due allowance for the public intolerance of versatility in those to whose efforts in one direction they are accustomed, allowing also for some perhaps not unreasonable antagonism to Hogarth himself as an adventurer in this particular walk, *Sigismonda* scarcely deserves the blame it has received. The subject, it is true, is a painful and even repulsive one ; but the conception is good, the colouring fine, and the execution sound and dexterous. It might well be the masterpiece of a lesser artist. Its worse fault is that it comes from the brush of the painter of the *Marriage à la Mode*.

After the *Marriage à la Mode*, Hogarth executed no picture, or series of pictures in oil of equal importance. He painted Garrick as Richard III., for which he received considerably more than the sum realised for the drama of the Squanderfields. He also made an oil-sketch of Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, while that wily and impenitent old Jacobite halted at St. Albans on his way to London. The Garrick now belongs to Lord Feversham ; the Lovat, widely dispersed in 1746 as an etching, is in the National Portrait Gallery. Besides these he made further contributions to historical art in the shape of two huge canvases of *Paul before Felix* and *Moses brought to Pharaoh's daughter*. The former was a commission from the Society of Lincoln's Inn ; the latter he presented to the Foundling in the same way as he had presented his earlier essays, the *Pool of Bethesda* and the *Good Samaritan*, to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. But, luckily, he also produced a few more works in his own special walk which rank far higher than his misguided attempts in emulation of the Highmores and Thornhills of his day. One of these—*Calais Gate*, or *O the Roast Beef of Old England!*—commemorates an incident in his (outside his art) comparatively uneventful life, when, for sketching the English Arms on Calais Gate, he was threatened with hanging. The scarecrow of a French cook, the fat friar, the starveling soldiery, and the uncomely fishwives, represent France as Hogarth affected to see it. But it is to his credit as a satirist that, however keenly he appreciated the "lean, ragged and tawdry" appearance

of the soldiers of the Grand Monarque, he was no less sensible of the weak points of the British Grenadier. This is fully evidenced by the famous *March of the Guard towards Scotland in the year 1745*, commonly called the *March to Finchley*, which was painted the year after *Calais Gate*, and which exhibits all the disorder of a military hegira. While the vanguard are straggling away to the horizon, the whole of the foreground between the "King's Head" Inn and the "Adam and Eve" at Tottenham Court Turnpike is filled with a confusion of departure that beggars all description. Sutlers, soldiers, spies, spectators, and camp-followers are all inextricably blended together in one of those wonderful crowds, of which Hogarth had already given notable example in the Execution scene of *Industry and Idleness*. Several of the subordinate groups in the *March to Finchley* are complete studies in themselves. The drummer who, with a comical screw of his face, drowns the lamentations of wife and child in a thundering "point of war;" the handsome young grenadier "between his twa Deborahs," one violent, the other pathetic; the grinning and all-popular pieman who is being robbed of his wares; the drunken fellow in the gutter who turns sickening from a malicious proffer of water to the gin-seller with her wizened baby at her back; the officer kissing the milkmaid while his confederate empties her can; the chickens running wildly for their vanished mother, already safely pouched in a predatory pocket; the barrel of gin that is tapped on the unconscious bearer's shoulder;—these and half a score other humours of the crowd bear unequivocal witness to the inexhaustible invention of the artist. If the *Marriage* be the best of his story series, the *March to Finchley* is certainly the best of his single pictures. Its popularity with the public has long since atoned for the scant recognition which it received from that monarch "with little propensity to refined pleasures,"—George II.

The *March to Finchley* has its asylum in the Foundling. Like others of Hogarth's works it was sold by lottery, and as good-luck would have it, became the property of the hospital. Hogarth was keenly interested in this institution, and his admirable portrait of its brave old founder, Captain Coram, hard-lined and weather-beaten as a ship's figure-head, but softened by benevolence into a kindly dignity, still decorates its walls. In the Soane Museum, the home also of the *Rake's Progress*, is the *Election Series*, which in wealth of conception and riot of laughable incident comes near to his best efforts. Some of the details, as, for example, the man sawing the sign upon which he is sitting, and the conscientious voter, taking bribes from both sides, may almost be said to have passed into the currency of classical allusion. Garrick bought these capital works for 200 guineas, and from him they passed to Sir John Soane, who paid £1732 10s. for them. After these, the *Lady's Last Stake* and *Sigismonda*, to both of which reference has already been made, are the only known paintings of importance executed before the

artist's death. But Earl Spencer exhibited at South Kensington a *View of the Green Park*, dated 1760, and the charming group of children known as the *Graham Family*, shown at the Old Masters in 1882, was probably a work of his maturity.

Hogarth is buried at Chiswick, beside the shining Thames, and in the shadow of the old church, now well-nigh transformed by recent restoration. His tomb, however, seems to have been religiously respected; and the pilgrim may still spell out, in renovated letter, the pair of quatrains with which Garrick, aided by the criticism of Johnson, honoured the "great Painter of Mankind." His wife, who had been Thornhill's daughter, and who long survived him, lies by his side; and there are inscriptions to his mother-in-law and his sister. Hard by, up a lane that leads to the limes of the Duke's Avenue, is a house in which he resided much during the latter years of his life. To-day, alas! it is sadly dilapidated, and presents but little to suggest the trim garden, where the artist, pipe in mouth, strolled among his parterres, or listened to the nightingales which, while there were yet nightingales at Chiswick, sang in their favourite hawthorn. Nothing remains of that time except the maimed and iron-braced trunk of an ancient mulberry-tree, from which, says tradition, it was Hogarth's annual wont to feast the village children. It still, in its scarred though green old age, produces fruit. But the real home of the student of manners and the satirist of society must have been, not so much in the quaint river-side suburb, haunted still by memories of Pope and Gay and Burlington, as in his town house at Leicester Fields, where he lived for thirty years. Archbishop Tenison's school stands now upon the site of the "Golden Head," as it was called from the cork bust of Van Dyck which its occupant had himself carved and erected. It was at the Golden Head that Hogarth died. He had come there from Chiswick in October, 1764. His health had failed him in his latter years, which had been embittered by unhappy quarrels with those who had once been his friends; and he had practically bid farewell to his art in that wonderful tail-piece to which he gave the name of *Finis; or the Bathos*. His own end was not long after. "Receiving an agreeable letter from the *American Dr. Franklin*," says his biographer Nichols, "[he] drew up a rough draft of an answer to it; but going to bed, he was seized with a vomiting, upon which he rung his bell with such violence that he broke it, and expired about two hours afterwards in the arms of Mrs. *Mary Lewis* [a relative]." He had nearly completed his sixty-seventh year.

It was the fashion among the art-critics of Hogarth's day, and of those who immediately succeeded it, to contest his powers as a designer, and to deny his abilities with the brush. Time, and better facilities for the study of his works, have reversed that unjust verdict. As a colourist, in particular, it is probable that the skill and dexterity of his technique will even yet be more amply recognised; and people have long ceased to appraise his drawing by the mere negligences of a caricature. Wherever academic

accuracy is required, he rises at once to its level. But his position among his fellows is not based upon his excellence either as painter or draughtsman. When Charles Lamb said that we read his pictures, he hit upon the needful distinction, by endowing them with a quasi-literary quality. To quote some words we have used elsewhere, William Hogarth claims pre-eminence among English artists rather as “a wit, a humourist, a satirist upon canvas. To take some social blot, some burning fashionable vice, and hold it up sternly to ‘hard hearts;’ to imagine it vividly and dramatically, and body it forth with all the resources of unshrinking realism; to tear away its trappings of convention and prescription, to probe it to the quick, and lay bare all its secret shameful workings to their inevitable end; to play upon it with inexhaustible invention, with the keenest and happiest humour; to decorate it with the utmost prodigality of fanciful accessory and allusive suggestion; to be conscious at his gravest how the grotesque in life elbows the terrible, and the strange grating laugh of Mephistopheles is heard through the sorriest story:—these were his gifts, and this was his vocation—a vocation in which he has never yet been rivalled. Let the reader recall for a moment, not indeed such halting competitors as Bunbury and Zoffany, Northcote and the ‘ingenious’ Mr. Penny, but any name of note, which in the last fifty years has been hastily dignified by indulgent criticism with the epithet ‘Hogarthian,’ and then consider if he honestly believes them to be on any level with the painter of the *Marriage à la Mode*. In his own line he stands supreme and unapproached:—

‘Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.’”

Hogarth’s portraits of himself—or rather those two of his portraits which are best known—are here reproduced. One, that in the National Gallery (which, by the way, has recently become richer by the admirable likeness of *Polly Peachum* (Miss Fenton), and the bright little sketch of the *Shrimp Girl*), represents him in the plenitude of his powers as the painter of the *Marriage à la Mode*. On a palette to the left is the date 1745, and the serpentine “line of Beauty and Grace” out of which grew the much abused and too much neglected *Analysis of Beauty*. To the right is his dog Trump, whose frank canine physiognomy has something of his master’s alert pugnacity. Between these, upon a canvas raised on three volumes, Milton, Shakespeare and Swift, is the portrait of the artist, blue-eyed, intelligent, and shrewdly observant. He appears without his wig, and wears in lieu of it one of those Montero caps which formed part of the costume of Corporal Trim. His general appearance suggests a certain resemblance to Gay; but his features are more strongly marked, and Gay is entirely without the aggressive vivacity and acuteness—the “kind of knowing jockey look” as Leigh Hunt calls it,—which characterises Hogarth. He engraved this picture himself in 1749; but it was still

better done in 1795 by Benjamin Smith. Hogarth's own plate, it is supposed, afterwards served him as a basis for the caricature of Churchill as a bear, in that ill-starred and unworthy battle which arose out of the publication of Plate 1 of "*The Times*."

The other portrait—in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington—shows him thirteen years later, and not very many years before his death. He sits at his easel, painting the Comic Muse, and wears a green coat, red knee-breeches and grey stockings. His head is entirely shaven, and partly covered by a cap of purple colour. His features, seen in profile, are sharper and more worn than in the portrait of 1745. In the plate which he engraved from this there are some variations; but there is no doubt about the authenticity of the picture, which was purchased by Lord Camden direct from Mrs. Hogarth. In the same collection is a clever bust of the painter by Roubiliac, which represents him as a younger man than either of the portraits painted by himself.

AUSTIN DOBSON.



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds

## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS is, if not the founder of the English School, at all events the man who did more than any other to impress upon it its character, and who above all gave it, at a critical moment, a position which could not be ignored. For this reason both his artistic descendants and the ever-increasing multitude who care for art regard his name with a peculiar affection. It has been shown, indeed, that before Reynolds entered upon the scene there was at least one artist of conspicuous genius working in London; but Hogarth was neither in temperament nor in talent the man to impress his contemporaries with a love and reverence for art. That task was reserved for his greater successor. When Reynolds began to paint in London, the great and the educated looked for their art entirely to Italy and the Low Countries, while to the

many art, excepting in the form of Hogarth's caricatures, could hardly be said to have existed. In less than twenty years all this was changed ; the Academy had come into being ; its exhibitions were a popular, as well as a fashionable show, and the owners of great houses were glad to admit the handy-work of Sir Joshua to the walls which had been, till then, reserved for the canvases of the Italians and of Vandyck. The poetasters and criticasters of the day began to simper over the "British Raphael ;" and wiser and more temperate judges admitted that, in the course of a generation, the English School had taken its place among the considerable schools of the world. Rightly or wrongly this progress was, by common opinion, laid to the credit of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and when he died, and when dukes and marquises bore his pall along the nave of the great Cathedral, it was as though English society recognised, in an official way, that an Englishman had lived who had given his country another claim upon the consideration of mankind.

Before we proceed to speak of Sir Joshua's qualities as an artist, and of the remarkable illustrations of his talent which we are here enabled to reproduce, it will be well to touch once more upon the oft-told story of his life. No figure of that day, except Johnson, is better known to us ; for Reynolds lived in the world, his house, as Boswell said, was "long a common centre of union for the great, the accomplished, the learned, and the ingenious ;" his contemporaries took notice and kept a record of what he said ; his "Discourses" gave an authentic statement of what he thought about art ; and, above all, he was methodical enough to keep a complete register of his multitudinous sitters, with the dates of their visits, in those famous pocket-books of which the greater number are still extant. Out of these materials, it is not surprising that Charles Leslie and Tom Taylor should between them have produced a "Life" which is one of the most informing as well as one of the most fascinating of books of biography. It is a mine in which the modern commentator on Reynolds may dig to his heart's content.

Joshua Reynolds was born in 1723 at Plympton, in Devonshire, where his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was master of the Grammar School. When he had learned the rudiments, his father allowed his obvious bent for drawing to have its way ; and he was apprenticed to Hudson, the fashionable portrait-painter of the day, some of whose stiff gentlemen and ladies still hang on the staircases of country houses. The lad did not learn much from Hudson, and soon left him, rather in disgrace, to return home and to find at Plymouth some occupation as a portrait-painter. There he was taken up by Lord Mount Edgcumbe, at whose house he met the brilliant young Commodore Keppel, and between the two young men there was quickly formed a strong attachment, which lasted all their lives. The immediate result of this friendship was that Keppel agreed to take Reynolds on the diplomatic mission to the Mediterranean upon which he was about

to embark. On the Commodore's ship he saw Lisbon, Cadiz, Tetuan, Algiers ; he stayed some time in Minorca, where an accidental fall gave him the cut in his upper lip of which he never lost the mark. Then he passed to Leghorn and Rome, where he stayed two invaluable years, making friends among the distinguished English visitors, and studying Raphael, Michael Angelo, and those Bolognese painters who were still at the height of fashion. He went to Florence and Venice, and imbued himself still further with those ideas of "the grand style" to which he was afterwards to give such eloquent expression. Then he came home, and, throwing aside all thought of directly imitating the great Italians, he fortunately fell at once to portrait-painting, first for a few months at Plymouth and afterwards in London, where he settled in 1752. His first lodgings were at No. 104 St. Martin's Lane, in what was then the centre of the artistic quarter of London. His friends rallied round him, and his genius was at once recognised ; the first picture which gave him celebrity being, appropriately enough, a full-length portrait of Keppel, wrecked on the coast of France. It was a striking picture ; a little theatrical perhaps, but spirited, full of invention, an excellent likeness, and brilliantly painted. It was the beginning of a career of unchecked success. Reynolds soon raised his prices ; his sitters sometimes reached the astonishing number of one hundred and fifty in a year ; and in 1760, when he was thirty-seven, he was able to move to the fine house on the west side of Leicester Square which was his home till the end, and which is now well-known as Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's auction rooms. There, in the large studio which to-day echoes to the blow of the auctioneer's hammer as trash or treasure changes hands, "all the elements of the society of that day met or succeeded one another. Great ladies and their lords, archbishops and actors, soldiers and men of fashion, frail beauties like Miss Kitty Fisher or Mrs. Nesbitt, the young children of his friends, or little waifs and strays whom he had picked up in the streets and made to sit for him in character—all these would follow one another from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, until the genius of the master had transferred to the canvas those representations of them which make the century live and breathe for us."

In December, 1768, the Royal Academy was founded, with Reynolds for its first President. The King knighted him and sat to him, though he never liked either Sir Joshua or his Whig friends. But the absence of Royal patronage made no difference to Reynolds, who, as his pocket-books show, continued down to the time of his death in 1792 to be besieged by candidates for immortality. His acquaintance was boundless ; his friends were mostly those of "The Club" and the Dilettante Society—Johnson and Burke, Bennet Langton and Goldsmith, Dr. Burney and the Thrales. He never married ; but so sociable were his habits that he hardly ever seems to have dined alone. One or other of his nieces kept house for him ; generally it was the "Offie" whom

he had painted in her delicious childhood as "the Strawberry Girl." It cannot be said that he passed through life without enemies, for Romney was inconceivably jealous of him, Barry for some time detested him, and Gainsborough and he were not cordial. But in the main the feeling of his contemporaries towards him was that of Boswell and Goldsmith—was admiration of his tact and genial wisdom, and of his excellence as a man not less than of his genius as a painter. He died on February 23, 1792, and was buried in St. Paul's.

It has been observed that "a good judge has no difficulty in dating a Raphael or a Rembrandt from internal evidence, but there are few signs by which a first-rate Reynolds of 1760 can be distinguished from one of twenty years later, while the very latest portraits of the master show scarcely any indications of failing power. No great painter has ever gone through less marked stages, for when he succeeded in shaking off the direct influence of Hudson and the Bolognese painters, he seemed to leap in one moment to maturity." This fact was patent to all who visited the splendid collection of Sir Joshua's works, which was brought together two years ago at the Grosvenor Gallery, and, in a less degree, it may be gathered from a comparison of the nine pictures which we reproduce here. In describing them, therefore, it would not be well to attempt a chronological treatment, as one might do in dealing with a collection of Rembrandts, or even a collection of Turners. It will be better to speak of them as (1) portraits of men, (2) portraits of ladies, (3) portraits of children, real and ideal.

1. First among the portraits of men must come the bust of Dr. Johnson, one of the gems of the Peel collection. Like all other portrait-painters, great and small, Reynolds was most successful with the faces which he already knew by heart—the faces of his friends; and how long and close was his friendship with Johnson there is no need to say. No figure, except that of the great Doctor himself, is more familiar to the readers of Boswell than that of Reynolds, to whom, we should always remember, the "Life" is dedicated. The admiration and attachment between Johnson and himself were mutual and genuine. Reynolds, whom Boswell described as excellent "not only in Art but in Philosophy and elegant Literature," appreciated Johnson's robustness of mind, readiness of phrase, and great knowledge; and Johnson, who knew nothing of art, could yet do justice to an artist who made the world around him live upon his canvas, who talked with sense and justice, whose "equal and placid temper" was a proverb, and who was as fond of good company as Johnson himself. Accordingly it is only natural that Sir Joshua should have often been allowed to paint the great man. The picture before us is that which was painted in March, 1772, when Johnson was sixty-three years old and Sir Joshua forty-nine. Thus it dates from a period when the painter's

talent was at its very best—if, in the case of Reynolds, we can say that exclusively of any period—and when the great writer was at the zenith of his fame. Reynolds is known to have painted him at least four times, and to have repeated two at



least of the portraits. The earliest is the fine three-quarter length which now belongs to Mr. Charles Morrison, painted in 1756-7, when Sir Joshua and Johnson had not been long acquainted; it was probably painted for the artist himself, was then given to Boswell, and was engraved for a frontispiece to the "Life." Then came the picture of Johnson without his wig: one version of it is in the Duke of Sutherland's collection and

one is at Knole. The third is the picture before us; and the fourth that which Sir Joshua painted for Malone, and which gave so much offence to its subject. Reynolds had represented him reading, and very near-sighted, which made Johnson declaim against the “unfriendliness” of handing down any man’s imperfections. “He may paint himself as deaf as he pleases,” he petulantly cried to Mrs. Thrale, “but I will not be *blinking Sam* in the eyes of posterity.” But of all these by far the best and most characteristic is the portrait now happily placed in the National Gallery. Sir Joshua had originally painted the subject for his friend Bennet Langton; and, as was his custom whenever he was especially pleased with any success of his, he repeated it, the National Gallery version being painted for Mr. Thrale’s gallery at Streatham. When the brewer’s clever wife described in verse the worthies whom Sir Joshua had painted for her husband—Burke and Gibbon, Murphy and Baretta and the rest—she had much to say about this portrait:—

“Gigantic in knowledge, in virtue, in strength,  
 With Johnson our company closes at length; . . .  
 To his comrades contemptuous we see him look down  
 On their wit and their worth with a general frown;  
 While from Science’ proud tree the rich fruit he receives  
 Who could shake the whole trunk while they turned a few leaves.”

When that treasure-house of contemporary history came to be sold in 1816, Dr. Johnson’s portrait, for which Mr. Thrale had paid thirty-five guineas, brought £378, very nearly half as much again as was paid for Burke’s, and more than twice as much as was paid for any other of the twelve famous heads. It is an imperfect test, no doubt, of a picture’s real value, this test of the auction-room; but in this case it is at least curious as helping to show the unanimity with which posterity has judged this admirable picture. From the Streatham gallery it passed unto Mr. Watson Taylor’s, and thence into Sir Robert Peel’s, from which it was secured for the nation.

If the “Dr. Johnson” is a supreme instance of how Reynolds could render to the very life the features of the friend of twenty years, the “Lord Heathfield” is no less remarkable as an instance of his power of grasping the character of a new sitter. Injured as the picture is—for the background has suffered terribly from the caking of the bituminous compound in which it was painted—the picture is still a noble example of what a great portrait-painter can do, with a great man for his subject. It was one of no less than seventeen pictures exhibited by Sir Joshua in 1788, one of them being the famous “Infant Hercules” for the Empress of Russia; a marvellous achievement, surely, for an artist of sixty-five! But Reynolds knew nothing of the weaknesses or the fatigues of age. His “Lord Heathfield” is as full of force and vigour as if he had been twenty years younger when he painted it, and as finished as if it had been the one achievement

of a year. Lord Heathfield was the Sir George Augustus Eliott who had lately become famous and prodigiously popular as the hero of the successful defence of Gibraltar—a defence which had lasted four years, against the combined French and Spanish fleets, and against a land army of 40,000 men with 200 guns, and in which the garrison had been exposed to all kinds of privation and danger. Those were the days of Howe, Rodney, and Keppel; but of all the famous soldiers and sailors of the time, Eliott was probably the most universally popular. His four years' defence had made an immense impression; his red-hot shot, his cleverness in securing a cargo of lemons as a remedy for the scurvy which was devastating the garrison, his living on four ounces of rice a day—all these things touched the popular imagination and made Lord Heathfield, to his contemporaries high and low, the very type of



what a soldier should be. Sir Joshua rose to the height of the occasion, and painted a portrait worthy of the sitter. It is remarkable that two eminent artists at least have left on record their opinion of this masterpiece, which, as Northcote says, "seems to have silenced instead of exciting envy." "It is highly probable" wrote James Barry, Sir Joshua's soured and disappointed rival, "that the picture of Lord Heathfield, the glorious defender of Gibraltar, would have been of equal importance [with the picture of Mrs. Siddons] had it been a whole length; but even as it is, only a bust, there is great animation and spirit, happily adapted to the indications of the tremendous scene around him, and to the admirable circumstance of the key of the fortress firmly grasped in his hands; than which, imagination cannot

conceive anything more ingenious or heroically characteristic." And Constable, again, —though for him to praise Sir Joshua is nothing so exceptional—speaks of the picture as "almost a history of the defence of Gibraltar. The distant sea, with a glimpse of the opposite coast, expresses the locality, and the cannon pointed downward the height of the rock on which the hero stands, with the chain of the massive key of the fortress passed twice round his hand, as to secure it in his grasp. He seems to say, 'I have you, and will keep you!'"

Lord Heathfield's portrait was doubtless in better condition in Constable's day than it now is, and the colours of the background had suffered less. But even now we can well understand his and Barry's enthusiasm; for in idea, in nobility of pose, and in colour, the portrait would of itself be enough to put Sir Joshua by the side of Titian and Rembrandt. There is less of his power, perhaps, but not less of his charm in the next picture on our list, the "Portraits of two Gentlemen." They are persons of some interest among the minor luminaries of their day; the one to the left is Mr. Huddisford, painter, poet, and country clergyman; the other is Mr. Bampfylde, poet and musician. Mr. Huddisford was once a pupil of Sir Joshua's, and we find him contributing three portraits to the exhibition of 1775; he was also the author of "Warley, a Satire," which he dedicated to Reynolds, with a Preface that caused much perturbation in the fair bosom of Fanny Burney. His friend Mr. Bampfylde wrote verse too; the curious may find his name attached to more than one quarto in the British Museum Catalogue. He made some mark in his day, though no one now reads him, and though his very name has passed away from the picture that Sir Joshua painted of him. Failing of immortality himself, he has helped to immortalise the painter. The group is admirable, and none the less so that it suggests Vandyck. Why should it not? Reynolds would have asked, had any one remarked on the resemblance. At all times he readily admitted his debts to his great predecessors; he looked upon plagiarism as Shakespeare did, or as Milton when he justified the man who "borrows, and betters in the borrowing." It was part of the essence of Sir Joshua's theory of art that where the artist finds an idea in the work of a forerunner, he may adopt it for his own and vary it to suit his own purpose. Hence his great picture of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," is suggested by Michael Angelo, "Iphigeneia," by Titian, his "Dr. Robinson" by an old German engraving, and this picture before us by Vandyck. By Vandyck too was suggested, if the word is not too weak, his charming little "Prince William Frederick," now in Trinity College, Cambridge; though, for the matter of that, it would be idle to deny that the whole manner of full-length portraiture adopted by both Reynolds and Gainsborough, and continued by their successors, was but a following-out of the noble Vandyck tradition.

"The Banished Lord" comes midway between the portraits and the fancy subjects. The head is that of a model, and somewhat resembles that of the older man who sat for "Ugolino." The picture, which is rather celebrated and has been several times engraved, was given to the nation by the Rev. Mr. Long in 1826.

2. It is to be regretted that the National Gallery does not yet possess any of the more famous of Sir Joshua's portraits of ladies. Painted for the most part for the great families, they have remained, for the most part, in the great houses—"Lavinia Bingham" at Althorp, "Lady Caroline Keppel" at Quiddenhams, "the Duchess of Devonshire" at Chatsworth, "the three Ladies Waldegrave" as yet in Lord Carlingford's possession. Others have been fought for among the wealthiest of amateurs, and sold at prices that a prudent Director has not thought it right to give. Before long,



it may be hoped, some of these pictures will find their way, by gift or bequest, into the National keeping. At present we have but the large canvas of "The Graces decorating a terminal figure of Hymen," "The Snake in the Grass," and the profile "Portrait of a Lady," of which only the last is reproduced here. "The Graces" is not one of the happiest of these large family groups; and "The Snake in the Grass," is one of the works which have suffered most severely from Sir Joshua's deplorable experiments in pigments. The profile which we engrave is undoubtedly a portrait of the unhappy Mrs. Musters, though the same portrait, without the child, was engraved in 1825 by S. W. Reynolds, from a picture at Holland House, and was inscribed "Mrs. C. J. Fox." Reynolds painted Mrs. Musters three or four times;

once in 1777 in the full-length now at Petworth; once, as Hebe, in the picture now at Colwick, the home of the Musters family; again, about 1784, in the picture before us, and in one or two repetitions of it. In 1779 Miss Burney had described her in the famous Diary: "the present beauty, whose remains our children (*i.e.* nieces) may talk of, is a Mrs. Musters, an exceeding pretty woman, who is the reigning toast of the season." Posterity is, indeed, interested in her; not only for her beauty, but because she was the mother of the John Musters who married the Mary Chaworth that played such a part in the early history of Byron. Her portrait is a fine picture, though not one of Sir Joshua's masterpieces. It has his firmness of touch, his grasp of character, his wealth of colour. Moreover, it is in good condition. Not of "Mrs. Musters" can we say, with an unnamed rhymist of the day,

"As I thus enraptured stand  
Before the wonders of your hand,  
I see the lovely tints decay,  
The vivid colours melt away,  
And ere twelve fleeting months were o'er,  
The lovely charmer blushed no more.  
Her features sunk, her roses lost,  
Maria stood a pallid ghost!" \*

Even in his own life-time this was the cry. The President's shocking experiments in colour, his "gomma dragone," his pictures "varnished with egg after Venice turpentine," made Haydon cry out "murder, murder!" and the sober Beechey exclaim, "this manner is the *most* extraordinary!" The indulgence of this caprice has ruined scores of his pictures; but so great was his abundance that many remain in which he did not play these desperate tricks; and the "Mrs. Musters" is one of them.

3. If there is one branch of portraiture more than another which has given fame and immortality to Sir Joshua, it is his pictures of children. Nothing is more curious in the history of English art than the fact, that while previous painters had done their best and had worked with some success at the portraits of men and women, little or nothing had been done with regard to the fascinating subject of children, and that the discovery of their picturesqueness, their power of inspiring the artist—made long before by Moreelse, and Vandyck, and Velasquez—seems to have been simultaneously made in England by Reynolds and Gainsborough. Before their time very few pictures of children had been made by English hands, but since their time and down to the present day, this branch of the art has been and continues to be almost too much the favourite with English painters and their clients. A modern Academy exhibition is commonly said by hostile critics to smack too much of the nursery; and this, to a great extent, we owe to the impulse given by the two great painters who produced "The

\* See "A Poetical Epistle to Sir J. R., Kt. and P.R.A.;" London, printed for Fielding and Walker, 1777.

Strawberry Girl " and " Master Philip Yorke," " The Cottage Girl " and " Jack Hill." Of Reynolds's work in this class much has been written, and one learned critic has devoted a special essay to an examination of all the existing child-pictures by the President's hand. They form a goodly list, the engraved ones among them alone numbering something like 300. Some of the most famous hang on the walls of the National Gallery, though it is impossible to regard " The Age of Innocence," " The Infant Samuel," and " Robinetta " as at all adequately representing the extraordinary variety of Reynolds as a painter of children. To see him at his best in this department one has to see him as he was represented at the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition in 1884, or as he has been represented in the aggregate of exhibitions held during the last sixteen years at Burlington House. There we have seen him, not only as the painter of ideal infancy, but as the observer at once watchful and sympathetic of all the changing moods of childhood, its quick emotions, its sunny happiness, its moments of gloom, its little vanities, its pride of birth or its delight in the *gamineries* of the street and the alley. We have there seen in him that full understanding of boyish character which appears in the " Master Crewe," the " Master Bunbury," the " George Seymour Conway " and many others ; a phase of his art which is, unfortunately, not at all represented in the National collections. Boyhood there comes off badly, its only representative being the popular but much overrated picture which is commonly called " The Infant Samuel," painted from a lad who was a favourite model of Sir Joshua's. We reproduce it because it is so popular and because, therefore, we wish to show it as it is, and not as it has appeared in a thousand bad lithographs, rough wood-cuts, clumsy etchings, and gaudy coloured prints. Seen as it is, it is doubtless a pretty little picture of a child praying, though that Sir Joshua should have called it " The Infant Samuel," and attempted to invest it with all the associations of that name, is only one proof among many that he was born before the historic sense was invented. More interesting than this is the universal favourite called " The Age of Innocence"—a charming profile picture of a little girl in a white frock, who sits on the ground with her hands upon her breast and her bare feet just peering beneath the folds of her dress. This, too, has been often reproduced, but it has been more fortunate than the other in having been rendered in mezzotinto by men like Grozer and Charles Turner in former generations, and by Samuel Cousins in our own. The sweet-faced child was a member of the Spencer family, and Reynolds painted her in 1787. Her picture came into the possession of Mr. Jeremiah Harman, and at his sale in 1844 was bought, at the then enormous price of £1596, by that benefactor of his country, the late Robert Vernon, with the rest of whose collection it passed into the National keeping. The third of our pictures of children is that called " Robinetta," one of the Peel pictures, which is said to be a study from the

girl who afterwards became the Honourable Mrs. Tollemache—a type of a whole class of Reynolds's work, that class in which he endeavoured, after his fashion, and in his purely English way, to give an impression of the haunting smile that had perplexed him, as it perplexes all the world, in the pictures of Lionardo da Vinci. Injured as “Robinetta's” portrait is, she interests us still, if only as an example of the manner in which Sir Joshua, direct and straightforward though he was, yet loved in some of his moods to seek for the out-of-the-way, the strange, the almost unearthly, in human expression. Lastly, we come to the picture called “Angels' Heads”; a picture so much in favour that it is, with “The Age of Innocence,” almost more often copied than any other of the treasures of the National Gallery. The design was a happy inspiration of the President's, who perhaps remembered that Vandyck and Philippe de Champaigne, and perhaps other artists, had sometimes painted a face in three or four different aspects on the same canvas. But where those artists had only intended to paint a complete portrait, Reynolds aimed at a fanciful picture; and from the face of the little Frances Isabella Ker Gordon he made the little group of winged heads of cherubs which is before us. Like “The Age of Innocence” it was one of his latest works, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1787. Miss Gordon was the daughter of Lord William and niece of the more famous Lord George Gordon; she died unmarried in 1831, and ten years afterwards her mother gave the picture to the National Gallery. What shall we say of it? That it is a collection of delicious portraits of little Frances Gordon, certainly; but that its realisation of the angelic is just such as would commend itself to London society in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Stephens, in his criticism of this picture, may well say that Reynolds as a painter of angels was “a long way in the rear of Ghirlandajo and Angelico.” Between that earlier and simpler time and the moment when it occurred to Sir Joshua that Lady William Gordon's child would sit well for a group of angels, four centuries had intervened and had wholly changed the attitude of mind in which man regarded the unseen world. Only here and there among the moderns, as in the weird imagination of Sir Joshua's younger contemporary and fierce critic, William Blake, did anything of the older feeling survive. Blake *saw* angels, as Angelico had seen them; Sir Joshua did not, but he had seen Murillo's paintings, he knew the literature of the subject, and he felt that an angel was pictorially as interesting as a Puck, a Circe, or a Bacchus.

T. H. WARD.



## THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in the year 1727, four years after the birth of Joshua Reynolds. His father was a clothier and crape maker; he was respected, and appears to have had many friends who sincerely loved him; he was generous, even prodigal, but in spite of waste and bad debts the family prospered in sufficient competency. Like many remarkable men, Thomas had a remarkable mother. She was skilled in flower-painting, and quickly answering to her son's disposition, Mrs. Gainsborough watched and trained his delicate artistic tendency. Five sons and four daughters made up the family, of whom two besides Thomas possessed exceptional though capricious gifts. John,

the eldest, was an eccentric inventor, though of no constancy, and Humphrey, whose portrait Thomas painted on more than one occasion, is said to have made a model for a steam-engine, anticipating the great invention of Watt.

In just tribute to the surroundings of his youth, Gainsborough in his later years said "there was scarce a tree, hedge-row, stem, or post round his home at Sudbury which was not impressed upon his memory." The beautiful scenery about the Stour, its meadow lands, wooded slopes, and pastoral associations, early exercised an abiding influence on the affections of Gainsborough as a landscape painter.

Both father and mother of the enthusiastic boy formed early a high estimate of his abilities. Allan Cunningham, in his biography of Gainsborough, tells us that at ten years old he had made some progress in sketching; at twelve he was a confirmed painter. At the age of fifteen his wise parents sent their son to London, and there Gravelot, a well-known engraver, procured his admission to St. Martin's Lane Academy, where for three years he worked diligently, among a set of rather riotous youths, whose habits of life and example left no injurious mark upon his character. The three years ended, Gainsborough began his career as a portrait painter in Hatton Garden, his charge then being the moderate sum of from three to five guineas. Work came in too slowly, however, and Gainsborough returned to his home at Sudbury. Now eighteen, doubtless with some of the refinements of London life about him, impressionable, keenly alive to beauty, passionate and impulsive, the lad courted and married Margaret Burr, and took her to a new home at Ipswich. She appears to have been a good and affectionate, probably long-suffering wife to her kind though wayward husband; her portraits—of which her husband painted several—show a wise, somewhat humorous woman, contented and willing to take life as it comes.

Joshua Kirby and Philip Thicknesse (a quarrel with the latter broke the friendship) were early friends of Gainsborough's. Thicknesse makes mention of portraits belonging to this period, but reserves his praise for Gainsborough's skill as a landscape painter. About this time the violin absorbed much of Gainsborough's attention; and he learned to touch the instrument with so great a mastery that the sounds he brought out in solitude were by an accomplished critic supposed to proceed from the bow of a celebrated professional violinist. Music was a passion as well as a solace to the painter. He would listen with streaming eyes to Colonel Hamilton playing the violin, and to tempt the Colonel to play more, gave him his picture of the "Boy at the Stile." Many are the stories of strange impulsive actions into which his passion for music led him. Giardini on one occasion played on the violin so much to the pleasure of Gainsborough that he would not content himself till he

had purchased the instrument of the performer. Abel touched him in like manner, and the painter bought his violoncello. Fischer, the hautboy player, afterwards a somewhat tiresome son-in-law, charmed Gainsborough, and his portrait, leaning against a harpsichord surrounded by musical instruments, is among the painter's finest works. At another time, hearing the lute played by a German professor, the impetuous Gainsborough bought not only the lute but also a book of tunes for twenty guineas, and there and then carried off the professor to his house for a first lesson. From Ipswich he migrated to Bath, where, among the crowd of fashionable visitors, a ready painter would be likely to find employment. His pictures painted at Bath are numerous, and many of them, though wanting in the freedom of his later manner, are full of charm. But after a few years Gainsborough migrated once more—this time to London, where the Society of Artists was already formed, and where a little later, in 1768, the Royal Academy came into being. About 1760 Gainsborough first exhibited in London. Portraits of the Duke of Argyll (the picture is now at Inverary) and of David Garrick mark this epoch. Garrick made the painter's life a burden to him by the shifting changes of expression, but the portrait was a success, Mrs. Garrick declaring that the work was the only real rendering of her husband.

Though one of the originally elected members of the Royal Academy, it is strange that Gainsborough's name was not among those submitted to George III. for his approval. His relations with the Academy were not always satisfactory. On more than one occasion disagreements occurred, and Gainsborough abstained from exhibiting. His portraits of the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth—not by the way among his best pictures—were so placed in Somerset House that Gainsborough vowed he would exhibit there no more. Sir Joshua Reynolds, courtly, cool-headed, a thorough man of the world, must have wondered at the impulsive, quick-tempered, indiscreet nature which caused a fracas in the august body under his presidency.

The year 1774 found Gainsborough settled in Schomberg House, Pall Mall. Here, chivalrous and generous, Reynolds called, but Gainsborough did not return his courtesy.

Success followed after this year, and Gainsborough, though he never rivalled Reynolds in the number of his sitters, had a sufficiently rapid succession of them. Five years later we find "a good thousand a year" coming in to Schomberg House. The King and Royal family encouraged Gainsborough, and he was a favourite with all classes from Dukes and Duchesses, prelates and parsons, to pretty flirting actresses, and ladies of successful or disappointed lives. By portraits entirely he lived; staircase and rooms were lined with landscapes of Sudbury and Ipswich times,

but at that date public opinion was ignorant and narrow, allowing success to be possible to an individual in one branch only of the art of painting, however great and many-sided his abilities. Gainsborough, however, well knew that the greater includes the less, that the same power that could arrest the passing smile or flush on a human face, could catch with equal facility the course of sun or shade over woodland or meadow. Yet the landscapes remained unsold, in spite of Sir Joshua's somewhat interested praise, when he proposed Mr. Gainsborough's health at an Academy dinner as the greatest landscape painter of the day, Wilson retorting, "and the greatest portrait painter too;" and it is only more or less recently that a public demand for them has arisen.

A life of well-directed labour, of little or no travel, unostentatious, self-contained and contented, offers little material to the biographer. "By their works ye shall know them," is the saying that must be applied to Gainsborough. Yet for those who would know what there is to be known concerning the life of our painter, reference may be made to Fulcher's *Life*, Allan Cunningham, and to Mr. Brock Arnold's recent handbook. Gainsborough passed away in 1788, at the age of fifty-one. A chill caught at the trial of Warren Hastings developed cancer in his neck. A strange foreboding of his end was communicated the year before by Gainsborough to Sir George Beaumont and Sheridan, both of whom ultimately found their places beside the painter's grave in Kew church-yard. Reynolds was with him in his last moments, reconciled, and catching the characteristic last words of enthusiasm, "we are all going to Heaven, and Vandyck is of the company."

Art is always difficult to write about, and Gainsborough's art especially so. He was not a great designer; he never touched history or religion; and neither epic grandeur nor deep poetic or philosophic thought ever inspired him. The perceptive faculty was abundant, the imaginative spare. Gainsborough, in a word, was a painter, nothing else.

The great schools of Italy probably had no influence upon him. He was untravelled, unlearned; that crowd of searching, yearning minds which surged through Italy in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries had no touch with his sympathies. Religion, Theology, Philosophy, whose voices joined in one potent accord, and whose combined strength beat against the bars of reality and mortality; the poets and painters of abstract beauty, whose thought and utterance were of Divinity, were alien to him. Fra Angelico, who lived with angels; Botticelli, who lived with saints and mystic ideas, twin mental brother to Dante, and a late born son of Greece; Michael Angelo, the author of a race of giants,

well-nigh overwhelmed with the trouble of his own great mind ; Tintoretto, impetuous, hurrying, rushing on from one vision to another, too full always to utter



clearly, too swiftly urged by his genius always to mind his steps ; it was not these that made Gainsborough a painter. Their thoughts were not his thoughts, nor their ways his ways. Simple nature was his goal, dissociated from any collateral

thought. The science of the great academical schools of Italy, which had so much impressed the mind of Reynolds, touched him not a whit; and indeed he was to the end without even the commonest school-boy learning of form and of anatomy. Ill put together, and revealing an ignorance of the first principles of construction, his figures only live by virtue of their charm and grace, never by correctness of structure. He was led by the single-minded, almost unconscious, desire of expressing suave action and tranquil or moderate emotions. No turgid lines or strained forms find a place in his compositions; a flow of peaceful undulations, a delicate light and shade, restrained action, undefiled purity of colour, characterise the work of one of the truest though least trained painters England has produced. There is the freshness of the work of an amateur in Gainsborough's art. We recognise his defects and his deficiencies, but they do not anger us, they are so unpretentious, so natural, so childlike. Gainsborough's art does not startle, amaze, or wither our ambitions; gentle and kindly emotions it kindles, emotions of happy sympathy and content.

The pathos, languor, pleasure, end of life; the mystery of childhood—Gainsborough was conscious of all these. He has rendered, or at least suggested them, by the touches which give the wearied eye of a woman of fashion, or the dark uplifted brow of disappointed or satiated vanity, or the vivacious expression of a brilliant moment, or the reminiscences of youth. The mystery of childhood he has expressed by perfect simplicity.

Reynolds, often strong, learned, at his best severe, revealed childhood through reminiscences of Puck, of Ariel, of young Dionysus, of Hercules; or, when not by these, by a coy miss playing the part of her elders. Childhood, yes; but on the canvas of Reynolds we have more often than not childhood trained to manners, seen through a cultivated and rather artificial mind. Gainsborough, on the other hand, associated childhood with no precedent of myth or story. The unaffected movements, direct open expression, pathetic outlook, bright joyous colour of youth, were enough to warm his heart for his work, and with unaffected simplicity, moved and excited, he sought to control a gesture, to arrest an expression with his magic pencil. It was complete power over a swift hand that made his execution so spontaneous; a glance so rapid, an intelligence swiftly concentrated, equally swiftly and surely set down, which made Gainsborough's work above all things living. No calculations for scenic effect, no pedantic artifice could supply the charm realised by so spontaneous a reception of beauty, so certain a transmission of it, and so just a feeling for flashes of delicate expression, as were under his command. Nature seems to run through his fingers to the point of his brush with an electric volition. Quick and lively animation, and an unhesitating reproduction of his impressions, are the cause and effect of the art of

Gainsborough. Genius leaves its mark upon a man's daily life, as upon his labour; the peculiarities of the one echo the peculiarities of the other, and from watching the every-day life of Gainsborough, his foibles and eccentricities, we gain an insight into his art. As an instance of his simplicity and naïveté, this passage in one of his letters, alluding to a conversation with a friend, is interesting: "I little thought you were a lawyer when I said not one in ten was worth hanging. I told Chubb of that, and he seemed to think me lucky that I did not say one in a hundred. It is too late to ask your pardon now, sir; but really, I never saw one of your profession look so honest, and that's the reason I concluded you were in the wool trade." He valued the pleasure of a moment; in anger he was quick to reply; he was generous to a fault; he cared not at what cost he bought his pleasures. Proud of his art, resentful of any want of courtesy, or anything that savoured of patronage, and justly so in the face of ostentatious sitters, Gainsborough was willing, as we have seen, to give the result of hours of labour, even valuable work, for one keen moment of innocent sensuous enjoyment. There is no story told of his life that does not point to a mind entirely free from the steady forecastings belonging to the worldly and what is commonly called the prudent man. Northcote says: "Gainsborough was a natural gentleman, and with all his simplicity he had wit too"; but the note of his character was not wit, but impulse.

Grave faults there are doubtless in Gainsborough's work, faults of proportion, faults of drawing, ignorance of form, hasty though never lifeless execution, incomplete realisation of details, careless execution of landscape backgrounds. Lord Rothschild's portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, painted in 1783, is an example. The bewitchingly sad and interesting face of "the Angel," the maid of Bath, the heroine of two duels, loved alike by women and men, has been seized with the whole power of the painter's sympathetic art. But ill drawn are the hands, the figure is unrealised, the background is poor and scratchy. Yet what an attractive picture—nay, what a haunting picture it is! The sad eyes fill us with wonder, and so real an emotion is produced by them on our sympathies, we forget that her heart ceased beating well-nigh a hundred years ago; the raised dark eyebrows, one slightly lifted more than the other; the mouth so full of movement, all together speaking in one voice of a pathetic and passionate nature. Will she sing, this beautiful daughter of Linley, or has she charmed the painter already with her song, and while yet the air vibrates with her strains, has Gainsborough, full of love for sweet sounds, fixed for all time a moment of supreme beauty on the face of a woman, and given to generations a taste of his own pleasure? Well indeed has Gainsborough realised his ideal in this divine portrait, and convinced us of the truth of all the contemporary praise of Mrs. Sheridan. An exalted ecclesiastic

said of her, "she seemed to him the connecting-link between woman and angel." That touch of sadness, rendering doubly interesting a beautiful face, is a true touch; Mrs. Sheridan with all her goodness was not happy, her sensitive nature found little rest, and early wore out her delicate body. All this and more Gainsborough tells us of her as her intimate biographer. This is great portrait painting, in its peculiar spirit as great as ever has been achieved.

Perhaps the four pictures that we should mention, if we would choose four as most emphatically declaring the technical perfection of Gainsborough's art, are, "Mrs. Siddons," and "the Parish Clerk" in the National Gallery, "Mrs. Graham" at Edinburgh, and "Fischer the hautboy player." Though who can forget Lord Clanricarde's "Canning," that beautiful boy of seventeen, fresh from Eton, whose eyes sparkle like black diamonds, with quick breathing nostrils, crimson lips, every inch a nobleman; or "Nancy Parsons", Lord Lansdowne's picture, sparkling, bright, silvery in colour, dashed off with precision and feeling in every stroke of the pencil?

Although Gainsborough studied the Flemish and Dutch schools, and though Vandyck was probably the painter to whom he owed most, it cannot be said he resembled, even in execution, except in early work, either the school he admired or the master he adored. Vandyck, with all the perfection of a technique mastered early in life under the strong and resolute Rubens, rarely fascinates with any passing grace of attitude or expression in his portraits. Gainsborough's art can seldom claim such technical completeness as Vandyck's, but it surpasses it in that peculiar charm, and when complete, studied, and finished, the English master finds no rival in the Fleming. The person who found in Gainsborough her ideal painter was Mrs. Graham; surpassingly lovely, bright, animated, sparkling with womanly wit, this beautiful woman was so loved by her husband that on her death he had the picture of her rolled up and stowed away in a room in London. On his return from the campaign in Spain, whither he had gone in his sorrow to command a troop of horse, he went now and then, unrolled the portrait, and for a space gazed on it, overcome with grief and emotion. Vandyck at his best left no work more graceful or complete, Gainsborough none more thrilling in clearness of expression. Take, again, the portrait of Mrs. Siddons. Reynolds conceived the great actress in her tragic art, and saw her once and for all inspired, exalted among clouds, enthroned between Crime and Remorse, and gazing for the divine fire; Gainsborough saw her simply a beautiful lady, dressed in perfect taste, with her black hat, her striped blue and white silk dress, her amber scarf, which Titian himself never excelled in colour, her brown muff, relieved against a deep and splendid red. Let us note here once and for all, that Gainsborough always mastered the difficulties of two colours, red and blue, the chief tests of a

colourist. In the picture of Mrs. Siddons the harmony of the primary colours cannot be excelled, while the vigour and completeness of this portrait, as a picture, are such as have been rarely excelled by any painter of any time. The realisation of strong character is as true as it is masterly; in the flesh-painting, the clear and liquid execution throughout—markedly in the surpassing loveliness of the mobile lips, and somewhat sad eye beaming with a latent fire—Gainsborough surpasses himself. To me I confess, beautiful as “The Parish Clerk” is, rare and complete, full of sentiment, and confessedly an example of Gainsborough’s best time, yet as a picture “Mrs. Siddons” is the higher triumph. Perhaps we may say that the smooth and delicate modellings, the fusion of tints, the rounding of form, so characteristic of the painter, are qualities to which fuller justice is done in women’s than in men’s portraits. Pious and gentle, looking towards the light with eyes almost tearful in their kindly tenderness, Orpin, the clerk of Bradford, is a little boneless, a trifle sentimental. Reynolds would have entered less profoundly than Gainsborough into the religious soul; he would have felt less sympathy with a slightly feminine type of the old man, but his regard for robust character would have found place for a rough or angular line without injury, and with distinct gain to the portrait. A tendency to generalise, to soften all that in nature tells of trouble, to smooth the rough furrows ploughed by time in the human countenance, and to cast a glamour over sorrow, was peculiar to the nature of Gainsborough, who saw the Fates through a golden mist, and would turn from the traceries of time’s ravages or dull their trenchant lines, modifying what seemed harsh, blending crude forms or colours, and melting outlines into misty half tones. Therefore the portraits of old people, men or women, have under Gainsborough’s hand a touch of sprightliness, a remnant of the smoothness of the face of youth, a sentimental rather than a truthful rendering. The features are more to him than the forehead or face. The eyes, the nose, and the mouth arrest his interest; for the rest he is satisfied to hint at expression, and under his gentle and kindly pencil a cloudy suggestion is all that remains of a mighty web of wrinkles, whose intricacy is alien to his training and foreign to his sympathies; his treatment is the antipodes of a sculptor’s. Letting memory have full play, what do we recall most clearly, most definitely in Gainsborough’s portraits? Surely, not as in Rembrandt, Titian, or Raphael, the complete structure of a countenance all equally realised, each portion finished as well by itself as in relation to the whole, but rather a flash of a face, a face seen for a moment in a crowd, eyes first, mouth next, the breathing of the elastic nostrils last, an impression more than a fact, a vision of an instant’s completeness in a veil of mystery.

It is related that Gainsborough would often wipe away the work of hours,

work done directly from nature, and supplant that by an effort of memory, or a recalling of a fact by a vision. He did not want to see too much, he did not see the human face as a map of the passions and emotions of the soul, but as a vision of a spiritual more than a corporeal reality. In expression he was a realist, in form more than an idealist—if I might coin a word I would say an “unrealist.” Naughty as some of the sweetest ladies are on Gainsborough’s canvases, they are naughty, not wicked ; pleasure loving, not vindictive ; repenting a little it may be, but not remorseful. Passing peccadilloes, summer storms, lightly and indolently wanton ideas glide with mischievous charm through the imagination of his ladies of fashion ; they are prim or fretful, just as he saw them at a moment of caprice. Gainsborough gives us their characters one after another. Perhaps there were no ladies then like *Capella Bianca*, or like the golden-haired, hazel-eyed, cruel-mouthed lady by *Paris Bordone* in the National Gallery. Yet there must have been, but Gainsborough charmed away the demon and brought back the child, killed age and restored to his sitters a record of youth. Here lies the charm, here lies the weakness of Gainsborough ; turning from ugliness, touching only upon the edge of sorrow, shrinking from tragedy, seeing them as abstract and undesirable facts not to be dwelt on, or scarcely more than hinted at, and this not by method of thought, either philosophical or poetical, but by something stronger than either in his nature—his instinct. His choice through life was pleasure more than toil, happiness more than wealth, music more than literature ; in a word, all that appealed more directly to the senses than to the intellect. For his Art he wrought seldom more than four hours a day ; he cared little for reading ; he was quite uncultivated as compared with Reynolds ; and he spent his time of leisure with his wife, modelling in wax, drawing on scraps of paper afterwards thrown under the table, or fiddling. Often a few chosen friends of brilliant conversation gathered about him ; often, but not always, for he was moody, quickly depressed, quickly excited, chiefly loving music, and those who could gratify his passion for sweet sounds.

His practice, unlike that of Reynolds, which was laborious and involved, was rapid and simple. The various efforts to obtain brilliant results by the use of fleeting pigments, dangerous varnishes and dryers which cracked, have been the cause of disaster to many of Reynolds’s finest works ; and although his pictures when first finished and scarcely dry must have often presented an appearance of brilliancy equal to Venetian work, time quickly proved too powerful a test of his experiments, and showed that he had not discovered the permanent means known to the great Venetians whereby his colours should retain their pristine clearness. Gainsborough, on the contrary, painted with the greatest simplicity, and as a rule thinly, more or

less at once; he made little or no use of quick dryers; oil was his chief vehicle for thinning his colours. So it is that for the most part, or relatively speaking, there is a freshness still in his flesh tones, and a sustained richness in all the colour of his works, qualities much more often than not denied to his great rival; and in this Gainsborough resembles Vandyck, whose work for the same reasons rarely shows signs of decay. The practice of the great pupil of Rubens was very swift; he often executed a portrait in one day, working upon a light grey ground, limiting himself to the simplest colours, laying them on thinly, promptly, with great attention to their chemical relations. The extreme care with which Vandyck prepared his palette, each colour being ground for immediate use with its own proper vehicle, would be a lesson to most of us modern painters; and could we see the Fleming getting his pigments and tools in order for the day's work we should be surprised at the time and trouble he took. It was chiefly upon the study of Flemish work that Gainsborough founded his practice, reducing it to the simplest method of procedure. It was out of his own mind, out of his own subtle insight, his high gifts for graceful design, his delicate taste in colour, and most of all a highly organised sensibility to all that is most refined in beauty and delicate in execution, that he came to stand almost alone, so strong, so individual an exponent of a highly polished (though often sketchy) style.

Gainsborough's earlier work as a landscape painter shows him more distinctly under Dutch influence than either his portraits of the same time or his later efforts in landscape.

"The Wood at Cornard" is full of Dutch memories. Minute and clear in execution, elaborate in drawing, slightly mannered in treatment, it is work done by a painter walking in the footsteps of a school rather than of an artist alive to, and confident of, his own powers. We have in it Nature seen through the glasses of Wouvermans, rather than the spontaneous outpourings of a strong individual expression. Compare this with "The Watering Place," the difference is at once visible. Free, frank, untrammelled, full and rich in colour, this is the work of a man who has found his own means of expression. It is true that because of the custom of his time, the picture is too brown for our more exact manner of seeing nature, too pictorial, or rather too composed, according to the standard of modern critics; too generalised and unaccidental in detail to suit recent research into the infinite in colour and form. It is true that of botanical knowledge it reveals next to nothing, so that it would be difficult to name the trees, or to account for their positions. Yet a very true poetry fills the whole canvas; a general truth of relation and homogeneous treatment pervades the picture. "The Market Cart" holds a position between the two examples just named; some naturalism (note the pollard willow) is combined with a picturesque

though somewhat forced effect of light and dark. The great Venetian landscapes, as is shown in any work of Titian's, never fail in fresh or glorious greens; radiant with light, they are harmonious through the orange glow pervading the whole work. Not so in the early school of English painting, whose lessons were learned from the northern schools; though the phenomenon is a strange one, for there is more green in the north than in the south, or rather the freshness of spring colours lasts further into the summer time, and though earlier pursued by frosts, and burnt by cold to withered cockled forms of scarlet and orange, they are nurtured by northern climates, and are deepened only, becoming in late summer almost black; while under the southern sun, once the sap has dried, they are burnt up as in a furnace.

The extreme freshness of colour in Gainsborough's portraits contrasts rather forcibly with the brown harmonies of his landscapes, so that he is nearer nature in the fresh face of a woman than in the colour of a pollard or oak. His portraits are not conventional; his landscapes often are. Therefore, his portraits are artistically the more valuable; and though admiration cannot hold aloof from, nor artistic enthusiasm stand unmoved before, his art as a painter of landscape, Gainsborough will live chiefly and rightly by those poetic, subtle, generous likenesses of the beauty, grace, and noble bearing of the men and women of his time.

Without the variety or learning of Reynolds, wanting in the vigorous truth of Hogarth, less masterly in academic power than Romney, Gainsborough fascinates more than any of these great men, by the unconscious sympathy with which he feels, by the unartificial manner of his work, by his very simple love of truth, by the exquisite sensibility of his treatment, and above all, by as high a feeling for beauty as has been possessed by any English painter.

W. B. RICHMOND.





## ROMNEY TO LAWRENCE.



O judgment of Mr. Ruskin's is more unimpeachable than that which, towards the end of his first Oxford lecture, he delivered in favour of the English portrait painters. It is a judgment that commends itself to every student of English art. In the last two numbers of this book it has been strikingly confirmed; it is confirmed in the present number, where we deal with a whole group of artists that were almost entirely portrait painters; it is confirmed whenever one enters a modern exhibition of English pictures and stands before the canvases of Millais, Richmond, and Holl. Whether the qualities of English por-

traiture at its best are equal to those of Dutch, Italian, or Spanish portraiture, is a question to which every one will give his own answer ; but there can be no doubt at all that, if we confine ourselves to the limits of the English School, it is in the two branches of portraiture and landscape that its chief excellences are to be found. The seven names which we include in this *livraison* are admirably representative of our portrait-painting as it was towards the end of Sir Joshua's life, and in the forty years that followed. One of the painters, Romney, was a man of genius ; to the rest we can hardly give that title ; but they were in their different ways excellent artists, whose work expresses the best that the taste of the day demanded, and the best that could be produced by a generation of painters under the strong impulse of Sir Joshua's art and teaching. Be it remembered, too, that the same generation produced several other artists who were the equals, or nearly the equals, of these, and who are absent from this book solely because the national collections are not strong in their works. Opie, Owen, Dance and Zoffany, Wright of Derby (of whose talent we have lately seen so many charming examples on the walls of Burlington House), the elder Hurlstone, John Russell of Guildford, Sir Martin Shee, not to mention Cosway, the prince of miniaturists, and no bad painter in oil—what a choice gallery could be filled with the works of these men, if one had free access to the best of them !

GEORGE ROMNEY is an example of a painter whose reputation was subject, in his lifetime, to as many variations as the surface of a cornfield on a day of wind and cloud. For many years of his working life ignored by the leaders of opinion, till his capricious temper became incurably soured ; then taken up and loudly praised by half the world of fashion ; then again sinking out of notice, he has of late years become once more the object of almost extravagant admiration. The Winter Exhibitions of the Royal Academy have done this tardy justice, this more than justice, to the man who in his life-time thought himself grievously wronged and slighted by that body ; and the heads of our generation have been turned by the unexpected charm and loveliness of the Mrs. Jordans and the Lady Hamiltons, the ladies with vast straw hats, the Arcadian children, which a search through the country houses of England has revealed.

Romney's life has been several times written, but never satisfactorily. Cumberland, who was his friend, put together a short memoir of him ; Hayley the poet, also his friend, made him the subject of one—as the Rev. John Romney, his son, made him the subject of another—of those portentous quartos in which the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth century used to embalm the mixture of slight narrative and lumbering comment which was then deemed to be biography. The chief merit of Hayley's book

lies in the beautiful plates which the accomplished Caroline Watson engraved for it, and which impious hands have removed from many of the copies. The Rev. John Romney's work (London, 1830) is valuable for the number of facts it contains with regard to the painter's life, the order of his pictures, and the rest; and it is extremely amusing for the *naïveté* with which the highly-respectable clergyman, divided between filial admiration and professional morality, expresses himself on such points as the painter's desertion of his wife and his home, his infatuation for Emma Lyon, and the right manner for a portrait painter to proceed when gentlemen bring him fair subjects, to whom they are bound by a very temporary tie. "It was no uncommon circumstance," writes the son, "that, a *chère amie* having been brought to sit for her portrait, both she and the picture were deserted before the latter was finished; and Mr. Romney not only lost his labour, but, what was of far more importance to him, his most valuable time. In cases of this kind, I should recommend to painters to insist upon full payment at the first sitting; unless, indeed, the extraordinary beauty of the female should stamp a value on the picture equal to the sitting price." The modern reader is amused by such unconscious examples of a too-worldly wisdom, just as he is irritated by the biographer's constant carping at Sir Joshua and Sir Joshua's friends for their supposed jealousy of Romney; but, all the same, whoever has a little patience can find much that is of interest in these quartos. The principal facts of Romney's life, as they relate them, may be here briefly recapitulated. He was born at Beckside, near Dalton-in-Furness, on December 15, 1734 (O.S.), and was thus eleven years junior to Reynolds and seven years junior to Gainsborough. His father was a cabinet-maker in a large way of business; of an inventive turn, too, but no better able to keep the gains he made than was Gainsborough's father. George was one of several sons, of whom all but one, we are told, "died before the meridian of life." Leaving school at eleven years old, he came into his father's business, and at the same time began to develop his own rare capacity for invention and his manual skill, practising wood-carving, learning the violin, studying Lionardo da Vinci's Treatise on Painting, and trying his hand upon portraiture. At twenty-one, but not before, we find him definitely choosing art as a profession; at that date he was apprenticed to one Steele, nicknamed Count Steele, "an itinerant painter of some celebrity," who had learnt from Vanloo. At this time he lived at Kendal, and there, unfortunately for both parties, he fell in love with and married a penniless girl named Mary Abbott. In all his subsequent wanderings—to York, to Lancaster, to London, to Paris, to Italy—and during his many years of residence in London when he "divided the town," as portrait painter, with Reynolds, the wife and her children remained fixed at Kendal, subsisting on an allowance, which it is to be feared was at all times too scanty, from the painter. At first, he seems to have thought, he could not possibly keep her; later, she would have interfered with his

artistic freedom; and in the brilliant days of his prosperity in Cavendish Square his habits were too fixed, his waywardness too confirmed, for him to take to his home the humble north-country woman whom he had made his wife thirty years before. Only when age and sickness came upon him did he, like the hare in Goldsmith's poem, "return and die at home at last." But this, too, the Reverend John Romney thinks quite natural.

Romney spent some years in the north—at York, at Lancaster, at Kendal—and, after the manner of the day, in wandering from house to house in search of work, like the



limner who painted the seven Miss Flamboroughs. He painted much besides portraits, and in a list of the pictures which, early in 1762, he exhibited at the Kendal Townhall, and sold by public lottery, we find landscapes and history, a Holy Family, and a set of copies from Dutch masters. The prices were modest enough; for the large pictures from "King Lear," he asked but eight guineas, and for some of the small copies five or ten shillings. At this time his price for a three-quarters portrait was two guineas; perhaps, indeed, as much as the work was worth, for from his portraits of this date which survive we can see

how stiff, untaught, and seemingly unpromising was the art which was to blossom into the lovely art of the "Lady Hamilton" and "The Parson's Daughter." Romney, in fact, developed late. He was twenty-eight when he came to London (1762); and it was still some years before he even began to reach maturity.

His many migrations in London have been recorded for us by his son, and they may be stated again, since all such details about great men have their interest. He came first to Dove Court, near the Mansion House; then he moved to Bearbinder's Lane; then to Mews Gate, Charing Cross; and then, in a fortunate moment, after a rapid visit to Paris, to Gray's Inn. Here he obtained no small practice among the lawyers, and gained greatly in power; so that in 1767, when he went northward on a visit to Lancaster, he received many commissions and executed them with a success that brought celebrity. On his return to London he took lodgings in Great Newport Street, where Reynolds had lived

so long ; and thence, in 1773, he started with Ozias Humphry, the miniaturist, on a long-looked-for and long-deferred visit to Italy. He stayed in Genoa, Rome, Florence, and Venice, till July, 1775, and returned immensely strengthened by what he had seen and learned. It should be added that his pictures, before his Italian journey, were exhibited from time to time at the rooms of the Free Society, and of the Incorporated Society of Artists.

Returning from Italy, he found himself at forty years of age just beginning life again in London. He set up in Gray's Inn, but only for a while ; and six months afterwards he took the bold step of installing himself at the house lately occupied by Francis Cotes, the crayon painter, in Cavendish Square. He seems to have saved nothing at this time ; and, as his biographer says, had sitters not come soon he would have been ruined. The Duke of Richmond rescued him by coming to fulfil an old pledge and sit for his portrait ; it was a success, and friends of the Duke began to flock to "the man in Cavendish Square." How well he prospered from this time may be gathered from the astonishing statement of his son, that "in 1786 he painted portraits to the amount in value of 3504 guineas, when his price was only twenty guineas for a three-quarters" (*i.e.* a head and bust). "The price of a half-length was double that of a three-quarters, and a whole-length double that of a half-length." If we strike an average, and take the price for a half-length as what he normally received, this would give scarcely less than ninety portraits for one year's work—a fertility almost equal to that of Reynolds, who, be it remembered, gave employment to a whole staff of assistants and drapery-men. Where, one may well ask, are all these Romneys now ? A few scores of his pictures are known to the world, but the vast majority have unhappily disappeared. The best, however, of the works by which he is known are the productions of this last period in London, that is to say from January, 1776, to 1796. In the latter year he removed to Holly Bush Hill, Hampstead ; and, returning to the constructive fancies of his youth, set to work to build and rebuild, to add "a whimsical structure, consisting chiefly of a picture and statue gallery ;" and here, and in a wooden arcade, he crammed his casts and his multitudes of unfinished pictures—there to remain till they and the "whimsical structure" were literally to be "given away" at auction. In 1798, he had a slight paralytic stroke ; next year he came back to Kendal, and there, on November 15, 1802, he died.

Although, as we have said, Romney is not represented at his very best in the public galleries of London, such pictures as "The Parson's Daughter" and the two portraits of the beautiful Lady Hamilton are excellent and characteristic. Would he ever have stood where he now stands, one is inclined to ask, had it not been for the radiance of loveliness which flowed upon his canvas from the features of this Emma Lyon, this "Mrs. Hart,"

this mistress of Charles Greville and Lord Nelson, this wife of the British Ambassador at the Court of Naples? It is impossible to say; but she at least must claim the honour of having inspired him most happily; and she and he must share immortality together. By her pictures he had best be judged; by them we can test some part at least of the judgment passed upon his talents by his friend and admirer, the sculptor Flaxman, with which we may fitly conclude this brief notice of Romney. The words are from an essay by Flaxman, which Hayley, in his "Life" (1809), says that he had just received from the sculptor:—

"His heads were various—the male were decided and grand, the female lovely; his figures resembled the antique—the limbs were elegant, and finely formed; his drapery was well understood—either forming the figure into a mass with one or two deep folds only, or by its adhesion and transparency discovering the form of the figure, the lines of which were finely varied, with the union or expansion of spiral or cascade folds, composing with, or contrasting the outline and chiaro-oscuro; he was so passionately fond of Grecian sculpture, that he had filled his study and galleries with fine casts from the most perfect statues, groups, basso-relievos, and busts of antiquity; he would sit and consider these in profound silence by the hour; and, besides the studies in drawing or painting he made from them, he would examine them under all the changes of sunshine and daylight, and with lamps prepared on purpose at night, he would try their effects lighted from above, beneath, and in all directions, with rapturous admiration. . . . And, indeed, few artists, since the fifteenth century, have been able to do so much in so many different branches; for, besides his beautiful compositions and pictures, which have added to the knowledge and celebrity of the English School, he modelled like a sculptor, carved ornaments in wood with great delicacy, and could make an architectural design in fine taste, as well as construct every part of the building."

Half a generation later than Romney comes SIR HENRY RAEBURN, born at Stockbridge near Edinburgh, in 1756. Apprenticed to one Gilliland, a jeweller, he was according to a story told by his old friend, Dr. Adam Duncan, first discovered to have talent through a little medallion that he made in memory of the death of Charles Darwin, the son and uncle of great men. The medallion was of the usual type of eighteenth-century sorrow—"A muse weeping over an urn;" but it had merit, and the young man passed away from jewel-making to miniature-painting in water-colour, whence his ambition carried him to oils. A visit to London brought him, as many others were brought, into the painting room of Sir Joshua, who took kindly notice of him, advised Rome, and bade him be of good courage. Accordingly, to Rome went Raeburn; stayed there two years; returned to Edinburgh; and, with a shrewd sense of the value of the

choice he was making, married a rich widow (1787). For a few years he was satisfied with a "romantic villa" on the road to Leith; but in 1795, when he was already known as a portrait painter, we find him building a large house in York Place, becoming the fashion, and taking his place in that interesting Edinburgh society of which Scott, Alison, and Mackenzie were the leaders. He painted all the men and women who were worth painting; 325 of his portraits were exhibited in 1876 in Edinburgh, as though to prove how active he had been. The Royal Academy heard of him, and paid him, in 1812, the unsolicited compliment of electing him A.R.A., the full honours coming three years later; and in 1822 he was knighted by George IV., and made His Majesty's limner for Scotland. He enjoyed his new glory, however, only a year, for in 1823 he died, in his sixty-seventh year. A genial member of society, an enthusiastic golfer, a portrait painter almost of genius—it is no wonder that the memory of Sir Henry Raeburn was long cherished in Edinburgh. The recent exhibitions of his works, both in the Scotch capital and at Burlington House, have set his reputation permanently on a high level. We need not go so far as the patriotic Wilkie, who, in recording his impressions of Madrid, used to say that "the simple and powerful manner of Velasquez always reminded him of Raeburn"; but we may admit that Raeburn sometimes reminds us of Velasquez! From Sir Joshua, no doubt, he gained his first views of what a portrait should be; and in his portraits of men he falls little below the great master in breadth and impressiveness. In portraits of ladies, such as the full-length which we give here, he is admirable for character; he only fails a little in charm.



It is not in the National collections that we must look for the important works of JAMES BARRY, the morose and irreconcilable opponent of the Academy to which he belonged, and from which, in 1799, he was formally expelled. The great pictures of Barry—great in dimension and in conception, if not quite great in the qualities which go to turn a conception into a picture—are the six vast allegorical canvases on the walls

of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, where they remain a rather melancholy monument of the talent of one who was almost a great man. The story of Barry's life is well known. He was an Irishman, born at Cork in 1741; he was taken up by Edmund Burke, who, brought him to London, and sent him thence to Italy; he was at work on the Adelphi pictures for six years, from 1777 to 1783; he was Professor of Painting in the Academy, until, worn out with his *intransigence*, his attacks on the Presidents and Academicians, and his unpractical lectures, they expelled him. He lived for a few



years longer, in a great, lonely house in Castle Street, and died suddenly in 1806, to the last unreconciled with the many enemies that his quick, reforming spirit, his scorn of compromise, and his loathing of jobs, had brought upon him. We reproduce his extremely characteristic portrait, which Gilchrist, in his "Life of Blake," almost too graphically describes as "that of an idealised bulldog, with villainously low forehead, turn-up nose, and squalid *tout ensemble*." The portrait of an unclubbable man at all events; but of a man who, in his way,

had genius, and whose misfortunes should win him our sympathy.

Neither SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY (1753-1839) nor JOHN JACKSON (1778-1831) need detain us long. Both were in their way good portrait painters, and Beechey at his best—as in the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which is in the National Portrait Gallery, and which we reproduce, and still more in the beautiful head which belonged to Mr. Addington, and which was sold at Christie's in June, 1886—could render with skill and sympathy the grace of womanhood. Beechey was a courtier, and Jackson a Methodistical Yorkshire tailor, whose artistic gift was discovered by Sir George Beaumont, and who gradually attained popularity, and even fame, in portraiture. The history of art will not

greatly concern itself with either of them, but neither should be omitted from a survey of the English School during the early part of the present century. Jackson's portrait has an additional claim to be reproduced in this book: for it is that of one of the greatest benefactors of the National Gallery, the Rev. William Holwell Carr.

The half-length portrait of Jane Elizabeth, Countess of Oxford, is a good example of a man whose art ought to be more amply represented in the National Collections. JOHN HOPPNER (1758-1810) was commonly spoken of during the last fifteen years of his life as "the rival of Lawrence," but he was very much more; he was the greatest of the followers of Reynolds, and perhaps the only one of them whose genius was considerable enough to give his work a distinct and individual character of its own. He was born in London, and his mother was one of the German attendants at the Palace, though there seems to be little ground for believing the tittle-tattle which attributed to King George III. a special reason for the interest which he took in the lad's early training. As a boy, Hoppner was a chorister of the Chapel Royal; at seventeen his love for another art asserted itself, and he became a student of the Royal Academy. In 1782 he won the gold medal; two years later, he married; and in a short time he became a well-known and successful portrait painter. By thirty he was famous; before the age of forty, says a biographer, with a keen eye for what was supposed to constitute a portrait-painter's success, he had exhibited "fifteen ladies of quality, a score of ladies of lower degree, and noblemen unnumbered." His great friend and patron was the Prince of Wales; and Hoppner, established as, in a sense, the painter of the Prince's opposition Court, the "Whig painter" *par excellence*, got all the Whig ladies to sit to him, as the Tory ladies sat to Lawrence. He did not aspire to Lawrence's personal fascinations; he could not captivate princesses as Lawrence was accused of captivating poor Caroline of Brunswick, or charm humbler folk as Lawrence charmed Mr. Hennell, who was so much impressed by his gracious way of painting his portrait that he wrote a pamphlet about it. But Hoppner was truly described as "one of the best-informed painters of the time," as a man "of ready wit and various knowledge," and he was a man, moreover, who was quite as well able to hold his own in a village wrestling match as in a discussion in the studio. He was something of a poet, too; his "Oriental Tales," published in 1806, were no worse than half the other volumes of verse published in that manner and at that time, and the painter's modest preface is enough of itself to conciliate the reader. "My path in search of Fame," he writes, "was early marked out to me; the way was long, and the acclivity steep, and although I have found it neither barren of fruits nor of flowers, it has yet its dreary spots, and the trifle here offered to public attention must be considered as the traveller's cheering song, raised solely to beguile the tediousness of the way." We have not to do, however, with Hoppner's literary accomplishments or social gifts; our concern

is with the painter. He was, as we have said, a faithful disciple of Reynolds, and sometimes followed him in his weaknesses as in his strength. Many of his works, for example, especially those painted before Sir Joshua's death, were painted on a background of asphaltum, which is now cracked and ruined. But there are others, such as the portrait of Bishop Robinson, exhibited a few years ago, and as the lovely portrait of Lady Charlotte Duncombe, lent by Lord Feversham to the Old Masters' Exhibition at Burlington House in 1886, which are free from that fault, and are as clear and fresh as when they left the easel. These show Hoppner at his best ; as his contemporaries knew him, in fact, when Charles Wilkin engraved his set of charming stipple portraits from his works. Solidly and brilliantly painted, these portraits are the work of a man who was but a very little removed from the first rank of portraiture ; a man whose grasp of character was adequate, whose sense of beauty was keen, and who had learned from his great master the secret of noble composition.

We come at last to the man who in his life-time held a place in the estimation of the world far higher than was held by any of those of whom we have been speaking, and to whom, in revenge, posterity has been perhaps unfair. SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born in 1769, at Bristol, and died in his house in Russell Square on January 7, 1830. His father was a clergyman's son, and his mother a clergyman's daughter ; but they had made a runaway match, and the father, after a good many vicissitudes, had become the landlord of an inn, the "White Lion." His venture failed, and when his son was three years old he moved to Devizes, and took a house with another *totem*, the "Black Bear," and it was here to the lad's early triumph, in the two arts of drawing and declamation were won. Many were the stories told of his beauty and precocity : how at six years old he would charm the ladies who stayed at the posting-house by his recitations from Milton, and their husbands by his astonishing pencil portraits of them, such as that of Mrs. Kenyon. But the "Black Bear" did not prosper ; in 1779 the family moved to Oxford, where the boy began to take portraits professionally ; and soon afterwards we find them settled at Bath. There he worked hard at crayon portraits and at copies—or copies of copies—of the old masters ; and it was for one of these, made when he was thirteen, that he obtained his first public distinction, the silver palette of the Society of Arts. Two years later his father removed to London, and entered him (September 13, 1787) as a student of the Royal Academy, where his extraordinary skill as a draughtsman, his sweetness of temper, his good looks, and his cleverness in talk made him at once the rage. Then came the interview which all young painters asked for and dreaded—the interview with the President, Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Study nature more, the old masters less," was his advice to Lawrence—advice exactly opposite to that given by him to many another student, but advice which showed that he had at once detected the real danger that

lay in the path of the young aspirant. We know how much Reynolds himself held to tradition, what was his reverence for Michelangelo and Rembrandt, and how he strove to imbue the young English painters with an idea of "the grand style." But he saw quite well that what Lawrence wanted was not so much training—his power of drawing was extraordinary even then—as first-hand observation; that his talent was real enough, but inclined to staginess; that freshness and not formal perfection was what he lacked most. Unluckily the hint was not taken, and the cleverest portrait painter of his time—the cleverest, indeed, that appeared in England for two generations—parted ever more widely from nature as he grew in power and fame, till he became identified with Court and the style of the Prince Regent, and with the false elegance and the false sentiment of that day.

But Lawrence had astonishing abilities—that is certain, and his contemporaries felt it at once. He was taken up by society, puffed in the newspapers, and found his way to the favour of the King and Queen. In 1790, when he was twenty-one, he received some votes for the Associateship; next year he was elected; and in 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua, the youth of two-and-twenty was appointed to succeed the great President as "Painter in Ordinary" to the King. These were no barren honours; they meant occupation for the young painter, and a regular succession of sitters. In the Academy catalogues between 1787 and 1793 we find no less than sixty-five pictures exhibited by him, almost all of them portraits, and many of them portraits of people of high rank or distinction. This was up to 1793; and afterwards the number grew, the prices were raised from time to time, and the young man tasted all the sweets of success. Now and then his success led him to venture outside the limits of portraiture, and to attempt what was then called "history," though it was the history of a world which contained a strangely varied population—Prospero and Miranda one year, and Lucifer the next. Unhappily, though these pictures had something to do with history, history has nothing to do with them; and we may leave them in their oblivion, though a critic of the day declared that the "Satan"—the terrible picture which now frowns upon us from the staircase wall of the Diploma Gallery—was "not much inferior to the best conceptions or the divine Buonarotti, and the extravagant Goltzius." Lawrence himself believed in them, but, fortunately, not enough to take him away from portrait-painting. As yet his style was a little undecided; the great example of Reynolds was not to be neglected; and there are portraits of this period from his hand which are hardly distinguishable from those in which Hoppner was frankly imitating his master's manner. But it was not for long; his own individual taste led him into another direction, and when he had definitely found his style, say about the year 1800, "the modes of execution adopted by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney"—to use the words of Redgrave, so competent a critic in

matters technical—"began to give place to one less painter-like in quality, of less richness and impasto, more facile, and where drawing was placed before painting, and colour more esteemed than tone."

Lawrence's success never left him. In 1814, the Prince Regent gave him the commission to paint the Allied Sovereigns—a task which, owing to the renewal of the war and the general political unsettlement, was not finally accomplished till 1818-19. This, and the task of painting Cardinal Consalvi and the Pope (these and the other pictures being destined for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor), together with his election to the Presidency of the Royal Academy on the death of West, in 1820, brought him to the summit of his fame, and for the last ten years of his life he had as many sitters as he chose, and was paid at a rate which then seemed fabulous. It is interesting to note that, with much that was mediocre and poor, his work during these years includes such pictures as the "Mrs. Peel," and the "Master Lambton,"—portraits which would have been famous any way, but which became more famous still by reason of the fortunate inspiration which led the painter to choose as their engraver the young Samuel Cousins.

His "Portrait of a Child," which we reproduce, is a pleasant example of his manner when he was about thirty years of age. It was painted in 1800, and is a portrait of Lady Georgiana Fane, who bequeathed it to the National Gallery in 1875. It is well known from the once popular engraving by Charles Turner. More interesting on many grounds is the portrait of Mr. Angerstein, especially to the readers of this work; for it was the collection of the famous banker which formed the nucleus of our National Gallery. It is a fine and most characteristic portrait; its excellent modelling, its expressiveness, its more than moderately fine colour will go some way to explain how it is that the French have begun to admire Lawrence while we have been disparaging him. At the same time, it shows the best that Lawrence could do in male portraiture; while as for his women and children, this generation may be pardoned if it finds him generally affected and unreal, a painter of prettiness rather than of beauty. The pamphleteer of the day who called himself Antony Pasquin wrote of him:—"Mr. Lawrence began his professional career on a false and delusive principle; his portraits were delicate, but not true; and because he met the applause of a few fashionable spinsters, he vainly imagined that his labours were perfect." A hard judgment, but not without a basis of truth. Another judge said: "Lawrence made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence." That, at all events, divides the blame between the painter and his world; and so far it is the truer criticism of the two.

T. H. WARD.



## STOTHARD.



THE latter half of the eighteenth century is marked in the history of European art by the sudden development and vast popularity of the art of book illustration and vignette designing. In France a whole school of dainty craftsmen were devoted to work of this kind, with Jean Michel Moreau for their chief; in Germany, Daniel Chodowiecki was pre-eminent; in Holland, Renier Vinkeles; while, in England, Stothard was for many years without a rival.

Thomas Stothard was born in Yorkshire on the 17th of August, 1755. He was an only child, and humbly born. At the age of fifteen he began to work as a

designer of flowered brocades for a Spitalfields silk-weaver, where, on a chance visit, the editor of the "Novelists' Magazine" was struck with the boy's sketches, and gave him a commission to draw illustrations for a forthcoming tale. The drawings were approved, and Stothard's career decided. His reputation spread, and, while he was still young, he took the first place in his special field of book-illustration. Soon no publisher would bring out a new edition of a classic or a fashionable tale that was not embellished with "numerous illustrations by Thomas Stothard." No leader of fashion would give a rout without a device from his pen on her invitation card; popular actors insisted that their costumes should be copied by no hand but his; no memorial plate could be presented to a soldier or statesman but it must be made from his design; nay, no person of any self-respect could bid adieu to that pleasant, daintily-furnished world of pictures and china, feathers and brocade, without the promise of a tombstone from the ever ready and courteous hand of Stothard. And it was well for him that his talent could bend itself so naturally to all the tastes and requirements of his generation. For Stothard married early, and his wife bore him a family of eleven children. His married life seems to have been one, if not of romance and heroism, at least of constant affection and quiet content. To strangers Stothard might seem reserved and somewhat cold, but there was no lack of warm feeling under his habitual placid and self-contained manner. He had devoted friends, chief among whom were Flaxman, a closely kindred spirit, and the poet Rogers. Blake had been the most intimate friend of his youth after Flaxman, and remained so until a coldness arose between them through the proceedings of the printseller Cromek, in connection with their famous designs to the Canterbury Pilgrims. Rogers was not only his friend, but his constant admirer and patron, and at his death possessed the choicest collection of his works. After more than half a century of successful and happy industry, Stothard died on the 27th of April, 1834.

Almost every aspect both of English social life and of English poetic and sentimental fancy, from about the year 1775 till near the date of his death, is to be found reflected in the engraved and published work of this sympathetic and ever graceful artist. Home life is represented in his groups of women and children with a charm and purity that can hardly be surpassed; ceremonial and fashionable life by royal and distinguished personages as they appeared at balls and fêtes, in all the extravagant bravery of the day—their towering head-dresses, their be-frilled shirts and voluminous lappets, somehow touched with a dignity and picturesqueness that saves them from being ridiculous. The great bulk of his life's labour are the illustrations which he designed, not only for the popular literature of his time, but for editions of half the poets and classics of all ages, and which can

be counted literally by thousands. And what the special lover and student of his work most cares for are these designs themselves in their original shape, when he can find them. They were drawn by Stothard sometimes in sepia or Indian ink monochrome, and sometimes washed in colours, either faint or full. These little coloured designs of Stothard's are among the choicest prizes of the collector. With their unfailing symmetry and grace in composition, and purity of feeling, they combine a certain soft luxuriance, a richness in their fluttering tints of rose and azure and pearl, that make them thoroughly delightful.

Besides his designs for the engraver, Stothard also drew much in water-colour; and there are extant by his hand many studies of colour and form in wild flowers and butterflies' wings, and not a few landscape drawings, breathing the very spirit of English lake and woodland scenery, and showing that eye for the organic forms and proportions of a country which is often missing in the work of painters devoted to landscape exclusively.

Stothard also practised oil painting on a small and middling—seldom on a large—scale. If in this branch of art he seems sometimes to get beyond his depth, yet at the same time the touch of Venetian instinct for colour that was in him, with his still more instinctive grace of line and facility in grouping, and his strain of romantic feeling, give an undeniable fascination to his work, in spite of its weaknesses. The first picture reproduced in our text is from the story of Narcissus, as told by Ovid. It is small in size, painted in pleasant tones of ruddy gold, silvery white, and deep blue. Its feeling is far more modern and pseudo-Italian than Greek, nor is it free from that touch of affectation into which Stothard's sweetness was apt sometimes to degenerate.

Our second illustration is on a much larger scale, and is also much more Italian than Greek in feeling. The subject is a "Greek Vintage—or Dance in the Wine-yard," and though the drawing of the figures is somewhat empty, yet their lines are luxurious and flowing, and there is something of the Titian quality in the blues and whites of the background and sky. This picture was shown at Somerset House in 1821, and was the largest the artist had hitherto exhibited. Mrs. Bray, his daughter-in-law and biographer, tells us that both Flaxman and Lawrence expressed enthusiastic admiration for it.

More masterly than either of the preceding is the picture of "Cupids preparing for the Chase"—in scale about midway between the two—which forms the subject of our third illustration. Stothard's children, whether real or mythologic, are almost always delightful, and designed with an intimate knowledge and affection. See the fresh vivacity of this Cupid sounding his horn; the earnest and boyish

sturdiness of the little fellow with the long staff behind him; the grip which the curly-headed lad in front has of the dog's neck; it is all bold, simple, and alive: while in the city on a hill seen in the distance is the touch of poetic colour and mysterious suggestion that lifts the whole scene into the region of romance.

The style of Stothard in painting is somewhat parallel, it may justly be said, to that of Haydn in music. The works of both are full of the most graceful classic and domestic feeling of their time, tender, rounded, and almost complete as far as they go. We must not look for the passionate intensity and daring imagination of Beethoven in Haydn, any more than we shall expect to gather fruits like those of Blake's inspired and defiant genius in the primrose path of Stothard's pleasant art.

## BLAKE.



WILLIAM BLAKE was born on the 28th of November, 1757, and was thus two years younger than Stothard and Flaxman. Of a character in many particulars opposite to those of the two men who were destined during a long period of his life to be his closest friends, it may be safely said of him that no man was ever born in a period or amid surroundings more uncongenial. His father kept a hosier's shop in Broad Street, Golden Square, and it is not a little to his credit that he seems to the utmost of his power to have helped his son along the path which he had chosen. We must perforce regret the mechanical imperfections which are but too apparent in all save the very best of Blake's work—and, above all, we must lament the perverse modes of statement, even more than of thought, both in literature and design, into which he was driven by adverse circumstances; but against these drawbacks may be set the inestimable advantage which accrues to us from the fact, that for once a man of high genius has been allowed to go his own way without let or hindrance. His models were Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Albert Dürer, and the mighty masters who built and decorated the English cathedrals furnished the sources of his inspiration. It was in itself no bad, or even insufficient, education of heart and hand which he received in the solitude of Westminster Abbey, making drawings of the figures on the tombs for his master, the engraver Basire, and, one suspects, making not a few on his own account of the incomparable decorative motives with which the monuments abound. How deeply the spirit of the place penetrated into his nature is amply

set forth in many of his later works, and notably in his wonderful designs to the Book of Job—designs which are happily so widely known at the present time that



they need no comment here. Apart from the habit of hand and eye thus acquired, it is difficult to trace Blake's peculiar method of artistic expression to any external influence, for no man ever worked more emphatically from inspiration, often carrying his contempt of mere nature to what would have proved a fatal length in the case of any lesser man. For his wildest aberrations in the drawing of the figure are

redeemed by some hint of loving realism, and in all cases the effect which he sought to render has been seen with a clear and unforgetting eye, and committed to canvas or paper with no uncertain hand. The intensity of passion with which he saw and felt has left its impress on his slightest productions, and makes his visionary imaginings more real to us than the solid facts of other men. How strong and unerring his decorative instinct was may be seen by reference to the picture reproduced here—"The Spiritual Form of Pitt,"—which, considered as mere decoration, has much in common with the best artistic work of Japan. The picture has probably suffered some change, the gold, which Blake often delighted to lay on over his colour, having evidently scaled off in places. It will, however, be well, to quote his own description of it, which in itself provides us with no bad example of his curious method of summarising his intentions. Here, as in many other instances, he makes the pseudo-portraiture of an individual a mere excuse for the embodiment of a type. Although there is some resemblance in the face of his Pitt to the portraits of him, the individual is merged in the typical statesman; the picture being an allegory of the controlling of the brute forces of the world, represented in Behemoth, by statesmanship, embodied in the person of Pitt. "It represents," says Blake, "the Spiritual form of Pitt guiding Behemoth; he is that angel who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the whirlwind, directing the Storms of War; he is ordering the Reaper to reap the vine of the Earth, and the Ploughman to plough up the Cities and Towers." This can be followed by aid of our reproduction, though that, unhappily, can convey no impression of the strong and sober colour of the original. Very striking are the rich red tones of the flesh—the prevailing colour in the rest of the composition being dark blue, green, and brilliant gold and silver. The green and gold tones of Pitt's robe, catching here and there a red reflection from the flames that rise round and behind Behemoth, are of great beauty, while there is an indescribable flash of red and gold in the nimbus full of little whirling figures round his head. The earth bursts into flame at the touch of the ploughshare, and, from behind the flames, cannons are discharged upon a group of fleeing figures, at the back of which is seen a great building on fire. Beneath the figure of the reaper another group is being shot down by musketry, while a terrible rain, lit up as by lightning, falls from heavy clouds. There is great beauty in the iridescent colour with which the monster Behemoth's head is illuminated.

Neither this picture, however, nor the still more recent acquisition, the little "Procession from Calvary," which is unfortunately the only other example of his work in the National Gallery, can convey any sense of the power of Blake's greater imaginative

conceptions. Most wonderful in their truth and terror are those works in which he deals with fire. Over the serpentine and flickering movement and ever-varying colour of flame, he acquired a complete and almost unique mastery. Perhaps some of the fascination which fire exercised over him, and some of the vividness of his renderings of it, may be traced to the fact that, as a young man, he had been an unwilling and near spectator of the burning of Newgate, during the Gordon riots—a sight which must have left an indelible impression on so sensitive a mind as his. In the production of certain prismatic effects of colour he is also unapproachable. Those who have seen a fine copy of his “Songs of Innocence and Experience” can never forget the subtle, penetrating quality of the illustrations and marginal designs, which have the keenness and freshness of light on a summer morning, and something, too, of the soft charm of morning mist. Very wonderful, also are some of the pages of his “Prophetic Books,” in which the most vivid colours are often handled with thorough mastery, and flash on the eye with the intensity of light itself. Any consideration of these books, or of Blake’s great claims as a poet, would be foreign to the present purpose. The same may be said concerning the vexed question of his sanity. Too much stress has, however, been laid upon the incoherence of his writings. One fact, which has been generally lost sight of, should be kept in view. This is, that Blake, when he wrote the “Prophetic Books,” had given up all hope of being read by the general public. What he wrote was for himself alone. And in his mind, even more than in that of most imaginative men who have lived solitary lives, certain words and phrases assumed a mysterious significance which they would not have for any one not in the secret. It should also be remembered that he was before all things an artist—prone, after the manner of his kind, to delight in symbols, and often to judge of words from what may be termed a decorative point of view. If it be insane to live with a noble scorn of all mean things, to face starvation rather than fall away from a high principle, to be always ready to make any sacrifice for the sake of others, then Blake was undoubtedly mad. There have been few records of lives so pure and simple as his—or, it must be added, as his wife’s. It does not often fall to an artist to have such a woman at his side, living her husband’s life, and forwarding his work with devout singleness of purpose. On the 12th of August, 1827, William Blake died, ending his days with a death as beautiful and touching in its manner as his life had been, at the age of sixty-nine. Little understood as his genius was to the public of his day, it was never obscure to his brother artists, and among his admirers may be cited two men of aims and performance as totally opposed to his own as Sir Thomas Lawrence and John Linnell.

# ETTY.



Y life has been one long summer's day," says Etty, in his Autobiography, written when that day was drawing to its close. A summer's day it may have appeared to him then; elsewhere he says himself it had been "spent in exertions to excel, struggles with difficulty, sometimes herculean exertions, both of mind and body," "mixed with poetic day-dreams and reveries by imaginary enchanted streams," and also with "some dark thunder-clouds of sorrow, disappointment and deprivation."

Etty, like Flaxman and Stothard, was a Yorkshireman. Born on the 10th of March, 1787, in York, he preserved throughout his whole life a tender affection for his birth-place, and a veritable passion for its "glorious minster." The usual stories of infantile scribblings are not lacking concerning him, and his greatest delight as a child was to draw with any materials he could lay his hands upon, were it but "a farthing's-worth of white chalk, or a burnt stick." After seven years of "slavery," as apprentice to a printer at Hull, he determined to go to his uncle, a gold-lace merchant in London. This "good and noble uncle," as Etty calls him, gave him a kind home; his eldest brother Walter, also in the gold-lace business, supplied him with money; a Mr. Bodley befriended him; so that towards the end of his nineteenth year the enfranchised apprentice found himself able to set to work in good earnest to learn the elements of the art he loved. At the end of a year, he went with a drawing from the antique and a letter of introduction in his hand, to the "dread study" of Opie. Opie forwarded him on to Fuseli, who, he says, "with eagle eye" and with "a flannel vest tied round his waist," received the trembling candidate "amid that magic circle of unearthly creations peculiarly his own." By him Etty was admitted as probationer to the Royal Academy Schools at "dear Somerset House"; in January, 1807, he was entered on the books as "student," and in the summer of the same year he was introduced by Fuseli to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who agreed to take him for twelve months as a pupil. The fashionable portrait painter, then at the very height of his fame, had but little time to give to his pupil, who left at the end of the year, having gained little but a certain characteristic tincture of style from his "master," as he always afterwards called Lawrence.

Etty now took up the post in the evening classes of the Academy Life-school which he never failed afterwards to fill regularly to the end of his life. Here it was that, after much uncertainty of aim, he found out what it was he really wanted to paint. One

night, in the Life-school, he suddenly threw aside his chalk, took up his palette set with oil-colour, and began to paint the figure. "Ah! there you seem at home," said Fuseli, who was visitor at the time; and from that moment Etty resolved to paint nothing else. He had thought to paint landscape, "the sky was so beautiful, and the effects of light and cloud," but finding later, he says, "God's most glorious work to be woman, that all human beauty had been concentrated in her, I resolved to dedicate myself to painting—not the draper's and milliner's work—but God's most glorious work, more finely than ever had been done." And it was the carrying out of this determination, not to paint the draper's and milliner's work, but God's, which cost Etty many years of disappointment and delay in the due acknowledgment of his great powers as an artist.

In 1809, Etty lost his home by the death of his good uncle, who, however, left him a legacy which was of great service to him. This, and the ever-ready and generous help of his brother Walter, enabled him to pursue his work in his own way—studying anatomy, drawing incessantly from the antique, and from the Academy models under "the golden effects of light by night," painting heads from nature, trying "experiments in light and colour," and so forth. At last he set to work to get six pictures "of some sort or other" ready, in "smart gilt frames," and sent them boldly in to the Royal Academy and British Gallery. All were returned! This happened again and again. His vanity was a good deal hurt; but he persevered, till in 1811, after six years of hard study, he had the satisfaction of seeing a picture of his on the Academy walls. From henceforth Etty was represented every year both at the Academy and at the British Institution, but without, as yet, finding purchasers for his work.

In 1816, Etty made his first attempt at foreign travel. He left England out of health, and, as was often his case, very much in love. He was a bad traveller, and even Italy failed to please him. In vain he took his "beloved tea-kettle" all over Europe with him (tea was Etty's one vice), and brewed the cup which ought to have cheered in every inn he stopped at; he could not put up with foreign food and foreign ways, and at Florence, his spirits having "sunk to freezing point," he suddenly determined to rush home. Arrived in his "little old room" in London, he was soon himself again, and set to work once more to paint his favourite classical and ideal subjects, which now received much praise from artists and critics, though they were not yet fully appreciated by the public. It was not till 1820, that Etty really began to be talked about. In this year he exhibited a "Pandora" at the British Gallery, and the famous "Coral Finders" at the Academy. The latter, showing Venus and her satellites arriving at the Isle of Paphos, was exactly the kind of subject which gave scope for Etty's imagination. It is one of those fanciful, luxurious, glowing compositions of which our illustration, "Youth at the Helm and Pleasure at the Prow," is a later and more finished example. In the following

year Etty made a still greater sensation with his "Cleopatra on the Cydnus." This picture raised him into sudden celebrity; it was sold for two hundred guineas, but has since brought a thousand. It was to illustrate Plutarch's description of Cleopatra as "she sailed along the Cydnus in a magnificent galley," in the dress and character of Venus—a sunny and gorgeous vision after Etty's own heart.

A whole bouquet of kindred subjects followed in the ensuing year, and among them appeared, at the British Institution, a first sketch for the "Youth at the Prow," varying materially, it appears, from the finished picture of ten years later.

In 1822, we find Etty starting on another foreign tour, in company with a friend, a tea-kettle, and, alas! bearing another hopeless passion in his heart. However, although he says, "his other loves were scratches, *this* a wound," he managed to recover himself, and by-and-bye to find consolation in his tea-kettle, without which he never moved. "I have found her a very warm friend," he writes; "she sings, too—sweet is the song of the kettle, sweeter to a studious man than a crying child or scolding wife." A pathetic saying, smacking somewhat of sour grapes. For Etty continually fell in love again, but never succeeded in persuading any woman to marry him. His real comfort, however, was in his art, which he loved more passionately than he ever loved any woman. This second journey to Italy, though begun with a sad heart, was much more prosperous than the first. He spent three weeks in Paris on the way, and in Rome worked hard, studying and copying the "masters he loved best—Veronese, Titian, Vandyck," and others. He visited Naples, went back to Rome, and presently to Venice. Here, like all true artists and lovers of the beautiful, he "felt at home" from the first, though "he knew not a soul;" here he was "brought back to a sense of honour and duty," and here he stayed, not for ten days, as he had intended, but for a whole year, copying and worshipping the great Venetians, and revelling in all the glories of the place. Five-and-twenty years afterwards he was still "haunted by those glories," still "hears the bells from the towers and campaniles," and "sees the dark gondola glide." After York—his first and last love among cities—Venice came next in his heart. In the galleries the rapidity of his execution and the beauty of his colour raised much admiration. "He paints with the fury of a devil and the sweetness of an angel," said the Italians. From Venice, tearing himself away with great difficulty, he started for home, carrying with him a huge case of studies and copies, which "cost him much trouble and money" in the transit. After a desperate struggle over it with the custom-house officers at Dover, he arrived at his lodging in Stangate Walk, "one frosty, moonshiny night," in January, 1824. "The next night," he says, "saw me at my post on the Academic bench."

In the summer of this year, Etty moved to spacious chambers in the upper floor of a house in Buckingham Street, Strand, where he lived for twenty-three years of his life,

and which are well remembered by his surviving friends. Here his mother paid him a visit to set him going in his new house, and brought with her a grand-daughter. This young girl, Etty's niece, came to stay for a few months, but remained with him for three-and-twenty years—in fact, till the day of his death; her companionship and affection proving a great source of joy and solace in his life. At the age of forty, Etty was promoted to the rank of Royal Academician. His nature was too child-like to allow him to hide his delight at this “long-desired” dignity having come at last. He writes about it with joy, and his “joy is doubled” on his mother's account: she was, fortunately, still alive to rejoice with him. A year later he lost her.

In 1829, the Scotch Academy bought his series of three large pictures from the story of Judith; except for this, the year was a calamitous one for the painter. His “heart was almost broken” by the burning of York Minster. But his sorrow took an active form when the question of “restoration” arose, and he was successful in preventing some of the barbarisms that are perpetrated under that name.

At the age of forty-three, Etty resigned himself finally to old-bachelorhood, and the next ten years were the happiest of his life, and saw the best of his work. He was amazingly productive at this time. In 1832, he painted several of his most successful pictures, and among them the “Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm,” here reproduced. This is an exceptionally brilliant example of colour, alike remarkable for the science displayed in its balance and composition, and for the rare instinct with which the varying masses of colour in sky, figures, and sea are welded together. The whole of the background of distant hill and cloud is unusually daring and happy—remarkably happy, too, the recumbent female figure holding the sail and the oar with which the gilded boat is steered. A more exquisite specimen of modern flesh-painting than this figure it would be hard to find; and I do not know if any painter of this century—unless it be Delacroix, of whose peculiar handling it reminds one—could surpass the strong, yet delicate effect of brilliant light and cool shadow which Etty has here produced. This, and the other pictures of the same year, evoked a perfect chorus of praise; but in spite of this success, it was not till he had reached his forty-seventh year that Etty was able to repay the whole sum, amounting to £4,000, which had been advanced to him by his brother. The story of the relations of these two brothers to each other—the unbounded confidence and generosity of the one, and the scrupulous and honourable gratitude of the other—is a very pleasant one to read.

Etty's happiness and prosperity were soon dimmed by the shadow of declining health. Nevertheless, he worked harder than ever, never allowing any amount of physical suffering to interfere with his duties at the Royal Academy, or to keep him away from his drawing in the Life-School in the evenings.

Our second illustration, the "Bather, at the doubtful breeze alarmed," was painted at the end of 1842, and exhibited in the Royal Academy the following spring. It is a characteristic example of a favourite subject with Etty. The picture was sold for seventy guineas—a sum which shows that, even at the height of his fame, Etty did not command very high prices; it should, however, be said that it was against his principles to demand them. Etty's life was now chiefly spent between London and his native place, until 1848, when he finally retired to "his beloved York," and established himself in a "delightful house" by the river-side. In this home, although he still kept his rooms in London, he hoped to spend a peaceful old age; but he only lived to enjoy it for two years.

In the following spring came the crowning triumph of his life, in the exhibition of his works in London by the Society of Arts. This proved a splendid success. One hundred and thirty-three of Etty's best pictures were collected together. When the toil of hanging them was over, and he sat down on the opening-day among "his children," his heart overflowed with justifiable pride and contentment. He felt that the aim of his life was accomplished. That aim had been to translate worthily into art what he deemed most beautiful in nature, and to do this he had worked with unequalled singleness of mind and self-denial, and with a passionate sincerity of purpose from first to last.

The fatigue and excitement of the exhibition unfortunately proved too much for Etty's enfeebled health. On his return to York, his friends found him much altered and looking already an old man, although, "as long as his fingers could hold a brush," says Mr. Gilchrist, his biographer, "he went on painting." But by the 13th of November, 1849, the "summer's day" was over, and Etty was at rest. His tomb stands in St. Olave's Churchyard, in York, close to St. Mary's Abbey, a spot he loved perhaps next best to the Minster.

As an imaginative colourist Etty must take a permanent rank in the first class of English painters. But his sense of form, his instinct for style, were unluckily not commensurate with his gift for colour. Devoted as he was above other men to the study of the human form, there was in his conception of it a certain *bourgeois* element; even in his best work we are struck by a lack of distinction in his ideals, by his ever-present sense of the model. Partly, perhaps, his own want of culture, partly a prevalent taint of commonness in the ideals of his age, account for this failure, from one point of view, of Etty's inspiration. But from the other point of view—that of the poetry of colour, if we except an occasional tendency to degenerate into mere lusciousness—it is difficult to rate his work too highly.

FRANCES SITWELL.



Photogravure & Imp. Goupil & Co.

## MORLAND.



GEORGE MORLAND was born in the Haymarket, London, on the 26th of June, 1763. His father, Henry Robert Morland, was an artist, but of no great worth in his profession. His grandfather was also a painter of modest reputation; and his great-grandfather, Sir Samuel Morland, was somewhat eminent in art and science, and was knighted for his various attainments by Charles II. Accounts differ as to the age at which young Morland began his artistic career; but he was evidently a most precocious genius, even if one puts down the cradle period as a bit of nursery romance. The more staid of his biographers aver, that at the early age of from four to six he made drawings worthy of the common race of students. His father, finding the green fruit of his son's successes more pleasant to the public taste, and more profitable to himself, than his own more ripened product, gave up his entire time and energies thenceforth to advancing the lad's career and his own narrow fortunes.

The curiously mixed moral and artistic training that he gave his son—rapid

alternations of interested petting and interested severity, though probably paternal interest—may have bent the young and pliant twig to the evil and profligate incline which the tree took in maturer years, to the great scandal and grief of a later and more sober generation. The son soon broke away from parental restraint, and pursued his art and his own devices in such fashion as best pleased his own wayward nature. At the age of nineteen—arrayed in a most startlingly picturesque, but perfectly modish, attire of pale green, with fluffy wig and top-boots—he left his father's house, and began the career, moral and artistic, that was at once the delight and scandal of his own most scandalous time. He tried to begin life well enough; for he married, at about the age of twenty-one, Miss Nancy Ward, the sister of William Ward, a well-known mezzotint engraver, who in his turn, to strengthen the bonds of kinship, perhaps, married a sister of Morland's, and the two happy pairs tried living together in the same house. This genial arrangement had not the happy effect desired, as the two families soon quarrelled and separated. Then began the long, steady career of moral instability—Morland painting so industriously for good or evil, meanwhile, that the outcome, as mere manual labour, would be a tale of hard, downright work that any sober, virtuous plodder by many years his senior might well be vain of. Living in luxurious prodigality now, and again in penury, dirt, and squalor, driven hither and thither, from mansion to garret; surrounded, mostly from choice, partly from natural gravitation, by the vilest of the harpy tribe who fed the cravings of his quenchless thirst for debauchery and flattery; wheedled and worried into foolish debts; pursued relentlessly by those whose fitter tribal name would be bloodsucker rather than honest creditor; sinned against and sinning;—he went with the swirling scum of the tide that was too strong for his weak nature. Not that his surrounding influences were wholly and entirely bad and base. Often his good angel would attempt to push aside the swarms of bad: he would elude his creditors, and seek quiet and seclusion in some remote country village, and then go back to those scenes of rustic felicity and innocence that were his earliest endeavours to portray. These intermittent fevers of virtue rarely lasted long, however; he would come back to his former scenes and his choice spirits like a young giant refreshed—able and proud to drink and revel the stoutest toss-cup among them into a state of helplessness—able himself to rise betimes, after a night's debauch, and paint a large and careful lesson on temperance and thrift; delighted, too, to paint a homily on Honesty being the best of Policies, and to try to get the money for it several times over from those who never saw their bargain finished. Any trick seemed good enough by which, with early and late work, he could gain gold enough to scatter among his wild companions.

Even of his fairly-earned income, more than half would go to line the pockets

of his harpies as their own profits on the sales of pictures that he was too careless, or modest, or reckless with drink, to look after. To be left a clear space of mere elbow room—a hovel or drawing-room, a tap-room or stable—was all he asked; it was all one to his insatiable love of work, excitement and admiration. Now and then, a too pressing series of duns and a too immediate prospect of a debtor's prison would drive him to Brighton, or to the more remote seclusion of the Isle of Wight. There he would consort with fishermen and smugglers—the latter for choice, as the life was more to his taste for the picturesque, with its unhallowed mingling of ill-gotten rum.

These forced and wild excursions, however, so far from being a detriment to him or his art, led to a host of sea and coast-life subjects—so fresh with air, so vigorous of touch, so saline in character, that one would say that he had painted only the sea and its people all his days. The pictures of this class alone seem enough in numbers and excellence to account for many years of a sober and industrious artist life. On his return to town, after his financial storms had blown over and wasted themselves with the sea winds, he would come back and pitch his tent near to some popular wayside tavern, where the din of drovers' oaths, mingled with the bellowings of driven cattle, would be like music to his ears. Here he would completely shake off his sea fancies, and give to the world such renderings of stable, farmyard, and pig-sty life, that no one would dream that the salt breezes had ever blown the hay-seed from his hair. And then, again, when the ozone had evaporated with the fumes of too frequent grogs, and the only thing fresh about him was some fresh debt, he would seek again the seclusion of the country side. There, in the intervals of his soberings-up, he would paint those purely English rustic scenes—so honest, so simple, and so truthful in character, that they are invaluable to the artists and students of our day, if for nothing else, simply to refer to for details of the rustic dress and manners of his time. Finally, the time came when the ever-tightening meshes of debt allowed him no escape to recruit his fast-failing health, and even his sight was giving way by the double-ended candle-flame of hard work and hard drinking. When the baffled vulture-creditor could no longer find his heart and brain worth plucking at, he tried the bitter solution of a debtor's prison upon him. And then, when the shadowy hand of the sheriff's officer, that had always pursued him through life, was finally laid heavily upon his nerveless arm, he could not long stand up to fight for his release. It was the last of the vile harpy feathers that broke his purpose and his spirit. After a few days' partial paralysis and blindness, he expired in a common spunging-house of Coldbath Fields—the exact locality was Air Place, Air Street Hill, Hatton Garden—on the 29th of October, 1804, in the 42nd year of

his age. The accounts of his domestic relations with his wife vary strikingly, from the accounts of those who knew them intimately in their own time, and who aver that, notwithstanding many separations and differences, they were sincerely fond of each other, down to those of the wilful "life-takers" of our own time, who assert that poor Mrs. Morland died of a broken heart, if not head, and that her husband was directly the cause of it. Anyhow, she certainly did die—of grief, some say, others say of convulsions—on the third day after his death, and they were buried together in one grave in the grounds of St. James' Chapel, Hampstead Road.

It is difficult to consider the works of Morland—their place and value in English art, their widespread influence, not only at home but abroad—without touching largely on his salient eccentricities of moral conduct. In fact, to many of his admirers, particularly of his own time, these very personal delinquencies and vagaries lent a powerful charm, amounting to a definite value, to his productions; and there are extant many scores of well-invented anecdotes that fit close with his mode of work and life. To those whose artistic sense had remained undeveloped, such plain and easy extra adornment was of simple understanding. If their eyes were for ever sealed to the painter-like qualities of his style and all his various excellences of work, they could at least comprehend and roundly criticise his lapses of moral rectitude. Soon after Morland's death, so great was the popularity of any personal scandal concerning him, that no less than four or five biographies of the painter appeared within a year or two. There was very little consideration in any of them of any purely artistic value he might have; but every little bit of wretched gossip was made the most of, and all the biographies were strongly redolent of the moral lecture room. Even some of his old cronies, turning their personal knowledge of him to their pecuniary gain, determined to turn an honest penny by him even after death. These writings are mostly contradictory of themselves and of each other to that degree, that one's only way is to read and study and use one's own judgment after all. The style and value of Morland's work varied so much, that collectors were not satisfied with one or two examples of him. It was no uncommon thing to make a collection of Morland's pictures alone; and even to this day, many such of great value have happily come down to us intact. To the mass of the partly informed in art matters, Morland was merely or mostly a "Painter of Pigs" in his own day; and I regret to say he remains so, notwithstanding the spread of better information and greater opportunities of seeing his works to our own day and generation. It is interesting to note how curiously inaccurate and unfair any such popular verdict in his case can be. Take, for example, any large collection of his works giving the average variety of subjects—such as, for instance, that shown lately by the Messrs. Vokins. The pictures of pigs alone, or in

the composition at all, might have been counted on the fingers of one hand—and there were some hundred odd works in all. The one animal who repeated himself most was a white pony; then came other horses and sheep, cows and calves, guinea-pigs and rabbits. There were twice as many seascapes as pictures of piggy in any form; and who would think—except among the experts—of looking at Morland as a marine-painter? There are better examples of his skill to point to than the one given here (South Kensington Museum, No. 234). This is English enough, too, with its low, chalky cliffs, its British craft, and its unmistakable English figures. Still it somewhat recalls the method and manner of the Dutch School of Marine. Morland often made his favourite white pony do good duty as a strong point of light and movement in some of his breezy coast-scenes. It plays a strong part in the unloading of the fisher-boats, or the running off of the smugglers' cargo to a place of safety. Never drawing heavy wave-form with anything like the skill of such masters as Turner, for instance, still he managed to give a sense of motion and force and colour, and the fresh breezy *look* of the whole thing. The earliest direction of his talent, however—and he never lost the sense of his first love of it—was for the charming domestic scenes, the little idylls of rustic life which pointed so many of his personally unpractised morals, and adorned so many of his unheeded tales. Unfortunately, this side of his many-sided genius is but poorly represented in any of our national collections; one can only judge of it from the examples in private galleries, or from the many excellent engravings made from his works, that were of widespread popularity even during his own lifetime. Two well-known early pictures, painted soon after his marriage, "The Idle Laundress" and "The Industrious Cottager," were engraved by William Blake, and the curious blending of something of the poet-painter's type of female beauty with that of Morland's is not difficult to trace in the engraving. In Morland's various types of womanhood there is ever a striving after a certain refinement, and in his young ladies of a better social position one sees a degree of elegance and distinction that marks his own innate sense of the refined, as well as his power of rendering it when needed. Take, for instance, the print of "The Widow," or "Consolation," as it is sometimes called,—

"So frowned Aurelia, till the destined youth  
Stept in with his receipt for making smiles."

There is a Watteau-like grace and beauty in every line of face and form of the relenting fair young widow; and mark the servant-maid bringing her the note—how delicately observed the difference of type—how excellent the character! How valuable, too, at the same time, to the artist and student, the carefully-drawn costumes and accessories. The student-seeker after such facts of detail would arrive

at more valuable examples in the works of Morland than in those of any other painter or writer of his day. In taking haphazard any considerable list of his works in any collection, one is struck by the number, judging by the mere titles, of pictures of this class. A few examples, as they follow each other, will show that he was far more refined in feeling than the mere "Painter of Pigs" which many people give him the discredit for: "The First Pledge of Love," "The Farmer's Visit to his Married Daughter," "The Farmer's Visit Returned," "Happy Cottagers," "Happy Family," "Juvenile Navigators," "Idle Laundress," "Industrious Cottager," "Idleness," "Industry," "Innocence Alarmed," "Idleness," and "Industry" again. Then follow landscapes by the dozen, and then "The Labourer's Luncheon," "Louisa," and the "Little Nurse." Then "Mornings" and "Evenings," "Winter and Summer," and then "An Ass," and a "Mad Bull." So it will be seen that he was not even the inveterate animal-painter that he is popularly supposed to be. Of course, it may be urged that his animals were far more worthy of his fame than his morals; but even to that assertion there may be differences of opinion equally worthy of attention, nicely balanced on either side of the question. Totally distinct from the domestic and moral—and the simple landscape or seascape, or the merely animal—are his sporting subjects and his scenes of gipsy life. All these he touched with a spirit and feeling born of love, observation, and understanding. His styles and methods of work varied constantly—first of all, they were suited to his selection of subject; his little cabinet pictures, of elegant femininity, were painted with a light, firm, graceful touch, as of Watteau or Greuze. The colour would be delicate, pure, and silvery. There was no fumbling or repenting anywhere; it was seen and known inwardly at first, and skimmed off as with a swallow's wing. His peasant and rustic subjects were touched with a more material hand—the types were more marked, the impasto was fuller and richer, the colour was more decided in tone and intensity—all seemed harmonious to the types and the difference of subject. His merely animal pictures were still more "carved in paint" and positive in tone and colour, many of them having the wealth of a full-forced palette, opulent and prodigal as a Rubens or Rembrandt, and in his best efforts not far behind them in deep ring of mellow tone. Again, in his pictures of the sea-shore, one could see how he had put away the rich browns of his stable shadows and the fat russets and reds of the barn-yard, and had gone for the liquid airy greys of wave and pebbly strand, of fleeting cloud forms, laden with saline mists. It is unfair to judge Morland except at his best, and he was far too often far from that. Now and then he would brush off some almost master-work amidst the din and racket of debauchery, or he might do some nearly refined work of high moral teaching with the shadow of the bum-bailiff's hand almost on his collar; but too

often, especially in later life, his works show the loss of tone, artistic and moral, only too plainly; the lines of the drawing are sketchy and feeble, the spaces of his backgrounds are hidden with convenient but meaningless shadow—the clear richness has turned to murk and mire, for the over-burnt candle is flickering to its malodorous socket. He may have left behind him a tarnished and blackened moral name, steeped in the popular vices of his own time; but some day, when the far-searching eye of some kindly biographer, who is biding his time somewhere perhaps even now, scrapes away the accumulation of calumny and fantastic lies that encumbers his memory, we may then find that, after all, he was not so black as to be out of harmony with the age in which he lived. And for his art, let us hope that someone, whose word will carry greater weight than any who have yet spoken, will one day make the world see that George Morland was something besides the master-painter of the pig.

## JAMES WARD.



JAMES WARD, R.A., was born in Thames Street, London, October 23rd, 1769, the year of the first Exhibition of the Royal Academy. He became a disciple of Morland, and afterwards a student at Brook's School of Anatomy and of the Royal Academy. He was elected A.R.A. 1807, and Royal Academician in 1811. He married twice—the first time a Miss Ward. He died November 23rd, 1859, in the 91st year of his age.

He was a hardworked and little-rewarded engraver—apprentice to his brother, William Ward—when Morland, then in the first flush of his success (1784), came upon their domestic circle, and made himself one of the family by marrying a sister out of it and his own sister into it; and although, as Ward himself wrote, “confusion was soon the consequence,” the short contact and intimacy of the joint Morland and Ward households no doubt gave the spark of art that lay dormant in the graver-prentice its chance of kindling into a larger flame. For a long time it must have burned within him in a painfully stifled way, for he could not let in the free air to fan it as it would. He was obliged by his indentures to still go on with his apprenticeship. However, by working at his copper by night, which he found he

could do as well, he could find the time in good daylight to pursue his new love. His engraver-brother seems to have treated his early efforts kindly, and gave him every encouragement—even to buying for good money some of his first pictures. He wished in the beginning of his painting career to regularly apprentice himself to Morland for a term of years; but Morland did not encourage the idea at all, and Ward determined to strike out a path for himself. To make amends perhaps for his lack of early training, he turned back in the now rapidly-running current of success, and drudged at a careful Academy study in order to get a student's place in the schools. And at the same time he entered as a student in a private school of anatomy, where the teaching of animal structure was carried further than at the Academy. The effect of this course of study became immediately apparent in his work. There was perhaps, if anything, an over-insisted-on correctness and hardness at first in his reaction against Morland's looser and lighter style. There was no longer any hesitation in the structural parts of bone or muscle; the vagueness, the generalisation, and the convenient masses of shadow had given place to a hard-and-fast definition of correctness worthy of a professor of anatomy. He saw, too, by the same process of analysis, deeper and with a more geological eye beneath the surface of the landscape. He looked upon nature no longer as a vague bit of background to his figures or animals, to be generalised into a fitting and helping bit of colour-scheme; he saw it with large enquiring eyes, and found in the older masters of nobly-selected and treated landscape—like Titian, Rubens and Rembrandt—a more sympathetic grasp and treatment. We see in that large and magisterial composition—"Bulls fighting in a Landscape, St. Donatt's Castle"—a distinct inspiration from the Titanic style and sweep of Rubens. It is no feeble following, either in composition, form, or colour. The painter has simply opened his half-closed eyes to a grander and more noble way of seeing—of taking the whole theme with one great grip, and thundering it out in line and tone as if it were an anthem to nature on some great cathedral organ. There is movement all through it—from the grey, flecked, breezy sky to the slender, wind-swayed trees. The little man at plough in the far distance moves; the huddled, scared sheep on the little knoll seem to tremble like the aspens near them. The lumbering pack-horses are filing down the windy road, and you almost hear the click of the iron shoe as the white beast stumbles against a stone. The driver and his yapping dog, who turn to watch the conflict, are alive with interest. The mother and children hurry away from the danger with a fine movement of terror, as the two bovine giants crash their mighty bulks headlong together and strive, with knotted muscles and "nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim, and circles of flame for their eye-

sockets' rim," for mastery or death. The great fallen tree-trunk over which the conflict rages seems to heave itself from the ground and writhe with enjoyment—or perhaps it is agony—anyhow, it seems instinct with some participation in the fray. Take again the "Harlech Castle." It shows, though not in so mighty a style, the firm hold upon Ward that the "grand interpretation" of landscape had fixed upon him. This is more peaceful than the "Donatt Castle," but it is full of observation and movement. Again a prostrate tree-trunk is a prominent figure in the scene, for, like the other tree, it seems almost human. The brawny woodman who has



felled it still hacks at its sprawling limbs. A great, heavy-wheeled timber waggon writhes and crunches down the hill, laden with hewn logs. In a curiously small space we see the struggling contorted team of powerful horses dragging at their heavy load. Old women are gathering faggots with real movement and interest, and far away stretches "a lusty plaine, abundant of vitaille," that reminds one of Chaucer's description of his magnificent Italian landscape. Ward had much of the astounding versatility of Morland, and his power, too, of suiting his style to his subject. He, too, did not disdain, but rather loved his pig, as many a greater artist has done before and since. His pigs—as in the example here given—are of a more noble and heroic breed than Morland's sleek porkers. The drawing is firmer and the anatomy more felt for, the bristles are harder and more bristly; the animals seem stronger in bone and even in suspicion of aroma; but they are not so tender or so amusing, so like the pets of the farmyard, as the pigs Morland gave us.

# IBBETSON.



ULIUS CÆSAR IBBETSON was born at Masham, Yorkshire, December 29th, 1759, and died there October 13th, 1817."

The above short, crisp summary, together with the brief remark, that "the paintings of this artist usually represent English landscape enlivened with figures," is all the tribute that the South Kensington Catalogue permits to Ibbetson. And yet he certainly held a somewhat notable place in his day and generation so far as picturesqueness of career is concerned. He was at one time a friend and boon companion of Morland's, which fact alone would imply anything but a dull and uneventful existence. His very advent into the world was by that heroic remedy, the Cæsarian operation, which fact, rather than any admiration for the mighty commander on his father's part, led to his baptismal name. Apprenticed in early life to a ship-painter, he thus imbibed his knowledge of various craft and of seafaring people that stood him such good stead in the art of his after life. He was also, like De Loutherbourg, for some time in his first youth a scene-painter at York and Hull. He was then taken with the ambition to establish himself in London, and began in the humble capacity of a dealer's drudge, working in secret at copies from Old Masters in the privacy of a back attic, or selling at vile prices his own little pictures of cattle and rustic figures, or sea-coasts and sailors, according to demand. From this occupation he was taken to China on some art enterprise, which failed, and he returned to England richer only in increased knowledge of the sea and of sailors. These seemed to be his favourite subjects, and we find him at his best when he is portraying the revels of Jack ashore. The picture in South Kensington, "Jack in his Glory," is a mild and proper example compared to some that he painted. This is, according to his inscription at the back, "A Real Scene"; and no doubt it was the working out of an instantaneous mental sketch of an actual event, for this wild party never halted long enough for him to do any real sketching. The influence of Morland is plainly seen in the colour and treatment, although his tones are more greasy and his handling more uncertain. Morland rarely painted any revelry; he who was for ever practising it preached against it in his art. But one can easily fancy how he enjoyed a scene of this kind, and

perhaps helped Ibbetson in the painting of it with many a useful suggestion. The seaman, wielding the long driver's whip while standing on the roof of the coach, makes a fine line in the composition ; but one cannot help seeing what will be the next line he will take when the coach gives a lurch. The panting parson running behind after his wig, which Jack whirls provokingly on the end of his cudgel, is good enough sailor fun of the period, perhaps. The scene itself, judging by the distant dome of St. Paul's, is near London. There is a larger work, in a private collection, of sailors carousing in a dancing tavern at Portsmouth. The incidents, in their broad, unblushing treatment, would warm the dust of Jan Steen himself. But Ibbetson was not always a painter of brawls and drinking bouts, however ; he loved now and then to stray along the peaceful country lanes and sketch the rustic children at play by the roadside, and the gleaners in the stubbly field, or the workers in the white glare of the chalk pit. He may have gone on these rural rambles for much the same motive that Morland went ; for the sheriff's man was ever at his retreating heels. He led, in fact, much the same life that Morland did. The evil reputation did not to the same degree live after him ; but in revenge for that, the good that was in him is much more "buried with his bones." He outlasted Morland some thirteen years, dying in 1817 in his native place.

## DE LOUTHERBOURG.



PHILIP JAMES DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A., was born in Strasbourg in 1740, and was thus senior in date to those whom we have grouped with him. His father was a painter of no great merit or renown, beyond the fact that he was Court Painter to the Prince of Hanau-Darmstadt. Young Philip was sent to Paris to study under Carle Van Loo, and such was his success, that at the age of twenty-two he was made a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of Paris, in the face of the regulation that the earliest age of admission was fixed at thirty. Soon after this triumph of precocity, he travelled for eight years or so through Germany and Italy, taking Switzerland on the way. There he studied a variety

of things—portrait, landscape, seascape, still-life and battles. In 1771 or thereabout we find him in London, where his manifold gifts made him many admirers. To his previous share of talents he added scene-painting, and was soon engaged by Garrick at some £500 a year. In addition to his fame as a painter, he became celebrated as a mesmerist and faith-healer, counting his patients (or dupes) by the thousand, who thronged to his little house facing the river near Chiswick Mall, where Garrick was his near neighbour. He was made an Academician in 1782, and, after a life of varied successes and failures, died in Hammersmith Terrace in 1812.

There was not much sympathy between the art or character of De Louthembourg and Morland, and even less between him and James Ward. It is true that he had the same amazing gift of versatility, but it was of a specious, showy and futile kind compared with either of the others. He, too, painted landscape, seascape, portraits, figures, battles by sea and land, still-life, every and anything in fact that amused him, with equal fluency and gusto; but over all his performances there was the slick varnish of "fatal facility." His scenes were to the last degree scenic, and his figures therein were those of the drop-curtain rather than of real life. In his battle-scenes, for instance, the ships are torn and rent with shot and shell, and magazines are bursting most effectively. The drifting *débris* of the fight swarm with drowning sailors, friend and foe; but the smoke of battle smells more of the scene-painter's glue-pot than of villainous saltpetre. And so even with the more modest sea-pieces: they want the smack of fresh, stinging air, and the real look of the sea, as the English sea-painters of his time saw and felt it. Whether he gives the turmoil of the storm, or the mirror-like stillness of the calm, one feels somehow that they are still the same "painted ships upon a painted ocean." And the worst of it is, that one also feels how very, very near he came to greater excellence. If he had found his art less facile, or his memory of the look of certain effects and objects in nature more in need of constant reference and re-reference to Mother Nature herself, he might have been a more enduring and instructive figure in the art of his time.

G. H. BOUGHTON.





## J. M. W. TURNER.



THE name of Turner bids fair to be one of those great names in art to which the curiosity of the world will always attach itself in an especial degree. Many an artist can be called to mind who has had a high place assigned to him in the roll of poets, painters, or musicians, and is allowed to keep it undisturbed, but for all that has ceased to be a living force or to excite our questioning interest: we do not set ourselves to study him as a condition of all further advance in the art which he practised. No such slackness of interest is likely to happen in Turner's case. His indisputable genius, his width of range, his unrivalled fertility of production, and the fact that he summed up in himself one phase of art and indicated its rightful successor, will assuredly keep his name in the forefront of controversy, as regards one

branch of art, for generations to come. Already there promises to be a Turner literature as there is a Shakespeare and a Goethe one ; and the fame of one of the greatest writers in the English language is for ever bound up with his. Were his pictures to become wrecks and his drawings shadows, even so, a mass of engraved work, such as no artist before him ever left to the world, would sufficiently attest his greatness. There remains the personality of the artist himself—a sad and strange one—full of contrasts and problems of the deepest interest to all who feel the natural fascination of God-given genius.

Rarely did genius of the highest order rise more slowly and evenly or in closer alliance with the homely but powerful favouring influences of patience, industry, and common-sense. It would not seem at first sight as if Fortune had smiled upon him in the circumstances of his birth and early years. He was born in 1775, the son of a barber in Maiden Lane, a poor alley close to Covent Garden. His mother became insane while he was yet a child. He had little schooling. We hear of no companions or recognised family friendships. His father, however, instead of repressing, according to the wont of British fathers at that time, his son's leanings to art, was proud that he should become a painter ! Colouring prints, which was his boyish employment, encouraged at least neat-handedness and precision. He earned small sums by adding skies and backgrounds to architects' drawings. He was sent to Mr. Malton's school to learn perspective, although, strange to say, he was sent back as incapable of doing so. He gained admission to an architect's office—Mr. Hardwick's ; then, by Mr. Hardwick's advice, he tried for and won a studentship at the Royal Academy ; a brief introduction to Sir Joshua's studio, as pupil-assistant, followed ; and on the whole it is not too much to say, that few landscape-painters have had as good, and none a better, art-training than his. The outset of his career, it has been well remarked, shows two distinct lines of work—lines which are traceable as distinct almost to the end : namely, topographical drawing, essentially literal and accurate, on which he counted for bread ; and classical or ideal landscape, in right of which he hoped to enter the temple of Fame. There were good reasons then for this trenchant division of efforts and aims. That any artist should think of living by painting just what it pleased him to paint, uncommissioned or unhired by patron or publisher, would have seemed a vain imagination to men who had the fate of Wilson and Barry full in view. A portrait-painter, a drawing-master, a topographical draughtsman working for publishers—under any other form than these an artist's life was surely nothing else than an adventurous bidding for the favour of fortune. In the last of these three forms, young Turner found means not only of living, but of learning and practising many things which made for his future greatness. He had to cultivate minuteness and accuracy—had to make the best of whatever

subject was given him, however dull, and in plain daylight—so that clever use of light and shade, of figure and incident, soon exercised his ingenuity. He was saved from the temptation of doing nothing but ambitious work; disciplined in exact study of much purely English landscape material, as Wilson and Gainsborough never were; and last, not least, accustomed from the first to regard engraving as the test and consummation of a drawing, and to design it accordingly. Not that it would have been possible for any student of genius in those days to treat landscape in other than an orderly, conventional fashion. Views executed for publishers were formal, even if literal, and in the higher walks of landscape art, the old masters of landscape were idols, blindly worshipped. Nor can it be denied that their influence was essential to the development of landscape art, representing, as it did, principles derived from forms of art which had been carried to perfection before landscape as a distinct branch had been so much as thought of. These old masters, one and all, even “savage Rosa” and “learned Poussin,” helped to make Turner. The greatest of them had genuine feeling for nature, and Claude’s favourite scheme of composition kept place in his affection to the last as the most admirable form of calm, noble and resplendent poetical landscape.

But of this more hereafter. Patient care in sketching, arranging and colouring summed up the virtues of Turner’s early practice. His first exhibited work, a drawing of Lambeth Palace, appeared at Somerset House in 1790; his first engraved one, a view of Rochester, was published in 1794. His drawings for the Oxford Almanac begin with a view of “Christ Church from the Meadows,” in 1799, and are continued at intervals until 1811. They are all quiet, well-arranged, rigidly truthful views. Nor even when his subjects are of an exciting character—a view of Dunstanborough (1798), or Warkworth, with a thunder-cloud brooding over it (1799)—is there any sign of a wish to disregard the true features of the place. Prosaic views of Sheffield and Wakefield, made for “Walker’s Itinerant,” coincide in date with these grand works, and almost with one which he would deem a glorious excursion into the realm of pure imagination, the “Fifth Plague of Egypt.” His poetical feeling soon asserts itself more and more in his pictures of real scenes; he travels far and wide, a wayfarer in humblest guise, storing up trusty impressions of all kinds of scenery and effects on sea and land; and if he grasps much in his love of a subject, he is careful of truth in the main thought of it. His picture of Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe, exhibited in 1802—the year of his election to the full honours of the Academy—need not, with all its errors, be taken as showing wilful disdain of local truth. Mr. Hamerton, in his able and interesting life of Turner, singles it out on this ground as his farewell to topography. I doubt if any conscious change of this kind ever took place. Turner meant his “Kilchurn Castle with Cruchan-Ben

Mountains " (to quote his own title) to be as like what he saw when he was there as time, notes, and memory enabled him to make it. He knew nothing of Scottish scenery beyond what he had learned in that very tour. A wonderful and swift-vanishing effect of sunbeams streaming down through mists which clung and broke round a huge mountain, was enough to occupy him wholly, leaving little thought or time for details (and Kilchurn Castle is certainly unremembered and maligned); but the effect was worth remembering and painting with all his might, at the cost of sad inaccuracy in everything else.

It was about this date, however, that the young Academician began to disclose the full scope of his ambition and of his power. Turner had visited the Continent directly after the peace in 1802. He had painted his "Calais Pier," with its fine sea



and animated figures; his "Garden of the Hesperides," with fine but less animated figures, and a fiery dragon keeping guard on a beetling cliff over a Poussinesque landscape; and another notable picture, "The Sun rising through Mist," with figures which show Turner not unmindful of Teniers. But in 1807 he began a work destined to be one of the most enduring monuments of his genius, as it was then a challenge to the highest name in landscape art. The "Liber Studiorum" was matched against the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude. It is a series of poems given to us in a combination of etching and mezzotint—poems which reveal a spirit strong in sympathy with many another aspect of the world than the serene gracefulness which Claude loved so well. The classification of them as "historical, mountainous, architectural, marine, pastoral, elegant-pastoral," shows a largeness of outlook on nature—and nature with how much human interest interwoven—which contrasts curiously with the limitations of to-day. Nor can there be the least

doubt about Turner's intention that the whole series should be "kept together," as correlated in poetical and moral significance. The frontispiece is a pictorial riddle. A well-framed picture, set in the midst of a medley of incongruous objects, represents Europa on her passage to Crete, with a city, presumably Tyre, in the distance. Now, although we may not hold with Mr. Ruskin that Turner signified clearly the judgment which awaited Tyre and its modern counterpart by Europa's unwilling voyage to the island ruled by Minos the lawgiver, we may be sure that he had some admonitory thought in his mind touching the instability of national greatness, especially of the maritime kind, when he added this preface to his "Liber."



Photogravure by J. & J. Goupil & Co.

Two famous pictures, "Crossing the Brook," and the "Dido building Carthage," were exhibited in 1815. These, with the "Frosty Morning," of 1813, mark the culmination of the first third of his career. The high place among his oil pictures which is generally accorded to the "Crossing the Brook," is due to its good composition, and more worthily to its beautiful expression of tender diffused daylight over a wide and varied landscape. The painting of the middle distance, i.e. the river-side, the bridge, the brewery, the wooded bank traversed by glistening brook, and shadow-crossed pathway, is admirable in ease of execution and suggestion of detail. Beyond, the river winds seaward in soft lines of grey light. Above all, the summer cloud rises and spreads itself along the slow-moving currents of upper air with exquisite buoyancy. Our admiration of the picture is only tempered

by a feeling that its composition is a trifle too faultless, and that the facts of an actually existing scene (on the Tamar, in Cornwall), have been a little overmuch bent, like the fir-tree bough on the left, to the painter's will. The vision of that extreme distance involves exaggeration of the height of the ground from which the view is gained, and this exaggeration is perhaps the cause of a slight look of compression in the thicket on the near hill-side, which we seem able to see through and over and under in a slightly confusing way. The foreground, which provokes the thought of composedness more than any other part of the picture (for the stones in the stream have a look of classical polish about them), is really an example of Turner's love of local truth, and his way of accepting and finding use for it. The square, smooth blocks of granite tell of a quarry close by—well worked in his time—and may be seen at this day with the brook flowing amongst them.

But there is another and more debateable side to this picture. Mr. Ruskin wrote of it once as glorious in composition, but denied that it was "colour," and declared that, as a representation of nature in cool grey tones, it was inferior to any fine Claude in which the same quality had been aimed at. The denial is surely right. In Turner's oil-colour works, so far, there is either only just so much use of varied tints as will suggest colours without interference with perfect arrangement of things according to their strength or paleness, or if colour pleasure is sought, it is always in the one set of tones which that arrangement most easily accords with. Now in "Crossing the Brook" the satisfactory use of cool grey tones and their sweetness cannot be denied, but there is no hint of that form of landscape art which deals with facts of colour as such, or seeks occasion for the fullest possible enjoyment of them. The rounded mass of foliage on the near hill-side tells as a whole in the picture as a dark thing. Granting that it is right as regards its outcome against the further hill and the light water, it is not right as regards the colour of foliage, even though subdued with summer heat or mellowing September haze. But the keen-edged shadows across the path speak of bright sunshine there at least, and that brightness would give any passing cloud shadow, by contrast, an ethereal shadow-colour of its own, quite different from the lower tones of a sun-veiled day.

"Crossing the Brook" is a noble rendering of a real scene, painted for its own sake, under the influence of Claude. Its companion, the "Dido building Carthage," was painted in direct rivalry with him. How vain such rivalry appears now! Claude had, as Mr. Ruskin says, first set the sun in the middle of a canvas, and deserves our gratitude accordingly. His seaports have some look of reality about them; his "Queen of Sheba" does find some commonplace porters on the pier; his wavelets plash against stone steps in an easy, natural manner; his ships are those of his own day, with

cordage which looks true and picturesque;—while Turner's Carthages, and other pictures of that class, are all scenic and unreal. The class was a common one in those days. Ancient fleets putting to sea (racing to Ægina, perhaps), or returning with the sheen of morning or evening sun rippling down the centre of the canvas, were subjects no exhibition then was without. The "Dido," splendid as it is, is not really great in imaginative power. It is certainly unfortunate in its juxtaposition, according to Turner's will, with a Claude. Its scenic magnificence, its abounding skill in arrangement, the beautiful touching-in of its architectural details, its crowded galleys and busy figures, the pretty fancy of the children launching their toy boats, prove the designer's marvellous ability, but do not touch our hearts. There is a desire to grasp a multitude of thoughts—there is a sympathy with historical greatness, a straining for poetical effect, to which the Claude offers no countercharm; but the mainspring of the work has been rivalry after all, and the breath of life is not in it. The picture served its purpose—it proved that rivalry with Claude was not ridiculous. Now, Turner's sunshine is dimmed and lustreless through change in the pigments; and that change has left Claude, with his still luminous sky and sea, unbeaten. We breathe freely, and delight unreservedly in such a picture as the "Frosty Morning"; Turner there is altogether himself. The colour, composition and subject are all perfectly simple, but perfectly shaped by a great artist's love of his subject.

Meanwhile, Turner goes on with his water-colours, and with work which, whatever the treatment may be, has always careful sketching of real views for its base. To his constancy in both these respects we owe, it seems to me, the characteristic development of his genius. He had shown that he possessed greater inventiveness of design, greater knowledge of nature, greater wealth of poetical ideas, than any of the painters whom he always regarded with reverent admiration. But he had contended with them on their own lines. He had not brought into art a mode of perceiving nature differing in kind from theirs. That one of the most joyful facts of the landscape-painter's world was the endless variety of colour harmonies, instinct with light, which it offered to him; that art might possibly deal with more than the one or two which it had dealt with as yet, and that the light of sunshine, so far from requiring for its true record in painting the suppression or total subordination of colour, was best rendered by the triumphant play of it,—were truths which might have escaped even Turner, if he had not been at heart and by practice a water-colour painter. He used water-colours—hardly ever oil—to sketch with; they were the instrument with which he interrogated nature, and he gained the response which was congenial to him. He loved colour for its own sake, and henceforth set himself to the task of expressing the true splendour of nature's colour in union with

her light. His mastery over all other means of pictorial effect is carried into new fields of enterprise; his faculty of composition stands him in the same stead as a great poet's command over subtleties of rhythm and varieties of verse. The sense of irradiation—of all-pervading, vivifying light—which a fine Turner conveys, is due to no mere speciality of cleverness or trick of colouring, but to a wonderful knowledge of truths of light and colour, imaginatively used. Like most great men, Turner saw his truths more quickly, clearly and abundantly than ordinary men; nay, more, he was insatiable in his quest of them, noting and reasoning about



nature's ways with philosophic ingenuity and patience. But his truths ranged themselves in artistic shape, according to the impression of the moment and in obedience to the laws of all imaginative work. He saw and felt nature with the rhythm and music of his own strong emotion, and composition of the boldest kind—which is, in reality, a pictorial form of impassioned language or verse—followed of course. Sometimes, indeed, he uses a fashion of verse which seems artificial, outworn and quite lifeless to us, and yet it was living and effective to him. Why should we deny the value and number of the truths—the positive gains of untiring watchfulness—which he sets before us in his recastings of landscape, while we talk

of the truths of human nature to be learnt from Shakespeare, whose schemes of art assume full command over time and space and probability?

Turner's illustrations of "Whittaker's Richmondshire," a county history in which they shone among pages of pedigrees and other antiquarian learning, are real views so recast. Easby Abbey, Brignall, and Kirkby Lonsdale Churchyard, are poems of the most exquisite depth and tenderness. There is a drawing, however, in this series, the "Heysham" (1822), which is remarkable, not only for its poetical feeling, but for the attainment in an especial degree of the true crystalline brightness of



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natural colour, in clear afternoon sunlight, united with truth of delicate atmospheric effect and fulness of perfectly harmonized detail. It is water-colour study of this kind—in which brightness of colour, as well as perfect arrangement of light and dark, is aimed at—which leads up to the noble qualities of the large oil-colour *Baïæ* of 1823; a picture far removed from the simplicity and direct imaginative perfection of the little drawing of the Lancashire seaside village—a picture overcrowded with material and fantastic in its appeal to the imagination, yet so grand in the light, colour, and aerial effect which are shed over its amazing complexity of composition, that it cannot but be regarded as one of the finest works of Turner's middle stage. It is a *Baïæ* of Turner's own creation. There is the bay with the gracious splendour

of blue sea, which made Roman nobles build palaces round it. Palaces and temples are in ruins; but the sunshine has neither deserted them nor the olive-clad promontories and woody distances which we see between the stems of the stone-pines in the foreground. Fragments of sculpture lie at their base, below tangled vines and in the midst of the richest vegetation, and there the snake prepares to spring on its victim. All this is of to-day; but, on the opposite side of the picture, in the long shadow of the pines, are two seated figures. They are Apollo and the Sibyl. She holds the handful of sand which the god has promised shall represent, grain by grain, the years of her life; but the gift of these countless years was not accompanied by that of perpetual youth and beauty. She is destined to know the secret of Hades, and of futurity, making the forest leaves the depository of her knowledge, but to fade away at last to an echo. The introduction of a beautiful antique legend may mean hardly more than that Turner chose to adorn his picture, after the wont of the time, with a classical story connected with the spot; but even so, he unintentionally summed up, in these mythical figures, the impression of wasted splendour, of haggard beauty and of abiding fear, which really belonged by fact and association to his subject, for all the sunshine which he has given it.

The quantity of work which Turner did or got done in the course of his life is an acknowledged marvel. Of water-colours, the Yorkshire drawings begin in 1819 and end in 1827. Cooke's Southern Coast was begun a little earlier, in 1814, and goes on until 1826. The England and Wales (there is but little of Wales, and that is comparatively poor) is begun in 1827; yet, side by side with these water-colours, his yearly tale of great pictures in oil never fails, any more than their variety in subject and poetic invention. The Cologne of 1829 shows a Rhine packet-boat disembarking its passengers, all unconscious, no doubt, of the lovely colours with which the sunset is enduing themselves and their grand old city's walls and towers. The Polyphemus of 1829 gives us a magnificent sunrise, with Turner's version of the Homeric story of Ulysses' escape from the Cyclops. The chariot and horses of the God of Day were once, it is said, more visible in the effulgence of the rising orb than they are now. The exhibition of 1828 contained "Dido equipping her Fleet," and the "Cowes Regatta," which indeed sets the sun and its reflection, somewhat classically, in the centre, but yet shows abundant sympathy with trim yachts clustered together—their sails disclosing themselves like flower-leaves from each other—on the left, and trees and crowds of spectators on the right, of the composition. A true and thoroughly poetical wreck-scene, with life-boat, Manby apparatus and blue lights, is a companion in 1831 of Caligula's Bridge—a fine work of the scenic class which Mr. Ruskin calls "nonsense" pictures.

The Mercury and Argus of 1836, the Apollo and Daphne of 1837, and the Phryne of 1838, mark the commencement of a third period. They bear the stamp of the tradition of Claude, but are full to excess of the new knowledge and new light for which the artist had striven so long, and is now, it will appear to some, surrendering so much. The scale of light to which the colouring is fitted, however truly, makes large demands on the spectator's knowledge and sympathy, in order that he may feel that amount of truth. The lower light and lesser truth of "Crossing the Brook" are seen and enjoyed at once. The great picture of this period is the "Fighting Téméraire" of 1839. The "simple, sensuous, passionate" of Milton's famous saying would best describe its subject, colour and feeling. A man-of-war, whose decks had run with blood at Trafalgar, is being towed away at sunset, to be broken up. Next to the difficulty of dealing with sunlit green colour (a difficulty Turner never faced), comes that of making strong scarlet or crimson bear part in a picture as light colours—colours which, in spite of their strength and vividness, may be seen in a fine sunset, "relieved" by pale, weak tints of saffron, or amber, or greenish grey. Unhappily, in the sky of the Téméraire the very colours on which the stress of the difficulty rested, such as vermilion and lemon yellow, have traitorously darkened with time, and we cannot tell precisely how Turner managed the problem of uniting depth of scarlet colour with the living light of clouds aflame with the last energy of sunset. His dexterous interweaving of his colour scheme with his light and shade one, probably made much downright scarlet pass for light in both.

The "Téméraire" is the last work, according to Mr. Ruskin, which Turner executed with entire and perfect power. The strength of design, which had hitherto underlain whatever harmonies he built up in colour, grew weaker. He strained more and more the limits within which his art could be a valid means of expression. If the clouds and waves and the masts of the "Slave Ship" do not tell their own ghastly story, iron fetters must be shown on sinking limbs along with other horrors of the deep. In the "Burial at Sea" the blackness of the steamer and its sails is a false note of sorrow for the death of his friend Wilkie. His splendid "Venices" become mere dreams at last; his passionate love and marvellous knowledge of light and colour lose themselves in incoherency. Sir Joshua accepted with calm dignity the enforced relinquishment of his beloved art. Turner thought—painted—coloured—wildly in his decline. His life had been lonely; he had not cared to make it otherwise in days when the love of nature and the joy of her service had satisfied his heart and soul; and it was so to the end. In December, 1851, in a house by the river-side at Chelsea, he died.

We owe to Turner a widening of the range of landscape in his effort to paint light which should carry true colour, and colour which should interpenetrate, without

confusing, the true relations of light and dark—dark, that is, whether of shadow or of hue. We owe to him the first rendering of new worlds of beauty in cloudland (how many worlds remain unattempted there!) and of a fulness and mystery throughout all nature which gave a new soul to landscape-painting. Great in art-craft as a designer, colourist and manipulator, he was most truly great as a poet to whom these powers were means of expression for his sympathies with nature—the nature of sea and earth and sky—and with humanity as involved in nature by action and suffering. In that language of landscape wrought into noble forms of pictorial verse, no poetry exists equal to that which his life's labour has bequeathed.

One who could do these things and be in daily life the antithesis of refinement, nobleness and morality, would be a contradiction indeed. There is much in Turner's life which is sad—nay, even repulsive; but a sordid-minded man he never was, and fair and thorough study of his life will leave no real contradiction between it and his art. He was a good son, a firm friend, a true and generous appreciator of his brother artists. His work reflected faults of character, as well as imperfections due to the noble causes of daring effort and novel aims. The path which he cleared has hardly been trodden at all by modern artists, nor will it ever be so with success except by those who recognise the force of his intellectual power, the intensity of his sympathies, and, above all, his patience and humility in the presence of nature.

ALFRED W. HUNT.





## FROM WILSON TO CALLCOTT.



THE landscape painters forming this section of our work belong to two distinct schools of painting, and their lives, from the birth of the earliest to the death of the latest, cover no less than 145 years of the history of English Art, Wilson having been born in 1714, when Hogarth was still a silversmith's apprentice, and Stark having lived till 1859, when Constable and Turner were dead, and the pre-Raphaelite movement was at its height.

In point of time, aim, and manner, Wilson is entirely divided from the other artists now under our notice ; the oldest of them was young enough to be his grandson, and while they were all painters of English country, and mostly disciples of the great Dutch

masters, he found his inspiration solely in Italy, as rendered in the paintings of Claude Lorrain and Gaspar Poussin. RICHARD WILSON was the third son of the parson of Pinegas, Montgomeryshire, where he was born on the 1st of August, 1714; and, having displayed an early love of art, he was taken to London by his relative, Sir George Wynne, and placed with Thomas Wright, a portrait painter of little note. With Wright he remained from 1729 to 1735, six of the most eventful years in the history of English Art, for in them Hogarth produced the first of his conversation pieces, and painted and engraved the series of the "Harlot's Progress" and "Rake's Progress." These productions do not seem to have made any impression upon Wilson, whose scholarly mind and natural bent turned him towards the ideal and the classic, and who appears to have felt small sympathy for any form of realism. While studying with Wright, and for many years after leaving him, Wilson painted nothing but portraits; and we are told that he became one of the leaders of his profession. The one specimen of his portrait art in our public collections is almost the last ever executed by him—the Princes George and Frederick Augustus of Wales, painted for their tutor, the Bishop of Norwich, and now in the National Portrait Gallery. This work was finished in 1749; and late in the same year Wilson started on the memorable journey to Italy that was destined to alter his whole career. He was much impressed by the natural beauty of that most lovely country; but his style suggests that he was even more deeply influenced by the interpretation of it in the works of Claude and Poussin. Soon after his arrival he began to paint landscape, and, encouraged by Zuccarelli and Joseph Vernet, resolved to devote himself entirely to that branch of art. During his six years' residence in Italy, he gained for himself a high place among the landscape painters of the day, and the cold reception which his art met with on his return to England was a bitter disappointment to him. He obtained, indeed, the respectful consideration of certain artists, but neither painters nor public showed the slightest enthusiasm for his elaborately composed and idealised classic landscapes. Taste and fashion had alike pronounced in favour of the realistic gospel preached by Thomas Gainsborough, who, though thirteen years younger than Wilson, was rapidly rising to the first rank, both in landscape and portraiture. But Wilson refused to follow the dictates of fashion: he regarded his form of landscape as the noblest and best, and he remained staunchly true to his ideal, though his fidelity brought him very near to starvation. But though he found neither patrons nor disciples, he maintained his place among the front rank of artists, and on the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768, he was chosen one of the thirty-six original members. Still, his pictures remained on his hands, and those dealers who gave him a few shillings for them did so from good feeling and respect, rather than in any hope of finding a market for such unsaleable goods. From time to time he changed his lodging, always for one cheaper and more wretched;

but, on the death of Hayman, in 1776, he obtained the post of Librarian to the Academy, with a small salary, and four years later the death of a brother put him in possession of a small property at Llanberis. He at once left London, and lived in tolerable comfort on his estate until his death, which occurred suddenly in May, 1782.

Many of Wilson's works are in our galleries, the finest collection being that at South Kensington, whence both our illustrations are taken. The theme of both, as indeed of nearly all Wilson's work, is Italy—but rather the Italy of the seventeenth-century painters than of nature. The colour, tone, and light are no less studied than the composition, and it is in these qualities that Wilson excels. There is always light in his skies, and space and air in his distances; the various parts of the picture have each their proper value, and are brought into perfect harmony. But the foreground, which is usually very dark, is merely a foreground—a mass of shapely but unclassified tree and unstratified rock, having neither character nor truth, and which interested the artist merely because it gave scale to and enhanced the value of the distant lights. These clear lights were Wilson's pride, and he boasted, with justice, that no painter of his time put so much air and space into his canvases. But for all this, his pictures are wanting in nature and originality, and, by throwing in his lot with the classic school, he turned his face towards the setting rather than the rising sun. The natural bent of his mind was probably towards classicism; but this tendency was also largely due to the circumstances of his life, and had he been reared in Suffolk, instead of Wales, he might, perchance, have taken Gainsborough's place as the father of modern landscape art. For it must surely be due to something more than chance that the three founders of the modern school of landscape, Gainsborough, Crome, and Constable, were all East-countrymen, brought up in a neighbourhood rich in collections of the works of the Dutch masters, and amid landscapes not wholly different from those which Van Gozen and Ruysdael painted.

Wilson was fifty-four years old when, about the time of the founding of the Royal Academy, JOHN CROME was born at Norwich. The exact date was December 22nd, 1768. He was the son of a weaver, too poor to afford him any art education higher than that obtained by apprenticeship to a house- and sign-painter; but nature and the galleries of various local art-collectors were open to the boy, and he spent all his spare time studying from these models. To the Dutch masters he owes much, both in style and manner; but the best thing he learned from them was close observation, and a passionate and faithful devotion to nature, to whom he always went direct for his inspiration, so that, however nearly his manner approximates to that of his masters, his vision is always his own, and his work original.

Crome is a landscape painter of the very highest type; a realist so faithful that his landscapes have all the character and charm of portraits, and whether they be compositions

or acknowledged portraits of places, they are always full of local atmosphere and feeling—racy of the soil. Yet they are never mere topographical drawings; for he had a sense of style, a power of selection, and a faculty of discriminating between the characteristic and the merely accidental, that enabled him to preserve the full beauty of a scene without making the smallest sacrifice of its truth. All his works, his water-colour studies, as well as his finished pictures, have a simple dignity and breadth, an absence of jarring form or colour, a harmony of tone and sentiment such as are rarely met combined with so much fidelity. And he has the power of transcribing the subtle and infinitely touching beauty which even the simplest scenes possess in nature, but which vanishes under the hand of all save the greatest artists. In the choice of his subjects, he was simple and very easily satisfied, for he knew that the worth of a picture depends far less on the grandeur of the objects depicted than on the sympathetic rendering of light, colour



and sentiment. An excellent and very widely known example of this simplicity is the "Mousehold Heath," in the National Gallery. Nothing could be less picturesque in the then accepted meaning of the term: a rolling stretch of green moorland country, with neither trees nor cottages, a hazy sunny sky, a couple of poorly-drawn figures, inserted merely to give scale to the landscape—out of these scanty materials Crome has produced a masterpiece. For he has painted not only the undulating sweep of the common-land, but, so to speak, the sweet, free air, the fresh aroma of the earth, and the clear, glad song of the soaring lark. He was, I think, the earliest landscape painter whose realism carried

him thus high into ideality; but his achievement has been so faithfully followed by his French disciples, that it is difficult for us to realize the full contemporary value and meaning of such a landscape, painted by a self-taught man, the senior of Turner, Constable, and Cox, the master of Cotman, Stark, and Vincent. The rolling breadth of Mousehold Heath was to him a fruitful source of inspiration, and is the subject of many of his pictures, among them of that "Windmill," which we have also chosen for illustration. The beauty of this delicate work is such as to put a severe strain upon any process of translation; and it may seem that his manner is seen to better advantage in



our rendering of the beautiful "View at Chapel Fields, Norwich," which hangs opposite the "Windmill" in the National Gallery. This lovely painting is so well placed that it is easy to study in it the method of the painter, and especially his manner of dealing with tree form, which is broader and simpler than that of any of his contemporaries, for Crome is less apt than any English painter to be overpowered by detail. Indeed, a certain distinction, a noble largeness of manner, and total absence of fussiness and triviality of detail, distinguish him very remarkably from the majority of untravelled, self-taught men of genius. Yet Crome was both untravelled and self taught; by nature he was intelligent and refined, but his culture was limited to that which could be obtained in local picture galleries; and the total absence of commonness or second-

rateness in his work was purely the result of his inborn genius and taste. He had little leisure to devote to self-improvement, for throughout life much of his time was given to teaching drawing, his practice being so large and extended that he had to keep two horses to enable him to go his rounds. In his early youth he must have been very poor; but his talent was recognised early: he soon obtained pupils, and his pictures sold, though for small prices. Thus he was able to marry young, and to bring up a family in reasonable comfort. From time to time, he went up to London for a holiday, and to see what was going on in the art world; but these things had little influence on either his life or his art. He remained a local man, and, in 1803, founded the Society of Norwich Artists, which held its first exhibition two years later.

At this time, Crome had not utterly discarded sign-painting, and some idea of his prices may be gained from the following bill, to the charges of T. Thompson, Esq. :—

	£	s.	d.
Painting Lane Dog, writing, and gilding . . . . .	1	1	0
Board for Ye Lamb . . . . .	0	18	0
Writing and gilding name for Ye Maid's Head . . . . .	0	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£2	4	0

May 27th, 1803.

Settled, JOHN CROME.

Work at such prices was plentiful: he sold everything that he painted; but though it sufficed to maintain and educate his family, it did not leave much for luxuries, and only in one year, 1814, did he afford himself the indulgence of foreign travel. In the autumn of that year he went to Paris with Mr. Coppin, whence he writes to his wife, that “after one of the most pleasant journeys of one hundred and seventy miles, over one of the most fertile countries I ever saw, we arrived in the capital of France. You may imagine how everything struck us with surprize, people of all nations going to and fro—Turks, Jews, etc., etc. . . . We have been to St. Cloud and Versailles. I cannot describe it on letter. We have seen three palaces, the most magnificent in world. . . . This morning I am going to see the object of my journey—that is, the Thuilleries. . . . I shall make this journey pay. I shall be very cautious how I lay out my money. I have seen some shops. They ask treble what they will take; so you may suppose what a set they are. I shall see David to-morrow, and the rest of the artists when I can find time.” The simple letter, misspelt and inelegant though it be, conveys a sense of happiness and enjoyment in the great adventure of a journey to Paris; and it is pleasant to know that the worthy artist did “make this journey pay,” for from it resulted two of his finest works—the “Italian Boulevards,” painted in 1815 from sketches made on the spot, and the “Boulogne Fish Market,” which, though it was not completed till 1819, was inspired by the same visit. Both these paintings were bought direct from the artist by Mr.

Hudson Gurney, and are still in the possession of the Gurney family at Keswick Hall, near Norwich. They are among the latest of Crome's works; for on April 22nd, 1821, he died, after a few days' illness, at the early age of 52.

His work, as we have said, is distinguished by largeness of manner and breadth of treatment. Yet this is combined with extreme exactness and a great amount of detail—detail, however, that is never allowed to assert itself unduly. The "Boulevards" and "Fish Market" both abound in beautiful details, and an easily accessible example of his detailed manner is the fine and very careful study of "A Group of Trees," in the South Kensington collection, which forms one of our illustrations. From studies such as this he derived his wonderful knowledge of tree form; but the charm of his work is due to his mastery of greater truths, and, above all, to that sympathy with nature that instilled a poetry into all he did.

The most gifted of the associates and pupils of "Old" Crome were Cotman, Stark, and Vincent. Vincent, the youngest of the three, born in 1796, was the wild Bohemian spirit of that steady *bourgeois* group, and he left Norwich for London when twenty-two years old. He had already shown his power, but the work by which he will be remembered—"Greenwich Hospital," the property of Mr. W. Orme Foster—was not painted till some years later. Unfortunately, our public galleries possess no example of the genius of this unhappy man, who fell into evil ways, and, sinking lower and lower, finally disappeared in 1835. By that date the Norwich coterie was broken up; the younger Cromes had failed to succeed to the fame of their father, and both Stark and Cotman had removed to London. Like Vincent, they both owed much to the teaching of their master; but each was faithful to his own vision of nature; and as a result there is a wide difference in the work of these two men, who, despite twelve years' difference of age, were close friends until Cotman's death.

JOHN SELL COTMAN, having been born in 1782, was Crome's junior by only fourteen years. His father, a Norwich silk-weaver, was a man of means, and when the boy exhibited a love of art, he sent him to study in London. Here Cotman remained from 1800 to 1806, and during those years was an exhibitor in the Academy, chiefly of Welsh views. On his return to Norwich, however, he styled himself a portrait painter. He immediately became a member and the secretary of the Norwich Society, to which he was a large contributor, sending sixty-seven works in the year 1808. Shortly after this date he married and removed to Yarmouth, partly encouraged to go thither by the presence of his friend, Mr. Dawson Turner, the antiquary. He remained in Yarmouth till 1823, drawing, painting, and giving lessons. His many-sided artistic gift expanded widely in these years; for as a drawing-master it was his business to draw every kind of thing, and make himself familiar with every medium; and, as an artist, it was his

nature to be interested and to excel in everything he undertook. He dearly loved the sea, and became so conversant with every craft upon it that in these matters he is never wrong. His friendship with Mr. Dawson Turner was also a powerful influence in these days, and writer and painter produced conjointly many works on the architecture and antiquities of Norfolk. In 1817, they made together a tour in Normandy for the purpose of collecting materials for a book on *The Architectural Antiquities of Normandy*, and the tour was repeated, with the same motive, in two succeeding years. Its immediate result was a book published in 1822, in which Cotman's illustrations prove



him a complete master of the picturesque rendering of architectural mass and detail, and it had a permanent influence on his style, increasing his scale of colour and range of subject, and enlarging his ideas. Some of his best water-colour drawings, indeed, were painted during these tours. In the year following the publication of his book Cotman returned to Norwich, and while living there was, in 1825, elected an Associate Exhibitor of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, to whose exhibitions he was thenceforward a constant contributor, sending landscape of various kinds, sea-pieces, and architectural subjects, all treated with equal mastery. This versatility is one great reason of the comparative unpopularity of Cotman; for he has few mannerisms, and his

works have not the personal quality that stamps the work of Turner, Etty, Mulready, Cox, and D. G. Rossetti ; so that two drawings by him, painted in the same year, may be widely different in idea, subject, and execution. But as time passed, the general tendency of his art was towards less rigid fidelity, and to a greater play of imagination, especially in colour. His oil paintings and finished pictures, too, became more rare in later days, when his time was more fully occupied in teaching, and his health more delicate. In 1834, he was elected drawing-master of King's College School, and, in consequence of this appointment, he came with his family to London, and settled in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square. But the removal was far from being an unmixed good. His spirits and health, always variable, failed under the strain of London life ; he became subject to attacks of most grievous mental depression, and in July, 1842, he died. His brilliant and versatile gift is very poorly represented in the public galleries. There is but a small collection of his water-colour drawings at South Kensington, and the "Wherries on the Yar," which we reproduce, is the solitary oil painting by him in the National Gallery.

His friend, JAMES STARK, was a man of much more limited gifts, and much more unequal achievement. In his later years, when he produced most of his work, he was too much given to detail, and in the pictures of this period there is a poverty of colour which keeps them out of the first rank ; but while he remained at Norwich the influence of the work of Crome kept him in the right way, and at his best his pictures are rich, mellow, and in all ways admirable. Like the other members of the Norwich school, James Stark sprang from the trading class, his father being a dyer in good business. Born in 1794, he became the pupil of Crome in 1811, by which time his talent had already developed so far as to admit of his being elected a member of the Norwich Society in this year. Five years later he entered the Academy schools, and immediately met with pleasant youthful successes, his drawings being admitted to the exhibitions of the Water-Colour Society and of the British Institution, where the Governors awarded him a premium of £50. But this bright beginning was quickly clouded by illness ; he was forced to return to his family, and remained in Norwich for twelve years, sending from time to time to the various London exhibitions. In 1830 he left Norwich, and from that time lived in London or its neighbourhood until his death, which occurred on March 24, 1859. The National Gallery possesses a brilliant painting by him, which we reproduce—a fine broad landscape, almost worthy of Crome. It was lately purchased from the artist's son. The South Kensington collection owns seven of his works ; but the larger number of these are now lent to provincial galleries.

With Stark we bid farewell to the Norwich school, and turn to their Scotch contemporary, and fellow disciple of the Dutchmen, PATRICK NASMYTH. Nasmyth was

born in Edinburgh in 1787, and received his art education from his father, Alexander Nasmyth, to whom is ascribed the honour of being the father of landscape painting in Scotland. Patrick improved on his father's manner, discarding the chalky spotted character which forms a chief feature of the Nasmyth school, and modelling his style on that of the Dutch Masters, of whom he is a close imitator. From the choice of his subjects he has been styled the "English Hobbema"; but his manner of painting, and especially his minute treatment of detail, is more nearly akin to that of Wynants, the supposed master of Wouverman and Vandewelde. His life was one of solitude and



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suffering; an early accident deprived him of the use of his right hand, and while still very young he became deaf through illness. His inborn love of nature was doubtless intensified by the isolation resulting from this affliction; but neither his art nor his professional success consoled him for the loneliness of his young life. He had removed to London at the age of twenty, and his powers had been at once recognized and acknowledged. He exhibited in the Royal Academy at various times between 1809 and 1830, and in 1824 he became one of the foundation members of the Society of British Artists, and was an exhibitor until the year of his death; but he led a lonely life, and often strove to cheer the melancholy born of weak health and solitude by an excess in drinking.

Thus he increased the natural delicacy of his constitution, and in August, 1831, he succumbed to a cold taken while sketching. His love of nature remained with him to the last. As he lay dying in his Lambeth lodging, he begged to be raised in bed that he might witness a thunderstorm, and while gazing on it he died.

In early life he chose his subjects from the scenery of Scotland, but later he devoted himself to the quiet country in the neighbourhood of London, painting lanes and hedges and such-like simple scenes with absolute fidelity. But his manner is less sympathetic than that of many less truthful artists, for his landscapes are dark and cold in colour, the brilliancy of his skies being often gained at the expense of the rest of the picture, and his work, though strong and true, is over detailed, wanting in breadth, dignity, feeling, and grace. Its very limitations of colour, however, and its minuteness of execution, make it peculiarly suited to reproduction; and it loses comparatively little by translation into black and white. He is very well represented in the public galleries, there being several paintings by him both in the National and South Kensington Galleries—all excellent examples of his art. Of these the most important is a recent bequest from a collection rich in English pictures, that of Mrs. Vaughan.

We do not grudge an inch of the space allotted to Nasmyth, the faithful lover of nature and art, but we could wish that some of the space devoted to the nineteen works—most of them his later and less excellent works—of Sir AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT in our public galleries were otherwise occupied. Callcott was born in Kensington in 1779, and was thus the senior of Cotman, Stark, and Nasmyth, and only three years younger than Constable, but he survived all except Stark, for his death did not occur till 1844. He had a taste for music as well as painting: in early boyhood he was a chorister at Westminster, and for some years he studied both music and painting before he could decide to adopt the latter as his profession and to enter the Academy schools. In his youth he was an exhibitor of portraits, but after 1803 devoted himself chiefly to landscape or landscape with figures. He soon attained popularity. At the age of twenty-seven he was elected Associate, and promoted Academician at thirty-one. From this time commissions were showered upon him much more quickly than he could fulfil them; for he was a slow worker, especially in his youth, when he painted his best pictures. Until 1830 he remained faithful to the Dutch and English landscapes that had done him such good service, but after that date he turned his attention to Italian scenes, and in 1837 he exhibited a figure-piece representing Raphael and the Fornarina. It shared the success that generally fell to the lot of his paintings, and after its exhibition he was knighted. Encouraged by this success, he again attempted subject-painting, and in the following year exhibited "Milton Dictating to his Daughters." He was now approaching the end of his career; and most of the

paintings by him in our London galleries are rather earlier, but not much earlier, in date. "The Dutch Peasants Returning from Market" was painted in 1834. There is a view of Dordrecht, however, dated as late as 1841. At this time his health was breaking, and after the death of his wife, in the following year, he gradually sank, and died November 25th, 1844. "There is," says Mr. Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, "no tendency in him with which we can sympathise, nor does there appear any sign of aspiration or enjoyment in any one of his works. He appears to have completed them methodically, and to have been content with them when completed; to have thought them good, legitimate, regular pictures, perhaps in some respects better than nature. He painted everything tolerably and nothing excellently; he has given us no gift, struck for us no light, and though he has produced one or two valuable works—of which the finest I know is the 'Marine,' in the possession of Sir J. Swinburne—they will, I believe, in future have no place among those considered representative of the English school." But to many this will appear too hard a judgment. Callcott became mannered and unreal in his last years, and in his youth he was too close to the Dutchmen to excite the sympathy of Mr. Ruskin; but at his best—and notably in his masterpiece, the large and splendid "Pool of the Thames," which Lord Lansdowne exhibited at Burlington House in 1884—he had a combined force and finish, a power of rendering the details of maritime life, a luminousness in his skies, and a breadth in his wide landscapes, that marked him as a considerable painter.

F. MABEL ROBINSON.





## CONSTABLE.



JOHN CONSTABLE had the supreme good fortune to come into the world exactly at the right moment. I call his fortune good, not, as may be guessed, because his fame in life was brilliant, but because he found work to his hand which he could do so well that he is sure in time to fill the place in the history of our nineteenth century which Giotto holds in the fourteenth. He let in nature upon convention, and restored the vitality of art. When he began to work the old traditions were exhausted. Humanised landscape, which began with Titian, had done nearly all it could. Men were seeking about in the dark for new formulas to help them in making pictures of the world they lived in. A year before his appearance on the scene, a child had been born in a London alley whose genius

was to cast the melancholy glory of sunset on the old conventions ; but to Constable was reserved a more fertile field. He was not entirely a genius ; but his qualities were exactly the right ones for his time. His character was independent and his patience inexhaustible ; his æsthetic insight was sure, and he loved the face of nature. Thus equipped, he led the way into the open air, and taught art to renew its vigour by contact with the truth of things.

Constable was born at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, on the 11th of June, 1776. His father, Golding Constable, was the grandson of a Yorkshire farmer, who had settled many years before at Bures, a village on the border of Essex, some eight miles west of Bergholt. Golding was a miller, with four mills—two wind-mills in the neighbourhood of Bergholt, and the two water-mills, at Flatford and Dedham, which have been immortalised by his son. Constable's mother, Ann Watts, brought wealth in some modest degree to her husband, but we do not hear that she had an intellect. Golding himself must have been a man of great judgment and of no little insight into character. Some of his letters to his son show a quite startling perception of what were likely to be the chief dangers in his career. In early childhood John Constable's hold on life was precarious ; but by the time he was seven years old he had become more robust, and his parents thought it safe to send him first to a school at Lavenham, some fifteen miles from home, where he learnt little ; and afterwards to Dedham Grammar School. There he excelled only in one modest branch of learning : he was a capital penman, a character which had been earned in the same neighbourhood fifty years before by Thomas Gainsborough. We are told, too, that he was fond of poetry and music, and, again like Gainsborough, could play a little on various instruments. The master at Dedham seems to have been a man of some perception. He understood, at least, the dreaminess of his scholar, and was content with a good-natured hint to come out of his painting room, when the boy's attention wandered from the work in hand. It may have been partly through his advice that Golding Constable gave up his first cherished plan of making his son a parson. Still more, however, must this have been due to the flood of light poured upon the lad's true bent by his friendship with an eccentric tradesman, who lived outside his father's gate. This was one John Dunthorne, a plumber, glazier, and painter, who seems to have been a real enthusiast in art. Day after day he and young Constable went out into the fields to sketch, or shut themselves up in a room hired in the village to turn their sketches into pictures. For a lad like this, holy orders were clearly unsuited, and so Constable *père* made his son a miller. He gave him a windmill to look after, and for a year the work was well done. In the intervals, no doubt, he sketched ; and in any case the constant watching of the sky—which, one may say, is part of a wind-miller's business—was a fine preparation for the work he was afterwards to do.

At the end of his first twelve months in the mill, the event took place which finally determined Constable's career. This was his introduction to Sir George Beaumont. At Dedham, over against Bergholt, but on the south side of the Stour, lived Sir George's mother, and through her the introduction was brought about. The young miller took with him some pen copies from the Cartoons, and to these Sir George responded by producing the little Claude now in the National Gallery (No. 61). By this Constable was fairly dazzled, and his enthusiasm was still further whetted by the loan of some thirty drawings by Girtin. Moved thereto, we may guess, by the advice of Sir George himself, Golding Constable now consented that his son should take steps to become a painter in earnest. In 1796, therefore, we hear of him in London, in Farrington's studio, and striking up a warm friendship with John Thomas Smith, engraver, Keeper of the Prints, and author of *Nollekens and his Times*. In 1797, we find him back in Suffolk, reading books on art, studying anatomy, and trying to etch. In 1798, he is again in London; and then, on the 2nd of April, 1799, he writes to Dunthorne: "I am this morning admitted a student at the Royal Academy. The figure which I drew for admittance was the Torso. I am most comfortably settled in Cecil Street, Strand, No. 23." From this time forward, his early career was pretty much what it always is with a young artist of promise. He worked hard at Somerset House; he made painting expeditions into the country—as a rule into those eastern districts to which his heart was true, but once, at least, into the north, to Derbyshire; and he copied the old masters whenever he had the chance, hoping by that, as he said, to get that facility of hand without which his art would be but labour and sorrow.

About the year 1799, Constable had made the acquaintance of a Miss Maria Bicknell, the daughter of a solicitor to the Admiralty, and the grand-daughter of Dr. Rhudde, who was Rector of Brantham and of East Bergholt. She was then no more than a child; but ten or twelve years later the friendship had ripened on both sides into love, and there had been some hint at marriage. Maria's friends, however, were severely opposed to such a notion, while Constable's were not much more sympathetic. The letters on both sides have come down to us. They paint a delightful picture of love in a pair of true but unimpassioned natures—natures in which thought for the morrow prevents the delight of to-day. But their fires were constant if not consuming, and in 1815 the lovers were wedded, in St. Martin's Church, by Constable's lifelong friend, John Fisher. Although the marriage took place against the will of Miss Maria's people, they soon relented. The honeymoon was spent at Osmington, the home of Dr. Fisher; but thence the pair went to Mr. Bicknell's, and two years later, when he died, Dr. Rhudde left his grand-daughter four thousand pounds. Eight years after the marriage, we find this naïve entry in the painter's journal: "Sunday, October 2nd. Our dear, blessed wedding-day,

owing to which we have five babies." Mrs. Constable presented her lord with two babies more, and then, in 1828, she died, twelve months before her husband was elected "to the full honours of the Academy."

Constable survived his wife nine years. During those years he found happiness in his children and in the society of a few staunch friends. The dearest of these was John Fisher, son to the Master of the Charterhouse, nephew to the Bishop of Salisbury, and himself Archdeacon of that diocese. Fisher was not only a helpful and sympathising friend, he was an amateur artist and a critic of real ability. We can tell from his letters that he understood Constable's work when no one else did. In the earlier years of their friendship, he made, no doubt, a *faux pas* of a kind which is embarrassing to all concerned for the moment. In the ardour of his well-wishing, he procured for the then struggling painter the offer of a modest competence as drawing-master to a school! From what might have been the pitiful result of this temptation, Constable was only rescued by the friendly tact of West, then P.R.A., who undertook to explain to Fisher how fatal would be the acceptance of his offer to the man it was meant to serve. Fisher died in 1832. His last note to Constable (an invitation to Osmington) ends thus: "Prithee come; life is short, friendship is sweet." By a strange coincidence, these words are quoted by the painter too in his last note, also an invitation, to the friend who had stepped into Fisher's vacant place. This was Charles Robert Leslie, who with Mr. George Constable (a namesake, but no relation), Mr. Purton of Hampstead, and his munificent patron, Lord Egremont, make up the list of Constable's chief friends during the last five years of his life.

In 1828, Constable had come into a fortune of some £20,000, through the death of his wife's father. This put him above money anxieties, and led him, moreover, to make a venture in publishing, with the help of the mezzotinter, David Lucas. Of this undertaking we need here only say, that, much as its results are prized by modern collectors, they brought only loss of money and sleepless nights to the painter. Constable's death was very sudden. In 1827 he had moved to the house in Well Walk, Hampstead, where he passed the rest of his days. On the evening of the 30th of March, 1837, he attended a meeting of the Royal Academy, and walked home with Leslie. The next night he went out on business for the Artists' Benevolent Association, of which he was President. He came home, supped, and went to bed. In the night he was seized with illness, and before the dawn he died.

Every phase of Constable's art as a landscape painter is to be studied in our London galleries. In the Sheepshanks collection, at Kensington, there are six pictures; in the National Gallery there are five, of which three are in the first class. Besides these,

two of the splendid sketches, with which he was accustomed to foreshadow his finished work, have long been allowed to hang at Kensington: one is the study for the



“Hay Wain”; the other for the no less famous “Jumping Horse.” As, however, both are loans, they do not appear among our plates. Our first illustration, in the order of time, is “Boat-building, near Flatford Mill.” A glance upon it is enough to show that it belongs to the painter’s earlier years. The composition is awkward. The barge

on the stocks is so near the spectator that the landscape seems a mere fringe to it. An artist of more experience would have either set it back, or would have painted it in an earlier stage, when some daylight was to be seen between its ribs, and it had not yet become so smoothly shapeless. The landscape itself is monotonous, while it is without the magic of Constable's later skies. The only sign it gives of the painter's future greatness lies in its manifest sincerity. A second small picture in this same collection, "Water Meadows, near Salisbury," must also belong to this early period. In the autumn of 1821, Constable wrote to a friend from Hampstead: "I have done a good deal of skying, for I am determined to conquer all difficulties, and that among the rest." We are told that in 1822 he made fifty studies of sky effects. Leslie had a score of these in his possession in 1845, and out of the whole twenty only one had the least vestige of land. They were in oil, on large sheets of thick prepared paper, and on the back they had memoranda of the date, the condition of the weather, and the tints and motion of the clouds. The "Dedham Mill," which may be considered the crown of Constable's early manner, was painted just before all this "skying" was done. In composition it shows an enormous advance upon the "Boat-building," or the "Water Meadows"; in that respect it is indeed equal to its author's maturest work, equal to the "Cornfield," or the "Jumping Horse." In colour, too, it is fine, while in the elaborate truth of its chiaroscuro—to use a word that is hopelessly gone out—it excels, perhaps, any other of his pictures. But in the rain-laden clouds above the mill, beautiful and luminous as they are, I fancy I can see traces of what the painter wished to get rid of by his persistent "skying." They seem a little too solid. They are fine in shape and colour, but they give too slight a hint of the depths behind. This picture was painted in 1820. A year later, Constable finished and signed the "Hay Wain," and a comparison between the two shows how greatly he had profited by his Hampstead studies. In the "Hay Wain" the sky is superb. The great clouds sweep across the depths of blue with an airy majesty that even now has not been equalled. It was this marvellous sky that chiefly drew the applause of the French, when the picture went to Paris. They had never seen the problem of sky-painting taken, as it were, by the horns before. The simplifications of Ruysdael, the conventions of Claude and Hobbema, were the highest achievements they knew. This was the first great sky that Constable painted, and down to his latest day he never produced a better. In the landscape, perhaps, the "Hay Wain" scarcely deserves the supreme place which has been claimed for it. It is "silvery, windy and delicious," but, great as it is, it is excelled by the "Jumping Horse," and certainly by the "Cornfield," the subject of our second plate. Of all Constable's works, so far as I have seen them, this "Cornfield" seems to me the finest in conception. The chosen scene is lovely in its breadth and in its detail;

the composition, whether of line or "values," is perfect; the colour unites harmony which is complete with a truth of local tint which is even minute; while the picture, as a whole, "is wonderfully together," as Constable himself said of another favourite of his own, "The Lock." But the "Cornfield" has been taken somewhat out of its place, and we must turn back for a moment to tell the story of the "Hay Wain's" trip to Paris. The "Hay Wain" was finished and exhibited at Somerset House in 1821. It was catalogued as "Landscape—Noon." Twelve months later it was at the British Institution; but at neither place did it find a purchaser. In 1823 a French dealer offered Constable £70 for it. This was refused; but in 1824 the painter sold both it and a "Lock" to the same man for £250, throwing in a small picture of Yarmouth as a make-weight. The two larger landscapes were hung in that year's Salon, where they made a great stir among the artists, and won a gold medal from the king. At this the critics were angry. "Shall works so unusual be admired for no better reason than their excellence? What then is to become of the great Poussin?" they asked. And they cautioned "young artists to beware of the seduction of these English pictures." Constable repeats this in a letter to Fisher, and goes on to say: "All this comes of being critics. The execution of my pictures, I know, is singular; but I like that rule of Sterne's, 'Never mind the dogmas of the schools, but get at the heart as you can.'" Both pictures had fairly good places from the first, but after the Salon had been open some weeks, the usual re-arrangement took place, and Constable's landscapes were hung on the line in the *salle d'honneur*. A year later the "White Horse," the first of those "six-foot canvases," on which the painter embarked with such trepidation in his earlier years, was sent to Lille, where it, too, won a gold medal. In one of his letters, Constable tells us that the French Government made an offer for the "Hay Wain," but the dealer, its owner, would not sell it without the companion. It is pleasant to know that in the crowd of young artists who turned a deaf ear to the discouragements of their native critics, and swelled the chorus of praise before the "English Pictures," were Paul Huet, Camille Flers, and Jean Baptiste Corot.

Two years before his triumph in Paris, Constable had painted that "Salisbury Cathedral," which we reproduce. Do you, my reader, know the Bishop's garden at Salisbury? Perhaps I was trespassing; but one splendid day last summer, when I had watched the jackdaws for a time among the battlements of the cloister, I strolled through a narrow postern, which stood invitingly open in the south-eastern corner, and found myself in this garden. It was a delightful mixture of the wild and tame. Round the palace, which stood some two hundred yards away, the lawns were trim and the path well kept; but the rest of the enclosure was a wilderness—the paths barely perceptible, the grass long, the young trees indulging in every kind of lawless embrace. Among all

this, two or three cows were tethered, and under the tallest elms a narrow pond—the pond in our picture—lost itself among a cluster of overhanging shrubs. I wandered on until I had passed the rustic bridge, and then, turning, saw the great white church rising against the blue of June, just as Constable saw it sixty years before. I have seen most of the famous cathedrals of Europe; but among them all, there is nothing to equal this view of Salisbury. The perfect proportions of the pile and its lovely colour, enhanced as they are by the beauties in which they are set, make Salisbury unique, indeed, among churches. And so, you may say, Constable was to be envied for being asked to paint it. But great architecture is not often pictorial. Its own character is so decided, its proportions so fixed, that to make them expressive of a second personality is by no means easy. For this reason, it is impossible to make a picture of a Greek temple. It is even difficult to put one into a picture, except as a ruin, or as the merest accessory. This “Salisbury” depends for its effect on the skill with which Constable has treated its subordinate parts. The church was there for him to portray, and he portrayed it. Pictorial force he had to win by the setting he gave it; and in this, too, he succeeded. His arching trees give just the shadow of a hint at Gothic structure; the simplicity of the meadow, the introduction of the cows and of the rude timber bridge, are governed by a desire to suggest that half-sophistication which is so exactly suited to the precincts of an English cathedral. This was by no means the only time Constable painted Salisbury, but it was the only case in which he had to give such importance to the architecture, for it was bespoken by the Bishop, who failed, however, to understand its beauties.

“Salisbury” belongs to 1823; the “Cornfield” to 1826. The next two pictures, in the series to which our attention must be more especially given, are both from Hampstead Heath. The first is dated 1827, and the second 1830. The former is notable for the skill with which literal truth to fact is combined with artistic arrangement. In spite of the great changes which have come over it, the scene will be easily recognized by those who know Hampstead. The water to the left is the ‘Vale of Health’ Pond; the rising ground beyond, that which lies between Lord Mansfield’s estate and the first roofs of London. Just outside the picture, to our right, stand Christ Church and the houses about it. The second picture takes us to a remoter part of the Heath, near what is known, I fancy, as the ‘Leg of Mutton’ Pond. It has a particularly fine sky. Both of these are good examples of what Constable did in his work-a-day moods. Without the breadth and force of his greater creations, they show his peculiar faculty for getting a coherent work of art out of the actualities of a scene.

The last of our plates is from the “Valley Farm,” which some admirers of the painter call his greatest work. It was painted in 1834–5, and exhibited at the Academy

in the latter year. The scene is that house on the Stour, near Flatford Mill, in which, as Leslie tells us, its owner, Willie Lott, passed more than eighty years without having



spent four whole days away from it. We have already seen it in the "Hay Wain," for both are pictures of the same spot—the one looking up, the other down, the Stour. It was in these later years of his life that the painter fell into that spotty manner which made people talk of "Constable's snow." All through, one of his main endeavours had

been to render the freshness, the between-the-showers look, of English landscape in early summer. The Frenchmen had said: "Look at those pictures by the Englishmen: the ground seems to be covered with dew!" To get this effect, he embroidered his work with little sparkling whites, like the reflections from wet leaves. In his finest time—the time which began with the "Dedham Mill," and ended with the "Cornfield"—his colour was fresh and cool, and these spots of light gave vitality and sparkle without unrest. But in later years, when his tones had become a little hot and red, their unbroken scintillation was destructive to repose. At the very end of his career, this habit had so gained upon him that we may fairly doubt whether he would ever again have painted a wholly satisfactory picture. His last work was an "Arundel": it was at the "Old Masters," a few years ago, and it convinced me at least, that after all Constable did not die before his time.

I have ventured to say that Constable was not a genius. By that I mean, that his purely artistic gifts were not complicated by a great imagination. He had none of the peculiar power by which the two ablest of his followers, Corot and Rousseau, gave such individuality to every scene they painted. His ever-increasing fame is due, in some degree, to accident. It was not that his faculties were so great, but that his life was so happily timed. He had a curious independence of character and a profound artistic faculty, and was born at a moment when those qualities insured him a great career. But it is a mistake to suppose that Constable was a man of aggressive originality. He is sometimes spoken of as if he were akin to the Barrys and Haydons, who dinned their merits with such insistence into the *ears* of the people of their day. On the contrary, he acknowledged all that was good, both in the men of his own time and in the "masters." His early adoration for Claude lasted to the end of his life. In 1824 we find him writing to Fisher: "I looked into Angerstein's the other day: how paramount is Claude!" He found room, too, to admire so different a man as De Hoogh. But his peculiar independence made it impossible that he should submit his eye to any one. He saw that Claude had not exhausted nature, and that just as the great Lorrainer had selected such truths as appealed to himself, so he in turn must select those by which his own heart was touched. And these were the truths which make up the charm of English landscape. Before Constable it was looked upon as a truism that grandiose scenery made the best pictures. Not only travelled patrons, but painters themselves, thought the finest subjects were to be found in the Alps and among the *débris* of Rome. For them the perfection of landscape was a scene in which mountains, ruined colonnades, rippling water, and the setting sun could be brought together. Such pictures as the "St. Ursula" or "Queen of Sheba" of Claude, or Turner's "Building of Carthage," were the ideals both of painters and connoisseurs. It never seems to have struck them that, in such subjects, the gap between nature and her shadow on canvas is so wide, that

only the highest genius can bridge it over. A notion which, in our time, is confined to the less fully trained among those who concern themselves with art, was then pretty general even among painters. They thought it better to aim high and fail, than to be content with a modest flight and succeed. The lessons of the past and of another art which has always been better understood in England than painting—I mean the art of literary composition—was lost upon them. Even now this same theory is preached, but only by those who are unable to see that art is great, not by association, but by the directness and purity of its appeal. Glance down a list of great painters, or walk through the rooms of any famous gallery, and what do you see? Do you find any man living after he is dead by the union of what are called high aims with feeble performance? Do you not rather find that many men have won fame and kept it by mastery of a low ideal? That this is so, cannot be counted for a sin against our modern world, for while we have set Steen above Poussin, we have also deposed Guido to make room for Angelico. This last example may seem at the first glance to make against my argument, for it cannot be gainsaid that Reni was a maturer artist than the Beato. But, in fact, that makes the instance all the stronger; for Guido, though a master of his *métier*, carried no pictorial quality to perfection, or near it; while Angelico, in spite of his deficient knowledge, became a fine colourist, and a master of expression. The one sure path to glory for the painter is to paint—to choose pictorial themes, and to treat them thoroughly. Such a theme is the beauty of our native England. The stage it gave to Constable may have been narrow, but it afforded scope for that sincere, inductive treatment which was in the air of the century. The “unteachableness” which Mr. Ruskin seems to blame was that painter’s strength. In most men such a quality springs from inability to see what is good in others. But running through Constable’s letters to Fisher and Leslie, we find a catholicity of taste and a readiness to admire, which are rare both with artists and critics. His success during life was of the most moderate kind. Many of his best works remained on his hands for years, and the majority of those he sold were bought by personal friends. But he never became bitter. He indulged in none of those tirades against his rivals, living and dead, which are blots on the fame of so many men who have had to wait for acceptance. He had one of those rare minds which comprehend that what is good in any man’s work must be his own. He sat at the feet of the great men of the past; but he kept his judgment, for he grasped a principle that is too often missed: he understood that what he had to do was to imitate the conduct, and not the work, of the masters. Alone among the painters of his day, he saw both what tradition had done for the art he loved, and what path it ought to take in the future. The myth of Antæus applies with curious exactness to art. No apter fable to describe its course could be imagined than that of the

giant who slowly lost his strength while he stood bravely erect, with nothing but the soles of his feet in contact with his mother earth, and regained it all when he measured his length upon her bosom. The way of things is this. An original man is born



into the world, goes frankly to nature, and, with such skill as he has, sets down what she tells him. His pupils do better than their master, for his experience helps them over many rough places, and they have not yet forgotten his fundamental precept. But time goes on, and mediocrity comes in to produce what mediocrity is prepared to buy; studio traditions grow in volume, and respect for nature sinks at last beneath their weight. Then comes another chance for originality—for the man who unites insight and æsthetic sense with a stiff backbone. He upsets convention, and in its overthrow teaches art to renew its youth at the breast of nature. In one of his desponding moments Constable said to Leslie: "The art will go out; there will be no painting in England in thirty years." That his prophecy has been falsified is greatly due to the fruition of his own example.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



## SIR DAVID WILKIE.



WHEN that distinguished dilettante, Sir George Howland Beaumont, became possessed of Hogarth's mahl-stick, he resolved—so runs the story—to retain it until he should find a genius worthy of the gift. No sooner did he see "The Village Politicians," than he hastened to transfer it to David Wilkie. There are, indeed, certain superficial resemblances between the two artists. Were Hogarth no more than the first great English *genre*-painter, the comparison would not be an inappropriate one, nor would Wilkie by any means come halting off, especially as regards execution and finish. But Hogarth was not a *genre*-painter only. Through all his work there beats the restless indignation of the satirist, and he touches by turns the extremes of tragedy and comedy. With

Wilkie the case is otherwise. Content to abide in the quiet border-land of sub-humorous observation, he is a pleased spectator rather than an angry censor, and he records the frailties and foibles of those about him more with half-amused indulgence than critical severity. From the first he was the unconscious disciple of the Dutch, often making choice of the subjects they delighted in; elaborating his work with the lingering, careful touches of Teniers and Jan Steen; but never with them crossing that boundary line which separates geniality from grossness. This was his earlier and wiser manner. When, in later years, his health precluded the laborious application of his youth, and he had warmed his imagination with the rich palette and royal handling of Titian and Velasquez, he changed his style,—a course never without its hazards. Respect for a great artist and a genuine man still enjoins consideration for the altered efforts of his brush. But the popular voice,—and by the popular voice we must judge the painter of the people,—has rendered its verdict. It is the Wilkie of “The Rent Day” and “The Parish Beadle” which it prefers, not the Wilkie of “The Peep o’ Day Boy’s Cabin” or “The Maid of Saragossa.”

It was at Cults, in mid-Fife, on the banks of Eden-water, that David Wilkie was born. His father, also David Wilkie, was minister of the parish, and his mother, Isabella Lister, was a native of the same district. He first saw the light on the 18th of November, 1785, being the third son of his parents. Almost from his cradle he seems to have been dedicated to art. He could “draw,” he said, “before he could read, and paint before he could spell,” and his childhood has many features familiar to artistic biography. He sketched on his slate and spelling-book like Hogarth; he sketched on floors and walls like Wright of Derby; he sketched in hymn-books and prayer-books like Bewick and Chodowiecki. Sent first to school at the neighbouring village of Pitlessie, he was more noted for watching his playfellows than for playing himself; and more pleased to lie “a-groufe” on the ground making queer designs, than to study the mysteries of multiplication and division. Already he was the accredited portrait-painter to his companions, gravely taking his payment in the shape of marbles or pencils. Transferred to Kettle, a place a little farther from his home than Pitlessie, he remained *qualis ab incepto*, only superadding to his watchful study of all the cairds and ragged soldiers that came in his way, a further faculty for mechanical modelling with a knife and chisel. If he learnt more at school his biographers suppress it.

With a bias so manifest and a talent so unmistakeable, there was but one course to take, however unpalatable it may have been to the minister of Cults, and the grave elders of his congregation, who marvelled not a little at the will-o’-the-wisp-like choice which Davie Wilkie, junior, had made of a profession. Equipped with some modest specimens of his work the boy went to Edinburgh, and sought admission to the Trustees’

Academy. Self-taught and untrained as he was, his efforts found little encouragement, and the secretary even thought that he had mistaken his vocation. But the Earl of Leven interposed, and he was received as a student. He came at an opportune moment, for the school, hitherto devoted to industrial decoration, had taken a fresh departure under a new master, and history painting and studies from the antique were beginning to be practised. Slowly and carefully Wilkie commenced to make drawings from the cast. A sample of his essays in this way, a foot, was exhibited by his exultant father to one of those depressing elders already referred to. "A foot!" said this worthy, after narrowly inspecting it, "a foot! It's mair like a fluke," by which he meant a flounder. But Wilkie's native critics were not born to check his progress. He continued to study in his own methodical way, always seeking to comprehend his model, always watchful, always working, always studying human nature. "He frequented trystes, fairs, and market-places," says one of his colleagues; and he quitted the class only to follow out his work at home, or to make studies from himself with the aid of a mirror, drawing, it appears, with either hand. His first pictures were "Diana and Calisto" and a "Scene from Macbeth," subjects in which it is easy to divine that appreciation of character was more pre-eminent than academic feeling. When, at last, in 1804, he quitted the Trustees' Academy, he was one of the best of its scholars, and his *differentia*, when his fellows tried to define him, was "original observation."

At first he returned to Cults, and, improvising an easel out of an old chest of drawers, soon began to meditate more ambitious work than the scenes from Home and Allan Ramsay, which had occupied him at Edinburgh. For some time he hesitated between a "Field-preaching" and a "Fair," finally (and judiciously) making choice of the latter. It was in fact the neighbouring fair of Pitlessie that he immortalised; and his models (including the worthy minister of Cults himself, who is said to have been scandalised at being drawn talking to a publican) were all recruited from the country-folk of the vicinity. This picture, which now belongs to Mr. Kinnear of Kinloch, has just the qualities one might expect from the age and achievements of the artist. In colouring it is unhappy—"badly painted," was his own verdict in later years; but it abounds with the fresh invention and prodigal incident of a mind in its first stage of vigorous creativeness. Even Haydon, pre-occupied with the grandiose and heroic, admits its merit. "The grouping," he says, "was beautiful, and the figures full of expression." In Wilkie's own land it made him a prophet. All the world trooped to see it; and an enthusiastic old spaewife predicted that as there had been a Sir David Lindsay, so there would be a Sir David Wilkie. For the present, however, neither his native fame, nor his local sitters sufficed to the young painter's ambition, and he set sail in a Leith packet-boat for London, to study in the Royal Academy.

He was in his twentieth year when he reached the metropolis, and, to the ordinary observer, "only a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman." But his fellow-pupils soon found that despite his ungainliness, there was something in him. Fierce old Fuseli admitted it promptly; and Haydon felt a vague apprehension lest the new arrival should take to history painting. But by this time the artist of "Pitlessie Fair" had left Calisto in her bath, and Home's hero on the Grampian Hills. That way, for him at least, distinction did not lie. He had brought from Cults a little picture of "A Village Recruit," which was no sooner exposed for sale in a shop near Charing Cross, than it was snapped up by a discriminating purchaser; and he fell to work upon a larger canvas in his own manner. Meanwhile, he continued to pursue his old studies of character; and Haydon found him still busily engaged in the "capital practice" of making studies from himself in a looking-glass.

The new work to which he devoted his energies was "The Village Politicians." It represents the interior of a country alehouse, occupied, as we know from Bewick's memoir most alehouses then were, with its group of eager controversialists. It was highly finished after the style of Teniers. Lord Mansfield, who saw some of the preliminary studies, enquired the price; and Wilkie tremblingly named fifteen guineas, a bargain which his Lordship afterwards claimed, though he was munificent enough to double the amount. Wilkie seems to have completed the picture among the plaudits of his friends, but, always doubtful and always modest, sent it to the Academy with reluctance (1806). Its success, however, was unequivocal. It was excellently hung, and immediately surrounded by eager spectators. Next day Jackson and Haydon, two of Wilkie's fellow-students, burst in upon him with the announcement that his name was in the paper, extorting from him a characteristic and incredulous, "Is it re—al—ly?" Being assured that there was no mistake, history further records that the three friends, after huzzaing, finally danced round the table till they were tired. When, later, Wilkie, pale as death, and murmuring, "Dear, dear—it's jest wonderful!" went to the exhibition, the crowd was so great that he was unable to approach his own production.

From this date his reputation may be considered to have been made. Following the lead of Beaumont and Mulgrave, all the world seems to have conspired to praise the new rival of Ostade and Metzu; and he himself, with a *naïveté* which contrasts curiously with his former diffidence, wrote to his brother that he had "established a reputation that would live for ages." He set to work almost at once upon a new subject, "The Blind Fiddler," now in the National Gallery, to which it was presented by its first possessor, Sir George Beaumont. Its *motif*, a musician playing to a cottager's family, was one of the superabundant incidents of "Pitlessie Fair." If report is to be believed, the Academy did not welcome this work as warmly as its predecessor, and it was maliciously hung

between two florid "classic" subjects, which, to the credit of Wilkie's best friends, the British public, entirely failed to distract their attention. After this, a commission from a Mr. Davison seduced him temporarily into that domain of history-painting where Haydon so dreaded his incursion, and he prepared an "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," a composition which, except in the subordinate detail of a dog stealing a cake, has little of his individual quality. But he speedily recovered himself in the famous "Rent-Day," still familiar in the excellent engraving of Raimbach. This was a commission from his other patron, Lord Mulgrave, and is one of his best performances. It was succeeded by a number of minor efforts in *genre*, the "Jew's Harp," the "Sick Lady," and the charming "Cut Finger." In all these he was still the disciple of the Batavian school; indeed, during the whole time that he was painting the "Blind Fiddler," he had on his easel as a model a fine Teniers given him by Beaumont. But if he imitated the Dutch, he does not seem to have also copied their traditional habit of "giving too little and asking too much." Although in most cases he received more than the modest sum for which he stipulated, his remuneration still fell far short of his deserts. For the wonderful "Rent-Day," he got but £150, and this was three times more than he had asked. The same story was repeated with "The Card Players," which was a commission from the Duke of Gloucester. Such being the case, it is scarcely to be wondered at that, in spite of all his national prudence, he remained poor. "What I have received since I commenced my career," he told his brother at this time, "has been but barely sufficient to support me; and I do not live extravagantly either. Indeed, my present situation is the most singular that can well be imagined. I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that I have at least forty pictures bespoke, and some by the highest people in the kingdom; yet, after all, I have but seldom got any thing for any picture I have yet painted."

His life, however, shows little of depression at the backwardness of Fortune, and in any case he must have had the encouragement of success. Happy in his art, and moderate in his desires, he seems, on the contrary, to have been thoroughly contented with his lot. For associate he had Haydon, who must always have been a brilliant and stimulating companion, and who has left it upon record that these days of hope and study with Wilkie were "the most uninterrupted by envy, the least harassed by anxiety, and the fullest of unalloyed pleasure" that he had ever known. Then there were visits to those persons of quality whom his wonderful gifts had interested. His journal, which he began to keep in 1808, is the careful chronicle of these. At Southampton Castle with the Lansdownes; at Coleorton and Dunmow with Beaumont; with Rogers and Bourgeois, Angerstein and Dobree, he is always the same, pleasing simply and simply pleased, whether he is only visiting a neighbouring picture gallery, or playing trap-bat and ball with the young ladies of the house. As time goes on, many well-known

names make their appearance in his records. He visits Joanna Baillie at Hampstead, and meets Lady Hamilton at Sir William Beechey's. At John Murray's he sees Walter Scott, and hears him repeat "Lochiel's Warning." Meanwhile new pictures, "A Gamekeeper," "The Man with the Girl's Cap," are painted. In November, 1809, he became an A.R.A., two years later an R.A., and in May, 1812, he exhibited in Pall Mall, with a number of other pictures, one at which he had been working diligently for the last two or three years, "The Alehouse Door," now known as "The Village Festival."

"The Village Festival" is in the National Gallery, having been purchased with the Angerstein collection in 1824. It represents (by the sign) the yard of some rambling and rustic "Lion" inn, encumbered with knots of holiday-makers. To the left, the host, an admirable figure, who might stand for the personification of John Barleycorn, is serving his guests, one of them being a portrait of Liston the actor; in the middle, a country fellow is divided between the invitations of his companions and the appeal of an exceedingly attractive better-half; while, on the other side, an elderly woman sternly contemplates her "fou" and hopelessly impenitent son, prone by the horse-trough. These are the principal groups. Patiently and delicately finished, excellent in individual studies, this picture seems scarcely to have been as popular as his other more ambitious works, and the common criticism made upon it that the figures look too small for the spread of canvas is one that strikes even the unlearned. Its early history was marked by a curious incident. While under exhibition in Pall Mall, it was detained for rent; and it is rumoured that this misadventure suggested to Wilkie the idea of another and more fortunate composition.

In 1812 he lost his father, an event which was followed by the removal to his house at Kensington of his mother and sister, bringing with them much of the old furniture of the little Fife manse where he had been born. To the next few years belong some of his best works—"Blindman's Buff"; "The Bagpiper"; "The Letter of Introduction"; "Duncan Gray (the Refusal)"; "Distraint for Rent"; "The Penny Wedding"; and "Reading the Will"—a wonderful assemblage of sustained achievement. "Duncan Gray" is here reproduced; and from the oil sketch of "Blindman's Buff" in the National Gallery the reader may admire the intricate yet wonderfully easy grouping of the figures. "Reading the Will," now in the New Pinacothek at Munich, and well known by Raimbach's engraving, was painted for the King of Bavaria; and "The Penny Wedding," which for its blithe and simple joyousness has been not inaptly compared to some of Burns's purer pages, was a commission from the Prince Regent. These efforts were varied by excursions to Paris with Haydon, and to Holland with Raimbach, and the former has left in his diary more than one of those graphic pen sketches, so superior to his own pictorial productions, of the shy, and simple, and methodical Scotchman in the unfamiliar

scenes of the French capital. "Notwithstanding Paris was filled with all the nations of the earth [it was after Napoleon had retired to Elba], the greatest oddity in it was unquestionably David Wilkie. His horrible French; his strange tottering, feeble, pale look; his carrying about his prints to make bargains with printsellers; his resolute determination never to leave the restaurants till he got all his change right to a centime; his long disputes about *sous* and *demi-sous* with the *dame du comptoir*, whilst Madame tried to cheat him, and as she pressed her pretty ringed fingers on his arm without making the least impression, her 'Mais, Monsieur!' and his Scotch 'Mais, Madame!' were worthy of Molière."

In 1817 Wilkie made a tour in Scotland, winding up by visiting Abbotsford, to which place the "Shirra" had genially allured him by praising its picturesque accessories. Scott was then writing *Rob Roy*. From Abbotsford Wilkie called upon Hogg in his cottage on the Yarrow, receiving from that worthy the unwonted compliment that he "was glad to see he was so young a man"; and he painted a well-known picture of the Scott family in the character of South-country peasants. It included a portrait of Scott's favourite staghound Maida. Lockhart, however, whose wife (Scott's daughter) was included in the group, did not think highly of the likenesses, with one exception, that of Sir Adam Ferguson, the keeper of the Scotch regalia. Wilkie brought back many recollections from these excursions, which re-appear in later pictures. But, as might be expected, his interest in human nature and antiquity seems to have been greater than his interest in scenery and landscape.

The "Penny Wedding" was exhibited in 1819; and by this time he had made considerable progress with a commission from the Duke of Wellington, the picture afterwards known as "The Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo." The Duke's first idea had been simply to have a scene of some of his comrades regaling; but the painter hit upon the happy idea of focussing the interest by the introduction of the Gazette. For this work Wilkie made long and loving studies, taking many conscientious journeys to the old hospital for the details and local colouring. When, in 1822, the picture, for which the Duke paid 1200 guineas, was at last exhibited, it created a *furore*. It was one of those happy compositions, which, to use Ruskin's phrase, "touching passions which all feel, and expressing truths that all can recognise," achieve an instant and eternal popularity. It was human; it was national; and the enthusiasm it evoked would have drowned the voice of criticism, even if that voice had not been as it was also the voice of praise.

The visit of George IV. to Scotland prompted one of Wilkie's next productions; and in 1822 he was engaged to depict the "Royal Entrance to Holyrood." But in 1823 he exhibited, at the Royal Academy, a much more finished and admirable work, "The

Parish Beadle," now in the National Gallery,—a composition in which the Dogberry or Bumble of the village is consigning a party of Savoyards to the safe keeping of the lock-up. In this brilliantly executed and effective canvas there are already signs that the painter was gravitating towards that larger and bolder manner of his later days. A few minor sketches and studies for a subsequent picture occupied the next two years. Then Wilkie's happy and hitherto prosperous career was interrupted by a series of family misfortunes, and he quitted England in search of health.

From Paris, his first halting-place, he passed to Italy. He visited Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and other towns, alternating the scant pleasures of an invalid with the study of Titian and Correggio. Thence he proceeded to Munich and Dresden, at the former of which places (not without difficulty) he was permitted to inspect *in situ* his own "Reading of the Will." After drinking the German waters without advantage, he returned to Rome, and at Geneva he seems to have sufficiently recovered to paint a new picture, "Princess Doria Washing Pilgrims' Feet." In this, as well as in one or two minor pieces belonging to the same date, he makes direct disclosure of that later style of which "The Parish Beadle" had already given premonitions. The journey which he now made to Spain in order to study Titian, Murillo and Velasquez, confirmed this fresh departure—a fresh departure which, it may be remarked, was quite as much the outcome of a changed conviction, as of the ill-health which made work on the old laborious lines a physical impossibility. He himself regarded the half-year he spent in the Peninsula as "the best employed time of his professional life," and he spoke of the country as the "unpoached game-preserve of Europe." Moreover, at Madrid he painted four pictures, all on Spanish themes, one at least of which, the "Maid of Saragossa," has the advantage of a subject that hardly any manner could render unacceptable.

In June, 1828, he returned to London to find that many changes had taken place in his absence. Mulgrave was ill, and Beaumont was dead. But there was still Haydon, as ready as ever to discuss the old art problems, and to marvel at Wilkie's new creed as to colour and handling. "'They are not carried far enough,'" he said, quoting Wilkie's own words of his earlier efforts—"as if anything on earth in point of execution and story was ever carried further." There were eight of Wilkie's pictures in the exhibition of 1829. One of these, the "Maid of Saragossa," an incident of the Spanish War, was, as already stated, a popular success; but the critics, always intolerant of change, seem now to have loudly lamented his declension from his earlier manner. These objections passed harmless over the artist's head; and he went on placidly to complete the "Entry into Holyrood," 1830, and the "Preaching of John Knox," 1832, in the former of which, commenced at an earlier date, the conflict between his old and new theories was plainly discernible. In 1830 he had been made Painter in Ordinary to the King; and there had

been hopes among his friends—hopes which he himself seems to have regarded with indifference—that he would succeed to another vacant post, that of President of the Royal Academy. This, however, fell to Shee; and Wilkie continued to paint on unconcerned. The list of his later works may be abridged. “Columbus explaining his Project for Discovering the New World,” “The First Ear-ring,” “The Peep o’ Day Boy’s Cabin,” are perhaps the most notable of those not being portraits. In 1836 the spaewife’s prophecy was realised, and he was knighted. In 1839 he was at work upon another picture of John Knox, which he did not live to finish. Then, in the autumn of 1840, he left for the Holy Land, not without hopes of finding in the East new subjects of inspiration, and a fresh field in Scripture history, studied in the locality itself.

What remains of his life requires but few words. On his way eastward he passed some time in Constantinople, being detained there by the war in Syria; and he painted the portrait of the Sultan. After the taking of Acre he continued his journey, reaching Jerusalem in February, 1841. He left it in April; and towards the close of the same month arrived on his homeward route at Alexandria. Here an enforced delay of three weeks was lightened by sittings from the famous Pacha, Mehemet Ali. In May he started for England, writing to his sister on the 26th from the steamer. Five days afterwards he was dead. The ship was in the Bay of Gibraltar at the time, and put back with the body, but the quarantine regulations did not permit of its being landed, and it was buried at sea on the evening of June 1st, 1841—an event which prompted one of Turner’s most wonderful pictures, that called “Peace,” better known as the “Burial of Wilkie.” It is among the Turner pictures of the National Gallery. When Stanfield objected to the blackness of the sails, Turner is said to have replied, “If I could find anything blacker than black I’d use it.” Haydon’s expression of regret was even more characteristically emphatic. He wished,—he declared—that the remaining Academicians could be thrown after his dead friend, whom he regarded as the only man of merit among them.

Wilkie’s personal charm must indeed have been considerable; and the opinion of Leslie that he was a truly great artist, and a truly good man, has passed into an accepted currency. Plain in his tastes and modest in himself; incapable of jealousy; thoroughly conscientious in his habits, and unwearied in his art, he seems to have made as many friends as it was possible to make, and to have left as few enemies.

As indicated in our introductory lines, his chief crown is that of a *genre*-painter. Had he never produced the “Village Politicians,” or the “Cut Finger,” he might still have achieved a distinguished reputation in history and portrait painting. But the admirers of “John Knox Preaching,” who pass from that picture in the National Gallery to the earlier triumphs of the artist’s brush, to the “Village Festival,” the “Blind Fiddler,” or the

“ Parish Beadle,” will probably linger longest with these. Their subjects are intelligible to all ; their sympathetic spirit and gentle benevolent humour soothe and caress the observer ; while their marvellous finish and skill of composition delight him with the spectacle of an artist who can rival the Dutch without repeating their defects. It is no inapt comparison which has christened him the “ Goldsmith of Painters.”

## THOMAS S. GOOD.

Of those contemporaries who practised the method and selected the subjects of Wilkie, the Berwick painter, Thomas S. Good, is, if not the most illustrious, certainly one of the most interesting. Little or nothing is known concerning his life, which was



passed contentedly in the town where, in December, 1789, he was born, and where, in his house upon the Quay Walls, he died as late as 1872. He was brought up as an ordinary house-painter, a trade which he early began to alternate with the production, at a cheap rate, of occasional portraits. Thence he proceeded to *genre*-painting ; and

produced a number of small highly-finished pictures, most of which were exhibited between 1820 and 1833 at Somerset House, the British Institution, the Suffolk Street,



and other exhibitions. At first his efforts found a ready sale; but towards 1833, the fashion, at least so far as they were concerned, seems to have changed. Either the public liked more variety—and Good's gamut was not very varied—or they had grown tired of his particular subjects, and his canvases began to return upon his hands.

About the same date his wife came into some property ; and he relinquished his brush, never resuming it, professionally, to the day of his death. His pictures, generally painted on wood, are simple in subject, and seldom contain more than two or three figures. Often they are humorous, as in the case of the barber's apprentice shaving a sheep's head for practice, and one or two others reproduced by mezzotint ; generally they are remarkable for an adroit disposition of the light, and always cleanly and dexterously painted. "The Newspaper" in the Vernon collection, is a fairly representative example of the kind of subject which Good specially affected. He excelled in depicting boys, as may be seen from the study which is to be found at the beginning of this chapter ; and he made many successful sketches of the smugglers and fishermen about his native place, part of the coast of which is represented in the "Fisherman with a Gun," also here reproduced from the National Gallery. Good's works are not numerous, and somewhat rare. One of them, "Two Old Men who fought at the Battle of Minden," belongs to Mr. Locker-Lampson ; and a northern connoisseur, Mr. J. W. Barnes, of Durham, possesses a very valuable collection of his paintings, water-colours, and drawings. There are, moreover, some pleasing specimens of his work in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Many of his small portraits are of great beauty and delicacy. That of his friend, the wood-engraver, Thomas Bewick, which belongs to the Museum of the Natural History Society at Newcastle, is one of the most life-like and veracious studies of an old man, in his ordinary dress and accustomed environment, that has ever been produced by the English school.

AUSTIN DOBSON.





## WILLIAM COLLINS.



WILLIAM COLLINS, who was born in Great Titchfield Street, London, September 18th, 1788, and died February 17th, 1847, was said by Wilkie to paint the English atmosphere better than any other painter of his time. And indeed the mere name of Collins brings with it a vision of fresh morning air, pure, and full of brightness in the sky, glittering on waves that whisper and lap successively over the shining beach, where we see the children with their baskets and shrimping nets ; while fathers are launching or beaching their smacks, or gaze about them to seek the weather signs.

Collins is thoroughly English, and in his country lanes, cottage doors, sweeps of

landscape, and seaside views, he presents the ideal of all a tired citizen would wish to behold when enjoying his annual holiday. And it is this ability to satisfy the wholesome and natural craving of so many of his countrymen that has made his works deservedly popular. "Happy as a King," children riding on the gate of a lane, gives the artist's view of country life as fully as any one of his known works; but it would be impossible to name any of his shore scenes that could take precedence of others, as they all are fresh with salt waves, and breathe an odour of sea-weed.

In "Happy as a King," our artist, to carry out the fancy of his title, has judiciously placed his little rustic king swinging on the top rail of the gate, with his arms spread aloft in delight. Also riding, but on lower rails, are a boy and girl, who, supporting his state, look up to him for countenance, and do duty as grace and strength: labour is embodied in the sturdy boy running the gate to and fro, and who is using his utmost energies for the others' enjoyment. While, unnoticed by either, on the ground lies a small weakling, who has fallen; hinting at the feeble and neglected classes. The picture smiles like a holiday; and whether the children linger in that blaze of light, or wander away to the distant delicious shadow, you feel that they carry their own sunshine, of which neither time nor circumstance can ever rob them.

Collins was a conscientious and indefatigable worker, and made his studies and wrought his pictures to the utmost of his capacity. It was this truthfulness made him distinguished among artists sixty years ago, when the art of England was in its fullest splendour. Turner was shining in his glory, and Cotman would have shone but for the darkness of British ignorance; Wilkie was painting his inimitable pictures of Scottish life; while Constable illumined his canvases with silvery summer haze, or darkened them in the gloom of storm. Though Crome was just dead, his pupil, George Vincent, flourished. Mulready was picturing cottage folk with a beauty that made every work remembered like a strain of music. Bonington, the delight of artists, revelled in his versatility. Muller, Cox, Dewint, Barrett, Robson, Hunt, Varley, James Chalon, Copley Fielding, James Ward, were doing their best. Callcott was painting with a learned mastery that made each work of his easel classic. Edwin Landseer had begun to delight the world; and Etty was enriching art with colour that promised rivalry with the old Venetians. Lawrence was bestowing equal grace and dignity upon every sitter; and the exquisite art of miniature painting was well sustained by Alfred Chalon, Ross, and Carrick. The few works exhibited by John Frederick Lewis were enough to show his quality; while Linnell was equally felicitous in portraiture and landscape. Art teemed with representatives; and many others could be named whose workmanship, or style, would worthily rank them with those already specified. To be honoured among these, as Collins was honoured, was in itself a diploma of excellence.

Collins, in common with Turner, Cotman, Mulready, Wilkie, Callcott, Linnell, and several other artists of that period, in later life exchanged the depth and concentrated richness of his early painting for a more diffused brightness and for gayer colours ; but, save in the cases of the two first named, it was rarely an exchange for the better ; and even with these exceptions improvement was by no means uniform. Indeed, it is in the solitary instance of Turner's " Van Goyen looking out for a subject " (1833) only, that the quality of brilliancy can be said to have surpassed the dignified calm and sustained completeness that satisfy us in " Crossing the Brook," painted eighteen years before.

Collins spent part of 1837 and 1838 in Italy ; but his stay there was of no advantage to his art. He was English pure and simple, and any foreign mixture necessarily interfered with a charm whose existence was its perfect purity. His Italian works lack neither simplicity of action, nor brilliancy of colouring, nor individual observation so much as the stern severity of style due to such subjects as " Our Saviour with the



Doctors in the Temple," and " The Two Disciples at Emmaus," to which we are accustomed by the lofty rendering of Masaccio, the incisive passion of Mantegna, and the learned grandeur of Raphael.

His was a tranquil life ; he was eminently amiable, and, always industrious, he made his way easily by gradual and sure degrees, with the respect of his fellow men, to fame and fair fortune. His story has been amply and beautifully told by his eldest son, Wilkie, the renowned author of the *Moonstone* ; and in it we trace the artist's progress to distinction with something like the sense of certainty that we feel in

watching some natural organic growth. Cheerful anecdotes abound ; narratives of his intercourse with the great, his personal friends, and lovers of art, show the refinement, the honesty, and the brilliant energy of his nature. His methods of work are given, and are suggestively interspersed throughout the volumes. One fact there mentioned should have practical value to those who fortunately possess his masterpieces : the painter says that his pictures are painted with copal for a medium, and if left alone will remain unchanged ; but if varnished with mastic they will inevitably crack. I am able to verify this statement, as I have seen pictures by him that have been treated in this manner so cracked as to be scarcely intelligible. And thus is lost the record of pleasant incidents that caught the painter's eye, and that the painter's skill would have made permanent but for the ignorance of their custodians ; for, as a painter of rustic and seashore incident lives this artist's fame, as Mulready's rests upon being the painter of " English Idylls."

While the painter's son, Wilkie, was writing his father's biography, a friend, Dr. Joseph Bullar, sent some recollections of the way Collins worked in finishing a picture, and added, " I also recollect distinctly his great anxiety that your brother, in his studies at the Royal Academy, should not exchange the antique too soon for the living model."

In these days of " Impressionists," such a hint to students should be precious as light, and more golden than gold.

## WILLIAM MULREADY.



O William Mulready—who was born in Ennis, Ireland, April 1st, 1786, and died in Kensington, July 7th, 1863—belongs the glory of having shown, by the most perfect art, the beauty and charm of rustic life in England.

Though his warmest sympathies were manifestly rustic, there was nothing rustic in his personal appearance ; for he was of noble presence : tall, with a handsome countenance wherein wisdom and sweet temper seemed habitual companions. His vitality and strength were so great that he never required or wore a great-coat in his life, although in his youth he had ridden on the top of a coach from London to York in the depth of winter.

I heard him, one freezing winter, tell this when we were leaving a hospitable host at two o'clock in the morning: he reserved a great-coat, he said, as he reserved smoking, for the consolations of age.

Although not shy in general company, he was certainly the opposite of self-assertive. His conversation, vivid and comprehensive, gave the clearest possible account of any subject upon which he was speaking: you saw the persons mentioned move distinct and individual, and in their natural manner; they came, and went; and you remembered them as if they had appeared in bodily form. When he spoke on art he spoke of fact, and of principles he himself had proved to be true by close practice and long experience; every sentence carrying with it its own warranty of truth.

If we regard the number of lovely works from his hands, and the high honour in which he was held by his contemporaries, Mulready's may be called a successful career; but his was not a path of flowers; and probably but few artists who have attained great eminence have known harder straits. As an example of them may be mentioned the difficulty he had in disposing of "The Convalescent," which he offered to White, a dealer of that day, for £120, but was refused. Some time after this he called upon White again, and told him he was so severely pressed by his butcher, baker, and by his landlord, that money he must have, and that he might take the picture for £100. "Mulready," replied the prudent man of business, "if I could sell your picture and make a profit, I would gladly buy it; but I really cannot sell your pictures."

His career from infancy to youth is singularly interesting, and has been narrated by no less a person than the illustrious author of *Caleb Williams* in a little book, *The Looking-Glass*, published in 1805, when the artist was nineteen, and written at Mulready's own dictation.\* Mulready himself told this fact to John Pye, the engraver. I know of no other instance in which the little epochs of an artist's progress have been so fondly and minutely noted. We see him first at three years old sitting on his father's knee, chalk in hand, repairing some injured lines of a rude drawing, made by the father, of a hare and hounds over the mantelpiece. We are amused at his perplexities in following the lines when drawing from round objects; and the avidity shown at every chance of gaining fresh information till he has reached the age of ten, when, by the writer's aid, we see the child the father of the man. He writes: "He now drew little groupings of boys at hoops or marbles, and girls about the same size, with infants in their arms, looking on and observing the sport." For more than sixty years after he continued to draw his "little groupings," with what results are well known to fame.

Next to his own great natural gifts, his success was due to the early direction given them by the "gentle and friendly-hearted" sculptor Banks, who took the boy into his

\* Reprinted by Messrs. Bemrose, 1886.

studio and superintended the studies that he made from casts of the Antique. Godwin says: "Our little fellow, who was only thirteen years and three or four months old, was now placed in as advantageous a situation as could be desired. . . . The assiduity he had long exercised in solitude and obscurity, was rewarded with the spontaneous instruction and countenance of one of the artists of most acknowledged character in England."

There is the evidence of his works during a long lifetime to show how well Mulready profited by the sculptor's teaching; and Sir Charles Eastlake, in his evidence given before the select Committee of the House of Commons, said: "I consider him the best and most judicious teacher the Academy has ever had in my recollection. I consider him the best judge of the merits of drawing in this country." John Linnell told the writer that he did not know how to paint until one morning Mulready took the palette from him, and gave him a lesson of two hours long; "but after that lesson," said the great landscape painter, "I have always known how to paint."

Mulready and Linnell were fast friends. The writer remembers sitting with Mulready, in 1862, on a bench in the old Trafalgar Square quarters of the Royal Academy, admiring a work by Linnell. The picture was a magnificent crimson sunset; and while we discussed its merits, I suggested that some cooler passages of colour in the sky would not only have given relief and been grateful, but that they would have contrasted pleasantly against the overwhelming mass of splendour that filled every portion of the canvas. "I am afraid you are right," said he; "but I admire everything that he does so much, I never like to believe Linnell's work has any faults."

Mulready illustrates the mutability of fame with perhaps more significance than any other modern artist of our school. Some years ago, while talking of Mulready with a distinguished artist, I spoke of him with that affectionate reverence I had always felt, and had always been taught to regard him by those wiser and more experienced than myself, when the artist remarked that he was surprised to hear me speak in that manner, as I was the first person able to appreciate poetical art he had ever known to praise Mulready. In self-justification I instanced "First Love," asking if he did not admit that work to belong to the poetical order. He allowed that it might be so called; but added, that it was the only poetic work the artist ever painted.

This opinion amazed me; and during a conversation on the same subject with one of our greatest artists, chancing to mention it, I asked if he could in any way account for such an astonishing statement. He silenced my perplexities in an abrupt and unexpected way by replying, "The fellow must have been a fool!" These remarks fairly present the new and the old opinions of William Mulready. The one, given by a flourishing artist of the present day; the other, by one who has long ceased to either blame or admire.

I remember Charles Landseer telling me that there was among some members of the Royal Academy a movement to have the studies from life by Mulready removed from the schools as being injurious to the students ! I thought he was playing one of his sly jokes upon me, till assured that what he said was strictly true, though no action had been taken in the matter at that time.

Some time after this, being visitor in the Life School at the Royal Academy, while I was examining one of these exquisite studies, a student came to me and asked if I would point out to him the merits of that especial drawing. I, being pleased with such an enquiring spirit in youth, whose frequent attitude is of knowing a little more than everything, took pains to show the consummate skill in the rendering of every part : the touches distinctive of ligament, muscle, and merely skin-covered bone ; the keen sense of life in the extremities ; the pervading equable breadth, and many charming passages of truth. When my little exposition was concluded, the student told me that everything I had said seemed to him true ; but asked how I could explain Mr. Blank saying that these drawings were so bad that students ought not to look at them, and that they ought to be removed as dangerous. I confessed that to point out the merits of Mulready was an easy and a grateful task, but that an analysis of Mr. Blank's mind had not formed part of my education.

After this I met a well-known man, intimately connected with artists, who asked me if I could account for " this dead-set that is being made against Mulready." I told him I was not aware of the ungracious fact. But he assured me that he rarely went into any company of artists without hearing Mulready abused and scorned, and altogether put aside as of a past generation and of no worth. Assuming the accuracy of his statement, I said that the explanation might be simple enough, as our art since Mulready's prime had undergone considerable changes, and artists now endeavoured to make their works interesting by their tact in selecting subjects that would attract public attention, and their skill in telling the stories chosen. Pictures are now more elaborate in the narrative than in the execution ; the execution for the most part being broad and simple, making little or no effort to impart subtlety, as not aiding the main purpose, which is at once to strike the attention and to retain the after-interest by what we may term the narrative, rather than the manipulative beauty of presentment as heretofore. Mulready, who was a typical instance of the opposite principle to this, selected subjects only so far interesting as they afforded scope for the essentials of his art : skilful composition, grandeur of light against large and deep transparent shadow, delineations to be enriched by magic colouring, original and varied action interpreted by keenly caught felicities of expression,—and all rendered by such workmanship as belongs to a past age. We must name Nicholas Hilliard, his pupil Isaac Oliver, Samuel Cooper, Gainsborough, Turner,

or Flaxman, and later F. F. Lewis, to find any of our nation whose work can compare with his. There was probably more care, time, thought, and labour bestowed upon a single hand in the "Whistonian Controversy," than on whole pictures of a recent date; and pictures that, for the objects aimed at, have attained deserved success. Looked at in this light, it may seem that the antagonism to Mulready's method on the part of some modern painters is in a degree natural. Still I could not but regard such constant and unprovoked attack upon the works of one for ever removed from self-defence, as an assault on justice, which could only proceed from the irritability of half-conscious inferiority. However this may be, there can be no doubt that Mulready's assailants have produced an effect upon the public, as was proved in 1884 at Messrs. Christies', by the price paid for one of his celebrated works, "A Woman Bathing," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1849. This picture, called by artists "The Wonderful Back," was one of the chief attractions that year, being regarded as a most marvellous specimen of flesh painting, and the "gem of the exhibition." It was painted for the late Thomas Baring, and sold by his inheritor. Its purchaser dying, the picture came into the market; and in one of the largest crowds that ever filled Christies' Rooms, while modern pictures brought extravagant prices, it was sold for one-hundred-and-five guineas. When the work was exhibited, Mulready was in the zenith of his glory; and when it was sold he may be said to have been at its nadir.

In Paris, at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, the jury of French artists, presided over by M. Picot, unanimously awarded Mulready the gold medal; but, on considerations of policy, and to strengthen what was called the *entente cordiale* between France and England, they were persuaded by the British Commissioner to withdraw the honour, and bestow it instead upon one whose works were in England more popularly appreciated. French judges are not necessarily infallible because they are foreign and unprejudiced; but the fact that a body of the first artists in France conferred upon him their highest honour is emphatic testimony of Mulready's excellence.

Mulready can no more be pronounced perfect than any other great artist. The greater the artist the higher his aim; and therefore the less likelihood that the striver will always attain his end. Even Géricault, in the higher qualities the greatest of all modern artists, cannot, even in his "Raft of the Medusa," be said to have made a perfect work. Although in dramatic conception the picture is sublime in its terrible and overwhelming peril; the composition perfect, every line assisting the dreadful tale; and the drawing beyond the language of praise; yet the colour, that fair handmaiden to form, though ranged in grand heroic masses, is dingy and opaque. Change in the pigments may in some degree account for this; still we can but judge a work as we see it, and must hold the artist responsible for defective appearances that proceed from unskilful

choice or use of materials. Perhaps the only comprehensive works we know that are perfect, so far as our human eyes and minds can see and judge, are some of Turner's water-colour drawings of the Yorkshire series, and his illustrations to the works of Sir Walter Scott; most of which seem wrought by one with the fineness of another and more than mortal sense; for we can no more imagine how such lines can be drawn, or



such tints laid upon paper, than we can understand the delicate tracery in a wild flower of the woods. I cannot, therefore, identify Mulready with perfection; but it would be impossible to name many who commanded such varieties of beauty.

"Train up a Child in the Way he should Go," is frequently mentioned as being among his most complete examples, and well deserves the praises bestowed upon its richness and originality. The contrast between the fair English figures and the huddled mysterious group of dusky Asiatics could scarcely be more effectively suggested; we

wonder how such waifs and strays of a remote and ancient country could have drifted into this lordly English domain. But we see well enough to what straits fate, or their own adventurous humour, has brought them. The two lovely girls, themselves trained in habits of kindness, delighted at the chance, persuade their young brother to go to the rescue, urging him to drop money into the brown hand outstretched to receive it. The beautiful child, willing but timid, catches fast hold of the dog's ear for protection ; and thus in a happy flutter poises between timidity and resolution ; while the comfortable, high-bred retriever, standing in a satisfied, well-to-do attitude, sagaciously examines the strangers, and seems to detect nothing dangerous in them.

Unhappily the effect of this lovely work is weakened by disproportion in the principal figure, the arms and legs being too small, more especially the hands and feet ; indeed the latter are so small that it seems as though the artist had been painting from a doll, rather than from a living child, who might grow to charm the Senate by his eloquence, or command the thunder of his country's power. And this is by no means the only instance where the pleasure in Mulready's figures is slightly marred by smallness of feet and hands, though mostly of the feet. This, if we except a crude and pinky rank colour in some of his later works, is the only serious defect that interferes with the harmony and injures the completeness of these beautiful works. That there is a slightness in a few of his pictures may also be urged against them ; but this objection need not be combated, for in the highest qualities his workmanship has nothing slight, nor is anything lacking to give effect to the artist's intention. The idea is always natural, and mostly happy ; while every line being in unison makes it visible and impressive : every character, aptly chosen, is delineated with rarest skill, due to great natural endowment, heightened by incessant and unwearying love of truth ; no detail, however subordinate or wisely subdued, but is treated with as much reverence, both in its form and colour, as any of the prime objects that first command attention, and lure to the perusal of his story. Not only are the lines of his composition eloquent in their appeal, but these are enforced by the disposal of splendid transparent shadow that enriches the attractive light falling upon all in which he would have us most warmly interested.

A study of his early works will show how profoundly Mulready was impressed by those of the Dutch masters, as Gainsborough was by the French ; and it would be a profitable study to mark the differences between the English treatment of everyday subjects and that practised in the Dutch and French schools. The great Dutchmen accomplished their intention with transcendent skill, and made each represented object clear and vivid as reality ; and though all accessories are distinct and complete, they never obtrude nor carry the sight away from the main purpose. But close examination will show that though the figures represented are living figures, they are silent and still,

and will remain still, and might so remain for ever. To fairly compare our artists with theirs, we must take the supreme instances of Hogarth and Mulready, and we shall see that, though apparently less elaborated, their work is equally true as mere presentment, and true with the added magic of motion. In the "Marriage à la Mode," on the features and over all the flesh trembles the sheen of life; and the draperies play to the living forms beneath; the difference of achievement between Dutch and English painting being, to use a sporting illustration, the difference between shooting birds at rest and in flight. The Dutch artist shows exactly what he saw; English work unites you with the artist's feeling, and carries you with his thought; and, as is ever the case of the highest art, suggests far more than it actually says. We must study Pater, Watteau, or Lancret in the French school to find any workmanship of this rare quality to rival ours; for as for Meissonier, though, like the Dutch, his work in its style is perfect, it lacks the suggestive surface movement which is to our painting what the music and the cadence are to the songs of Shakespeare. In the old French art alluded to the hints of movement are as complete as in our own, but they are not so entirely subordinated to the purpose that inspires each work; nor are they always realised with equal efficiency; the motion of draperies, though exquisitely rendered, often arrests more notice than their graceful wearers.

Among the most perfect of Mulready's works may be reckoned, "Idle Boys," 1815; "Lending a Bite," 1819; "First Love," 1840; and "The Sonnet; a Sketch for a Picture," 1845. "The Sonnet" and "The Bite" belong to Mrs. Miller, of Preston; the "First Love" to the South Kensington Museum. The "Lending a Bite" must not be confounded with "Giving a Bite," 1836, as they are wholly different works, and might, by an inattentive observer, easily be regarded as the works of different artists, both of them being consummate masters: that of 1819 being dark, mysterious, and almost tragic in its depth of tone and shadow; while that of 1836 renders the warmth and the serene sweetness of a summer afternoon.

Mulready made a picture of "The Sonnet," 1839, as well as the drawing of 1845; but the picture realizes the exquisite conception less daintily than the sketch, which, in the portrayal of beauty, and in suggestiveness, leaves no desire unsatisfied.

In the spectator there can be no doubt that the girl will make an excellent housewife, understand all her duties, and perform them efficiently. Also, really and truly, that the lover need have no fear. But the spectator does not feel sure that the loved one has as much sentiment as shrewd sense. Her well-shapen young rustic poet has penned a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, and, summoning courage, has given her the verses to read; which she is doing, evidently with much care. He, assuming an easy, careless attitude, bends forward, and glancing sidewise, sees her hand brought up suddenly before her mouth, and her cheeks pressed fast upon her fingers. This gives him "pins

and needles all over," as children say, in nervous suspense ; in which state he remains, and will never hear that ring of merry laughter from her lips he would have heard, if, like mortal maidens, the maidens in pictures could make the thoughts audible that tickle them to irrepressible mischievousness ! The whole action of his figure tells the youth's trepidations, and tells it all without the face for index. With true Greek refinement, Mulready knew that no art could give a satisfying expression to the features ; for if he had painted in them the light of a keen anxiety, suspense would have been painful to behold ; and, on the other hand, had he given the features in comparative repose, it would have neutralised the nervous shifting of his action ; and therefore the artist, wisely and poetically, has turned the lover's face toward the maiden's ; and we see but the crown and shape of his comely head ; but upon that head every lock in its rich curving variety tends with the soul of its master to her, the idol of his hopes, the spirit of his dreams.

To Mulready belongs the unique honour of having served our Government in their only attempt to make art a national delight. When they employed artists to decorate the Houses of Parliament, it was not to benefit artists, nor to delight the nation, but it was to make sumptuous apartments which they were personally to enjoy, and for which, very properly, the nation had to pay. And though yearly large supplies are granted to support South Kensington, this is not mainly to delight the nation, but to aid the improvement of manufactures, that our goods may not be outrivalled by superior foreign articles. When the design for a postal envelope was placed in Mulready's hands, it seemed to be, on the part of our rulers, a glorious awakening to the infinite capabilities of art, and to a sense of Governmental duty. Unfortunately, though they had somehow blundered into the right way, they found difficulties—they were laughed at ! As they lacked intelligence to perceive the significance of their own movement, and the courage to defend their own creation, they withdrew the design from circulation, although it was in every way admirable, and enthusiastically approved by all who had any kind of claim to judgment in such matters.

Wilson Hyde, in *The Royal Mail*, says, speaking of the envelope, " Mulready, a Member of the Royal Academy, was the artist, and the design had the approval of the Royal Academicians, so that it did not go forth without substantial recommendations. If the subjects be examined, it will be found that they are accurately drawn, ingeniously worked together, and apposite in their references to the beneficent work of the Post Office Department. . . . Yet the whole thing fell flat ; the envelope drew down upon itself scorn and ridicule, and it had to be quickly withdrawn. In the end, it was necessary to provide special machinery to destroy the immense quantities of the envelopes which had been prepared for issue." A tale of imbecility, cowardice, and waste !

T. WOOLNER.



## MACLISE.



HE lives of painters are not, in general, particularly stirring or eventful, and that of Daniel Maclise is no exception to the rule. Still it is pleasant enough to trace the steps by which this energetic and genial young Irishman worked his way steadily from the humblest beginnings to the top of his profession. Born in Cork in 1811, of respectable tradespeople, he was sent, at an early age, to a first-rate school in his native city. In spite of a tendency to adorn his copy-books with sketches and caricatures, he seems to have made the most of his time, leaving school at fourteen thoroughly well grounded in the English classics and in history, as well as in the romances and legends of his own and other countries. He had next to submit, according to the common fate of budding genius, to a period of drudgery on a high stool in a bank, but he very soon quitted it to become an art student in the new Cork Academy which had been opened in 1822. Here he drew industriously from the model, attending at the same time a school of anatomy held by a famous surgeon of the place, where he heard lectures and occasionally dissected. In

1825 Sir Walter Scott, on a tour through Ireland with the Lockharts and Miss Edgeworth, visited Cork, and Maclise seeing him in the shop of a well-known bookseller in the town, sketched his likeness. Having worked at it all night, the next morning he brought a highly-finished pen-and-ink drawing to the bookseller, who good-naturedly placed it in a conspicuous part of his shop. Sir Walter, calling again during the day, was much struck with the fidelity and finish of the work; he asked for the artist, who was waiting in the back part of the shop, and was astonished to find a mere boy; having predicted a bright future for him, and said many kind things, he wrote his autograph signature on the portrait. The drawing was lithographed, sold rapidly, and made such a sensation that Maclise was induced by his friends to open a studio, where commissions for portraits at once poured in upon him. His enthusiasm and zeal for his art increased daily, and he worked incessantly; nevertheless his unbounded energy found time both for assiduous reading and for athletics; in the latter he was famous for strength and agility. He also managed to take music lessons from an old Italian, who grew so attached to his pupil that he never would accept remuneration from him, thinking himself more than repaid by the sketches Maclise used to take of his lean figure in every possible attitude. On summer evenings our young artist was often to be seen in a friend's yacht, sketching, as they sailed, the beautiful banks of the river Lee.

By the year 1826 Maclise began to hope that he should soon be in a position to realise his dream of moving to London, and entering as a student at the Royal Academy. His friends had for some time been urging him to this course with offers of assistance, but he refused to go until he could do so independently. By persistent industry he soon earned the necessary means, and on the 18th of July, 1827, being only in his seventeenth year, Maclise arrived in London, and at once entered the schools of the Royal Academy. Before he had been there a year another lucky hit in portraiture brought him into prominent notice; this was a drawing of Charles Kean (the younger), made from a rapid sketch taken in Drury Lane, on the first night of that actor's appearance in the character of young Norval, in Home's tragedy of *Douglas*. At the Academy he carried everything before him. He won the medal for the best drawing from the antique, another for the best copy of a picture by Guido, and in 1829 the gold medal for the best historical composition. The fact of having won the gold medal placed the Travelling Studentship at his command, but Maclise, very unwisely, declined it. Three years' residence abroad at this critical period of his career, and the consequent opportunity of living with and studying the great masterpieces of the world, might have made all the difference in his after works; however, seeing a fair field before him, he preferred to stay where he was, and in the same year exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy. The subject of this was the famous scene of Malvolio and the Countess in the garden,

from *Twelfth Night*, of which we give a reproduction. The picture was greatly admired and noticed on its first appearance, and though by no means one of the strongest, has always remained one of the most popular of the painter's works.

The success of "Malvolio and the Countess" brought Maclise into fashion; he had more commissions than he could execute, and his studio became the resort of persons of distinction and influence. His industry and rapidity of execution may be judged by the fact that between the winter of 1829 and the summer of 1830 he produced seven pictures, all of which were exhibited. It was at this time that Maclise made the acquaintance of Mr. John Forster, who a few years later introduced him to Charles Dickens. The three men proved intimately congenial to each other, and became almost daily companions till the end of their lives. Maclise was also on friendly terms with Thackeray, whose portrait he drew, along with others, in the well-known group of contributors to *Fraser*, which was published in 1835, and is now in the South Kensington Museum.

From 1829 Maclise exhibited regularly every year at the Academy, where as many as six or seven of his pictures might often be seen at once, until the time came when he put aside everything to begin his great frescoes at Westminster. In 1832, having completed his "Puck disenchanting Bottom" for the Academy, he paid a visit to Cork, which he had left but five years before, an almost unknown boy; he was now welcomed back with pride as one of the most rising artists in London. During his visit to his native city he made the studies from life for his picture "All-Hallow Eve" at a great Hallow-eve gathering, to which rich and poor were invited by a jovial parish priest in the neighbourhood. The picture, one of his largest, was painted on his return to London, and added much to his reputation the following year when it was exhibited.

In 1836, when Maclise was but twenty-four, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and four years later an Academician. The subject of his diploma work was "The Wild Huntsman." Among the pictures he exhibited in this year (1840) was a portrait of Charles Dickens, about which there arose a friendly dispute between the artist and his friend, the former utterly refusing to be paid for work which to him was a labour of love. Maclise made a short visit to Paris at this time, with his sisters, and was much struck on this occasion as on others, by the great technical superiority of French art over English, and by "the soul and spirit evidenced by the numberless students, that conveys the idea that art is alive and stirring, and really liked by the people." His letters from Paris to Forster are both just and amusing. In 1842 Maclise exhibited his "Play Scene in Hamlet"; it was the picture of the year, and was considered the "finest thing the artist had done." Macready had shown much interest in its progress, and expressed himself "highly pleased" with it. This work was also engraved for the *Art Journal* in 1862, and is in the National Collection.

In 1846 Maclise was elected by the Commissioners of Fine Arts to prepare a design for his first fresco at Westminster. He produced a cartoon, and also an oil picture of "The Spirit of Chivalry," and was at once commissioned to paint it in the House of Lords, which he did, completing it in 1847. In this work Chivalry is represented by a female figure robed in white, standing on a kind of pedestal, with a laurel wreath in her hand; around her are personifications of war, religion, civil government, etc., while figures of knights, poets, painters, philosophers, historians, pilgrims, troubadours and others are grouped about in various attitudes. The work was highly approved by the Commissioners, who immediately entered into an agreement with the artist to execute the corresponding fresco, with "The Spirit of Justice" as the subject. In spite of the labour of these immense works, Maclise continued to exhibit pictures annually till 1859, when at the request of the Prince Consort, as President of the Royal Commission then sitting, he undertook to devote himself exclusively to the great work of executing the whole series of frescoes in the Royal Gallery at Westminster. The story of the difficulties and delays attending this work, though it created much interest and controversy at the time, is too long to enter into here. Owing in great part, no doubt, to the death of Prince Albert, the plans for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament were altered, and the agreements which had been made with several artists rescinded, not without severe injustice in the case of Maclise. He, however, executed two of his designs—the first of these, a gigantic work, representing "The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher at La Belle Alliance, after the Battle of Waterloo," was completed in December, 1861. It excited great and universal admiration, and Maclise received congratulations from every part of the Continent, as well as from America. The subject of the second fresco was "The Death of Nelson," and, in spite of many discouragements during the progress of this work, it was finished at the beginning of 1865. To the artist's great mortification, the garish stained glass in the windows of the Hall (which it had been Prince Albert's intention to remove) was left, and, as he said himself, utterly falsified and spoilt his painting. The remaining frescoes, though many of the designs for them were ready, were not executed. Maclise never seems to have quite got over the strain of incessant work in that "gloomy Hall," as he called it, from morning till night during eight years—a strain ending, through no fault of his, in disappointment and a strong sense of injustice. His health was much shaken, and just at this time his favourite sister, who had lived with and been devoted to him, fell ill and died. In the same year Maclise's services were acknowledged by the offer of the Presidentship of the Royal Academy—an honour which he declined, being neither in sufficiently good health nor spirits for a public office. He returned to his old habits, painting chiefly his favourite Shakespearian subjects till the spring of 1870, when, having never really recovered his strength, he passed gently

away after a very short illness. On the day of Maclise's funeral, the Royal Academy dinner (having been long previously fixed) took place, and there Charles Dickens spoke of his friend in these words: "Of his genius in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here; but of his prodigious fertility of mind and wonderful wealth of intellect, I may confidently assert, that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants, and the frankest and largest-hearted as to his peers; incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-assertion, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, 'in wit a man, in simplicity a child'; no artist, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess whom he worshipped."

Energy of thought and fertility of invention are, indeed, the predominant merits of Maclise's work in painting. The more properly pictorial qualities of art were little understood and little cared for in the England of his time, and working for the most part without recourse to nature or the model, as well as without that feeling for the highest qualities of style which a study of the great masters in youth might have implanted in him, his work is apt to be equally remote from reality on the one hand, and from ideal distinction on the other; but, subject to these drawbacks, it reveals unfailingly a surprising degree both of intellectual power and manual accomplishment.

## LESLIE.



HARLES ROBERT LESLIE, the senior member of the group of painters whose works we have now to describe, was born on the 19th of October, 1794. His parents were Americans, whose forefathers had settled in Maryland in the last century, and who lived in Philadelphia. Leslie's father was a clever mechanic, and carried on the business of a clock- and watch-maker in that town. In 1793 he came to London on business, bringing his wife and three daughters with him, and there in the following year the painter was born.

Five years afterwards they all returned to America, where the father died in 1804, leaving his family in very bad circumstances. Although Leslie showed signs of artistic talent

from his earliest years, and always, he tells us, "wanted to be a painter," his mother was compelled by lack of means to bind him apprentice, at the age of fourteen, to Mr. Bradford, a well-known bookseller in Philadelphia. Mr. Bradford treated young Leslie with great kindness, and though he had at first discouraged his love of drawing, was soon convinced that it was a real vocation by a portrait the boy had privately taken of the actor G. F. Cooke. This little portrait was the starting-point of his career. A friend of Mr. Bradford's carried it to the Exchange Coffee House, where it was handed round among some of the wealthiest merchants of the city. It was thought a wonderful attempt for a boy, and Mr. Bradford had little difficulty in raising a fund, to which he contributed liberally himself, large enough to enable Leslie to go to Europe and study painting for two years. He arrived in London in December, 1811, being then little more than seventeen years of age, and, glowing with hope and enthusiasm, set to work almost immediately, drawing from the Elgin Marbles from six to eight in the morning, copying pictures and painting portraits in the daytime, and drawing at the Royal Academy in the evening. He and a young American painter, called Morse, arranged to live together. The two friends worked happily all day, and when not drawing at the Academy in the evening, they "often encountered the crowd that besieged the doors of Covent Garden Theatre when John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played," or went to the Lyceum to see Bannister and Munden, who were acting there while Drury Lane was rebuilding. Leslie was passionately fond of the theatre, and coming with expectations on this head raised to the highest pitch, found them more than fulfilled by the London stage of that day. All went well with the young artist from the first. He quickly made many pleasant and desirable friends, among them West and Allston, who were always ready to give him advice and instruction in his art. When his two years' term of studentship was over, he had become an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and with rare exceptions continued to exhibit every year until his death.

Leslie's Letters and Autobiography are very agreeable reading, and, like his work in painting, prove that he not only possessed a pleasant wit and shrewd sense of humour, but that he had an extensive knowledge of, and a keen delight in, the best literature. He loved to associate with and learn from his superiors in intellect. Through his American friend Allston, he soon became acquainted with Coleridge, whose opinions as to the nature and ends of poetry and painting produced a strong impression on his mind. They met often, and the sage seems cordially to have returned the liking of the young painter. It was through him that Leslie first became interested in *Don Quixote*, which he has illustrated in some of his most popular pictures. Of Charles Lamb, also, he speaks with the deepest sympathy and appreciation. He seems, indeed, to have been on friendly terms with nearly all the most distinguished men of his

day. He knew Sir Walter Scott, and gives a pleasant account of a visit paid to Abbotsford in order to paint his portrait. The circle of Leslie's friends included also Washington Irving, Rogers, Tom Moore, Sidney Smith, as well as a long list of the chief artists then alive, as Wilkie, Stothard, Flaxman, Turner, Haydon, Newton, Lawrence, Constable, and others. Washington Irving, whose books he illustrated, and Stewart Newton were his most intimate friends in early years, and many were the bright and jovial hours these three spent together, dining generally at the York Chop House in Wardour Street, and making excursions on the top of a coach to Richmond or Greenwich, or to some suburban fair.

Later on in life, that genial lover of art and artists, Lord Egremont, became Leslie's constant friend and patron. It was for him that many of the artist's best-known pictures were painted; and some of the brightest times in his life were spent in long and frequent visits to Petworth with his wife and children. In 1821 Leslie was, to his own great satisfaction, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and five years later he was promoted to the rank of an Academician. In 1825, when he was thirty-one, he married Miss Harriet Stone. The marriage was thoroughly happy. A whole troop of sons and daughters followed, and the only great trouble of the parents' life seems to have been the illness and death of their daughter Caroline. The Leslies lived in London, with the exception of short visits to the country, to Scotland, and to Paris, and one attempt, quickly abandoned, to settle in America as teacher of drawing to the United States Military School at West Point. This was in 1833, and three years afterwards the circle of Leslie's friendships was painfully broken by the deaths both of Lord Egremont and Constable. His love for Constable as a man was equal to his admiration of him as a painter. Soon after this friend's death Leslie went to work upon his *Biography*—a well-known and agreeable book—which was published in 1842. It is to Leslie's efforts, too, that we owe the purchase of Constable's noble landscape, "The Cornfield," for the National Gallery.

In 1838, Leslie's success was at its height, and he received a commission to execute a picture of "The Queen receiving the Sacrament at her Coronation:" this work involved painting the portraits of a number of Royalties and great people, including the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne. The picture pleased, and in 1841 the Queen selected the artist to paint the "Christening of the Princess Royal"—a task which was also successfully carried out. In 1847, Leslie was elected Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy by a unanimous vote. His duties in this capacity were to deliver six lectures annually, and these lectures, with additions, he afterwards published in the form of a *Handbook for Young Painters*. In 1856 he begins to complain of feeling the infirmities of old age, but a year later gives a pleasant description of himself wandering about

Bushey Park with his wife and daughters, still painting busily from "one of the stately avenues of trees," and copying favourite cartoons of Raphael in Hampton Court Palace.

For two years longer he exhibited at the Royal Academy. Two of his pictures were hanging there in 1859, when, on the 5th of May, the day after the exhibition opened, the painter succumbed to the ailments that had for some time been growing on him. His life had been peaceful, prosperous, and uneventful, spent in devotion to his family, in genial and affectionate intercourse with his friends, and in the happy and constant practice of his art.

Leslie's work in painting shows no quality so much as his knowledge and appreciation of good literature. He looked upon painting, in truth, chiefly as a means of illustrating and enhancing our enjoyment of books. He specially loved the literature of England, though some of his best subjects were taken from Cervantes and Molière—such as "Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess," painted for Lord Egremont in 1824, and twice again for Mr. Vernon and for Samuel Rogers; or "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (of which we give a reproduction), painted in 1841, and now in the National Collection. But his chief labour was in the illustration of the English classics, and first of all Shakespeare. The first picture he exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1813 was the "Murder," from the second act of *Macbeth*; the last, in 1859, was "Hotspur and Lady Percy." *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry VIII.* were favourite plays with Leslie, as well as *Twelfth Night* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Of one of his pictures from this comedy we give a reproduction. But besides those from Shakespeare, he also chose subjects from Milton, Swift, Pope, Sterne, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Smollett. The scene from *Tristram Shandy* of "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman in the Sentry Box," here reproduced, is perhaps the best known, though hardly the most happily conceived, of Leslie's pictures. It was first painted for the Sheepshanks Collection in 1831, and twice repeated. That genial, kind and pleasant actor, "inimitable Jack Bannister," sat for Uncle Toby, and Mr. Tom Taylor says, "it would be hard to find a better model for him." Besides the numerous subjects taken from poetry and fiction, Leslie painted some historical, a few sacred subjects, and a very few of his own invention. Of the latter our illustration, "Who can this be from?" is a good example. It was painted in 1839 for Mr. John Sheepshanks, and is now in the National Collection.

Leslie has left us in his pictures the evidence of an attractive character and mind, and of a far from unaccomplished hand; but his reputation as a painter is likely to diminish rather than increase with the lapse of years. Partly this is due to circumstances peculiar to the time at which he lived, partly to the fact that his aims and interests in art were almost entirely, as we have seen, literary and dramatic rather than

pictorial. He belonged to that generation of painters in England in whose hands painting, we know not why, seemed to lose its qualities of colour and richness. He was conscious of having individually no strong feeling for colour, and his work is conspicuous for those thin and chalky tones which are to be traced during the same period gradually invading that of many of his chief contemporaries, as Callcott, Mulready and others. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, and although the higher order of imaginative power was lacking to him, Leslie's shrewdness of observation and acute sense of character, the true spirit of comedy that animates his best work, his instincts for picturesque grouping and costume, his competent draughtsmanship and pleasant vigour of expression in face and gesture, are sufficient to keep him at the head of the class of literary illustrators in painting to which he belonged.

## LANCE.



GEORGE LANCE may be said to have been born an artist. From his earliest childhood he showed an enthusiastic love for pictures and desire to imitate what he saw. Notwithstanding this, his father, an Adjutant in the Essex Yeomanry, sent him to a connection at Leeds to be brought up to business. This attempt, as usual in such cases, proving to be utterly hopeless, the youth was allowed to come to London, where his parents were living, to be trained in the art for which he showed so decided a bent. He introduced himself unceremoniously to Haydon, who received him as a pupil gratuitously. During this period, Lance studied anatomy and went through three courses of dissection. Later he obtained admission as a student in the Royal Academy, and also drew constantly from the antique at the British Museum. After much hard work he thought it was time to try his hand at a picture, and chose a subject from the Iliad, but before carrying out his design he determined to practise on some subjects of still-life from nature. His extraordinary success in these decided him to take up this branch of art, in spite of Haydon's wish that he should devote himself to historical painting. Sir George Beaumont bought his first composition of fruit and vegetables; other lovers of these subjects followed, and before long Lance had attained to such eminence in his own department that there was scarcely a collection of note in England without one or

more examples of his work. There are three in the National Gallery, one of which, "Red Cap," is here reproduced, and shows a monkey wearing a bright red cap in a group consisting of a wild duck, and various fruits and vegetables, with a heavy curtain drawn up on one side of a stone arch. The other examples in the National Gallery are fruit-pieces. Among the best known of this master's pictures are "The Fighting Herons," "The Seneschal" (engraved for the *Art Journal*), "Preparations for a Banquet," "From the Lake—just shot," and "Modern Fruit." Lance painted about four hundred pictures of fruit and still-life; but he did not confine himself altogether to these subjects. In 1836 he produced an interior with figures of two monks, one seated asleep before a table covered with a rich dessert, and called "Melanchthon's first Misgiving of the Church of Rome": this picture gained the Royal Academy medal for the best historical picture of the year. But for some inexplicable reason he was never admitted to Academic rank. He was a man of great integrity and immense power of work. He died at Birkenhead in 1864, at the age of 62. His palette was brilliant and his touch adroit in the extreme; but there is a lack in his pictures of the sense of envioning atmosphere, of the true life and harmony of colours interacting upon each other in an enveloping medium of light, which distinguishes the very best achievements of still-life painting, as, for instance, in France those of Chardin in the last century, and of M. Fantin-Latour to-day. The practice of Lance was founded rather on the drier and more pedantic methods of such Dutchmen as Van Aelst or Van Huysum.

## NEWTON.



GILBERT STUART NEWTON was born on the 2nd of September, 1795, in Halifax, whither his parents had fled from Boston, when the British were expelled by Washington. On his father's death, in 1803, he was brought back by his mother to the neighbourhood of Boston, and after a brief and vain attempt at commercial life became a student of art under the tuition of his uncle, the well-known painter, Gilbert Stuart. Seeing that the youth showed decided talent, his friends helped him to carry out his desire of pursuing his art in Europe, and sent him to Italy with his brother, at the age of seventeen. Newton spent a year in Italy, and in passing through Paris on his way to England made the

acquaintance of Leslie, with whom he made an excursion through the Netherlands, arriving in London in 1817. Here he found his countryman, Allston, established as a painter, but about to return to the United States. Newton, remaining in London, soon grew more intimate with Leslie, and their friendship lasted to the end of his life. Washington Irving, who, while in England, was the constant companion and warm friend of both, wrote of him thus in 1834, in a letter to Mr. Dunlap, author of a History of American Painters:—"Newton has, for some years past, been one of the most popular



painters in England in that branch of historical painting peculiarly devoted to scenes in familiar life. His colouring is almost unrivalled, and he has a liveliness of fancy and quickness of conception, and a facility and grace of execution, that spread a magic charm over his productions. His choice of subjects inclines chiefly to the elegant, the gay and piquant scenes from Molière, Gil Blas, etc. Yet he has produced some compositions of touching simplicity." If in this estimate something must be allowed for the partiality of a friend, it was, on the whole, the general estimate of his day, and with much of it we can still agree. Leslie, who was perfectly aware of his own deficiency as a colourist,

says, "Newton is blessed with an exquisite eye for colour." Other eminent painters of the time were so struck by his colouring, even while he was quite a beginner, that they tried to find out from him what method he used for mixing his paints. He was unable to tell them, saying he was entirely governed by his eye. Newton's powers developed rapidly; he soon became known, and took a high rank among English artists. He soon also became a favourite in society, where his bright manner and quickness of repartee always made him welcome. Leslie complains in one of his letters that his intercourse with his friend is a good deal interrupted in consequence of the social engagements of the latter. Nevertheless, he continually speaks with delight of his daily companionship with the "Childe," as he and Washington Irving always called Newton; and Irving, too, writes in after years with "fondness and regret" of the days when he

lived with his two friends in London, and says, "I find nothing to supply the place of that heartfelt fellowship." On a visit to America, Newton married a Boston girl, and brought her back to England; but his happy and successful life was soon afterwards hopelessly clouded over by the loss of his reason in 1833. He died in 1835, being scarcely forty years of age, and having gained at the time of his death the highest Academical honours.

The first pictures which brought Newton into notice were, "The Forsaken" and "The Lovers' Quarrel," and later, "The Prince of Spain's visit to Catalina," all of which were engraved. Other principal works are "Shylock and Jessica," "Portia and Bassanio" (of which we give a reproduction), "Lear attended by Cordelia and the Physician," "Yorick and the Grisette" (also illustrated in the text), "The Abbot Boniface," "The Vicar of Wakefield restoring Olivia to her Mother," and others. He also painted some good portraits, including that of Sidney Smith. Of all the painters occupied in England at this time on compositions of romantic incident, and the illustration of the works of literature, Newton perhaps shows most of the true craft and instinct of a painter. We have spoken of his gift of colour. He had also a subtler view of comedy than any of his contemporaries: he had caught from Watteau much of that master's secret of expressive coquetry and dainty gesture; he was able to throw a genuine grace into the difficult fashions of that age of gigot sleeves, poke bonnets, and sleek, unbecomingly banded hair.

FRANCES SITWELL.





Photogravure & Imp. Couplé & Co.

## LINNELL.



It is only five years since John Linnell died, a patriarch among English painters, having long survived almost all the associates and rivals of his youth, and wielded the brush with unimpaired industry for twenty years beyond the allotted life of man. To the younger generation of exhibition visitors he was known at the time of his death exclusively as a painter of landscape—and of landscape which many of them were accustomed to regard as of a somewhat monotonous and mannered kind. Visions of the English champaign as it unrolled itself beneath the windows of his home on the chalk ridge near Redhill—descending foregrounds tangled with hazel-thickets, the autumn wealth of the wide-rolling plain with its intersections of copse and hedgerow, the congregated flocks, the boundary of the Southern downs dark with embattled masses of overshadowing

cloud—these were the perpetual features of the scene which he was in the habit of repeating and combining with little essential variation, animating them, adroitly enough, now with figures of peasantry and cattle, conceived with the somewhat unreal prettiness of English pastoral tradition, now with Scripture figures of a more or less superficial ideality, and showing in his treatment of natural effects a love for a mechanical opposition of tones, the gold of cornfields and the purple of storm-clouds both inclining to the overloaded and the opaque, while the sense of mannerism in the work was further heightened by a certain woolliness or fluffiness of touch, imparting too uniform and artificial a texture alike to cloudland and woodland. Mannerism and self-repetition are natural infirmities of an artist in prolonged old age ; and, to the student acquainted only with the work of Linnell's later life, the exhibition of his collected works, held by the Royal Academy in the winter following his death, was somewhat in the nature of a revelation. It taught us to know him, not as a painter in oils of English landscape, or of such landscape animated with accessory figures only, but also as an accomplished portrait-painter, miniature-painter, artist in water-colours, and engraver.

The fact is, that in his earlier days Linnell had been one of the most versatile and generally accomplished of English artists. He was born in London in 1792. His father was a picture-dealer and wood-carver in Bloomsbury ; and the boy, early showing a talent for art, was sent, by the advice of Benjamin West, to the schools of the Royal Academy. He also received lessons and encouragement from the eccentric and accomplished John Varley, the best teacher, and one of the best painters, in water-colour in his day. At the age of fourteen he left his father's house to live in Francis Street, Bloomsbury, with his friend and fellow-pupil Mulready, to whom he became intimately attached. In 1807, at the age of fifteen, he was already an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and in the same year won a medal in the Life School of that Institution. Two years later he carried off a prize at the British Institution with a landscape called "Removing Timber"; and in the next year he exhibited a coast scene, "Fishermen Waiting for the Return of the Ferry-boat, Hastings." He had been on a visit to that place with William Hunt, his companion afterwards in many sketching excursions on the Thames. Among his and Mulready's friends in these days were Copley Fielding, Oliver Finch, Novello the composer, Gisborne the engineer and friend of Shelley, and Reevely. He frequented reverentially the house of William Godwin, in Skinner Street, where he taught drawing to Mary Godwin, and frequently met Shelley ; and conceived also a devoted attachment, like several of the best of the young talents of the time, to William Blake, whose mystical ideas on religion had a lasting influence on his mind, and some of whose drawings and hand-tinted engraved work were always afterwards among his most treasured possessions.

During the ten years from 1811 to 1821 Linnell ceased to contribute to the Royal Academy; but for three of the latter years of the same period contributed to the Old Water-Colour Society, then in its youth. In the meantime, he had taken a new departure, and become a successful and laborious painter of portraits in oil and miniature. His first important portrait was that of the noted Baptist preacher, John Martin. It was marked by really admirable qualities of insight and handling, with a study and thoroughness of detail that by no means interfered with the general breadth and vigour of the presentment. For nearly thirty years portrait-painting continued to be, if not the chief, at any rate the most lucrative and popularly acceptable branch of his industry. Among his sitters were many distinguished or memorable persons, including his fellow-painters, Collins, Mulready, Phillips, Callcott and others, the poet Samuel Rogers, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Monteagle, Mr. Francis Baring, Carlyle, and Sterling. Loving every form and application of artistic skill, he presently mastered the art of mezzotint, and reproduced in this method not only many of his own portraits and subject-pictures, but also some of those of his brother-artists, particularly Collins. Among his manifold avocations he was also in much employment as a drawing-master, and among his early pupils, as has been said, was Mary Godwin, afterwards the wife of Shelley. In the year 1823 he returned to the Academy Exhibition, sending both portraits and landscapes, and continued to be an exhibitor in both kinds for many years. He never, as it happened, became a member of the Academic body, having withdrawn his name from the list of candidates after it had been on the books for more than twenty years, and declining the honour of election when it was spontaneously offered him in later life. It was long before he succeeded in hitting the popular taste as a landscape-painter, and throughout the earlier part of his career the great majority of his works in that kind came back to him from the Academy walls unsold. His landscapes for a long while showed strongly the influence of his friend Mulready. They were painted with a fine sense of values and gradations in earth and sky, but with comparatively little range or brilliancy of colour, and in a method (the priming of the canvas being dark) which has tended to make them blacken with time. But notwithstanding their prevailing tones of bronzish gray and green, some of these earlier landscapes are marked by qualities of sober and effective harmony and keeping which are lacking in some of the more ambitious and popular works of his later time. By degrees his scale of colour expanded, his aims grew more lofty and poetical, and he began to challenge on the one hand the glooms of Rembrandt, and on the other the glories of Turner. At the same time he sought to add imaginative interest to scenes of nature by peopling them with figures and incidents of Scripture history. One of the earliest of these efforts represents "St. John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness,"

and exhibits a dense throng assembled about the prophet at the foot of a lofty wooded peak at sundown, with daring masses of forest shadow and rifts of sunset light, and strong gleams of white and rose-coloured light in a sky piled with clouds. Linnell's earlier work had been already marked by a fine sense both of the delicacy of sky gradation and the richness and multiplicity of cloud form, and an ever-increasing desire to express the latter order of phenomena marks the work of his middle and later time, though it is scarcely accompanied with a corresponding increase of power.

From about this date the success of Linnell as a landscape-painter began to be established, and in the course of the next twelve or fifteen years he abandoned other forms of art to devote himself exclusively, or almost exclusively, to this. He continued often to animate and popularise his landscape with scenes of Scripture history, going so far in one instance as not only to introduce the figures of a "Flight into Egypt" in the foreground of a view purely English, but to introduce the pyramids of Egypt in the horizon. One of his most important pictures of this class is "The Eve of the Deluge," in which enormous masses and involutions of cloud are seen rolling before a strong wind over the sky, fiery and thunderladen, and full of the foreboding of coming doom. This was exhibited in 1848. "The Last Gleam before the Storm," of the same year, and "The Barley Harvest" and "The Timber Wagon," of 1852, are among the finest examples of the painter's work in landscape not dignified by Bible associations. During the days of his prosperity as a portrait-painter he had married, and built himself a house in Porchester Terrace, where he lived until 1852. In the latter year he left London and settled near Redhill, on the ridge overlooking the eastern weald of Sussex. In this home he spent the remaining thirty years of his life, his family gradually growing up about him—his two sons becoming painters in their turn, and settling by-and-by in homes of their own not far off, and Samuel Palmer, his son-in-law, also living near. Secluded for the most part in this family circle, and surviving almost all the artists of his own generation, he lived an honoured and patriarchal life, appearing occasionally at exhibitions and elsewhere in London, and hospitably entertaining those who came to visit him, to whom he loved to talk of old times and to show his collection of the works of the friends of his youth. He was much given also to enforcing in conversation, and sometimes in print, his peculiar views of Evangelical Christianity, not untouched with mysticism.

In his earlier practice Linnell had drawn the elements of his landscape compositions from various parts of England, including the home-scenery about London, Derbyshire and the English Midlands, Thames-side, and the South Coast; but in his later, his motives were drawn almost exclusively from the neighbourhood where he lived. Hence partly, as well as to the natural stiffening of intellectual and technical habits in old age, is due the character of monotony and repetition which strikes us in his latest work.

At his best he had been one of the most vigorous and effective, as well as one of the most versatile, craftsmen of the English School. His portraits are marked by a strong objective individuality, and are good alike in draughtsmanship and character; while in landscape he shows himself genuinely impressed with certain phenomena of earth and sky, and bent on grappling strenuously with the problems of their artistic representation. Possessing considerable power in the rendering of details, he at the same time never lost the aim at epic breadth and greatness of effect. Alike the peaceful wealth of English scenery and its changefulness, the accumulation and procession of clouds over the plain, the invasion of a land of plenty by the hosts of storm, the battle between golden light and purple gloom, are lovingly studied and forcibly expressed in much of his art; and if his most ambitious compositions and effects are in the main somewhat obvious and commonplace—if he seeks often to heighten their interest by adventitious elements—if on the whole his work from nature fails to show in any very rare degree either apprehension or craftsmanlike felicity of interpretation—if, in a word, he cannot rank among the great revealing landscape-painters of his age—the failure may be due at least as much to the public as to himself—to the lack in the English students and patrons of his time of a discriminating instinct for the true aims and qualities of landscape-painting, as much as to the absence of distinguished native power and freshness of perception in the artist.

## DE WINT.



THREE names in especial may be taken as centrally representative of the second or middle period, which is also on the whole the best period of the purely English art of landscape-painting in water-colours. The three names are those of David Cox, Copley Fielding, and Peter de Wint. They had been indeed preceded by Girtin and Turner—the former probably, and the latter certainly, an artist of stronger and more original endowment than any of the three. But Girtin died prematurely, and what he has left us are only the first-fruits of his genius. Turner, on the other hand, inheriting the simple traditions of the art as practised in its earliest stage by painters like Paul Sandby, J. R. Cozens, and Thomas Hearne, carried it from this stage, in the course of his life-

long grapple with the glories and mysteries of nature, into every kind of daring and experimental development. Partly for this reason, partly because water-colour was only a subsidiary branch of his practice, we cannot group Turner in our minds with painters like the three naturally named together above. Each of these three early discovered what he liked best in nature, and made himself master of a settled and adequate technical method for interpreting the subjects and effects which he preferred; and each lived long enough to give us the full measure of his powers during a long period of industrious and contented activity. David Cox is pre-eminently the painter of flying effects of wind and cloud, of broken light and sudden gloom, on Midland heath and Welsh moorland and mountain; Copley Fielding, of the pure and sweeping forms, and pearly, shower-swept skies, of the chalk downs of Sussex; De Wint, of the harvest-fields and the elm-shadowed villages, the quiet undulations and pastoral richness of the eastern and central lowlands of England.

The family of Peter de Wint came from Holland; and he may have inherited some of the instincts which had inspired the pastoral landscape of the Dutch school of painters. His grandfather had settled in New York towards the middle of the eighteenth century, and his father, Henry de Wint, having been sent to Europe to study medicine at Leyden, in passing through England fell in love with a young English lady, married her, and established himself as a doctor at Stone, in Staffordshire. Peter was the fourth son of this marriage, and was born at Stone on January 21st, 1784. He was intended to follow the profession of medicine, but showed early so marked a talent for art that his father was induced to article him in his eighteenth year to John Raphael Smith, the well-known designer and mezzotint engraver. In Smith's studio De Wint met William Hilton, the historical painter, and the acquaintance ripened into a close and lifelong friendship. Hilton before long invited young De Wint to visit his home in Lincolnshire, where he speedily fell in love with Miss Hilton, his friend's sister, whom he married in 1810. Another passion also sprang up at this time in the artist's soul—the passion for that rich and tranquil English lowland scenery, with its pleasant interchange of open field and tufted shade, its peaceful rivers, and moderate distances and quiet skies, to the representation of which he devoted himself almost exclusively from henceforth. Or when he deserts the pastoral sphere, and ventures into that of the romantic and feudal picturesque, it is from the same neighbourhood that his inspiration is still drawn; it is the city of Lincoln itself, with its nobly-placed cathedral and castle grounds, that he depicts—as, for instance, in the two fine examples that came with the Henderson bequest to the National Gallery. At first the ambition of De Wint was to be a painter in oils, and his earliest work exhibited in the Royal Academy, in 1807, was in that medium. But the practice and teaching of water-colour gradually absorbed him, and

his works in this kind are very much more numerous, as well as better known, than his pictures in oil. In 1810 he became an Associate, and in 1812 a full Member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and his contributions were a regular feature of the annual exhibitions of that body until his death in 1849. But that he was a master in the other and stronger medium is fully proved by the two fine pictures reproduced in the present pages, "A Cornfield" and a "Wooded Scene." These are both in the South Kensington Museum, having been presented to the nation by the daughter of the painter, Mrs. Tatlock. In the former, the mellow gold of the sloping wheatfield in the foreground, broken with the figures of harvesters at work or reclining in the shade of the corn-stooks, the loaded wain on the crest of the slope, cutting the else unbroken horizon, the vast and luminous expanse of low-lying plain, crossed here and there with belts of woodland, the glowing light and delicate gradations of the sky, are rendered by the painter with a fine unity of sentiment and effect, and with a genuine command over the resources of his material; while in the more broken and diversified masses of his "Wooded Scene," he works in richer tones, getting an almost Titianic depth and poetry in his forest greens and blues, and a fine suggestiveness in the gleaming curves of the river, now lost and now emerging among them, and in his far-off flat horizon again a true sense of illimitable space and air.

Though capable of such work as this, De Wint nevertheless found his special vocation, or at any rate his readiest means of livelihood, in the art of water-colour painting. His works found a ready sale at prices which sound absurd in comparison with those of to-day, drawings, which have since fetched a thousand pounds or upwards, having in many cases been purchased from the painter for thirty or forty. Like his most distinguished contemporaries in the same art, he was accustomed to help out his income by teaching, and, in spite of a somewhat brusque and peremptory manner, was in that capacity both popular and successful. His favourite method of instruction was by making a study from nature in the presence of his pupil; and many of his sketches so produced are among the best and most justly valued of his works. Generally, he was a man well liked by his friends and acquaintances, and we get glimpses of the De Wints and of Hilton in accounts of the literary and artistic society of the day—as, for instance, in a letter of Keats, written in 1818, and lately published for the first time. Notwithstanding his foreign extraction, De Wint was a typical Englishman in all his tastes, sympathies, and prejudices. His life was uneventful and laborious, but on the whole happy and prosperous. During all the latter years of his life he lived in Gower Street, and in his studio there was accustomed to work up into finished drawings the studies which he had made during his summer excursions to his beloved region of Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and the adjacent Midlands, or sometimes as far northward

as Westmoreland, or as far south and west as Salisbury and Gloucester. The vigour of his hand showed some signs of decay about his sixtieth year; and in his sixty-fifth (1849) he died, leaving behind him a considerable fortune, and one of the names most justly honoured in the English School. He was buried in the Savoy Chapel; and his wife, who survived him, caused to be set up in Lincoln Cathedral the well-known monument which commemorates the friendship of her husband and brother.

Some of the best of De Wint's work is the property of the nation, the drawings of the Henderson bequest being visible to every one in the National Gallery, and the two oil pictures—here reproduced—in the South Kensington Museum. The British Museum has only a few examples, but among them an unfinished sketch on a large scale, of singular beauty and power, showing a burst of sunlight among the foliage and stems of lofty trees beside a river glen in spring—for this painter an unusual choice of subject.

No private cabinet of English water-colours is without specimens from his hand; and his grand-daughter, Miss Tatlock, retains many of the choicest examples. For the centenary of his birth, in 1884, Mr. William Vokins (the only dealer with whom he held relations during his life) arranged a comprehensive and beautiful exhibition of his work, including no less than forty-eight drawings from the collection of Miss Tatlock, and upwards of a hundred from other collectors, including Lord Windsor, Lady Mary Windsor Clive, Lady Lyttleton, Miss Sibthorp, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Day, Mr. C. F. Huth, Mr. G. Smith, Dr. Hamilton, and others. The art of De Wint is undeniably what all art must be in a greater or less degree—an art of convention and abstraction; but his conventions are adopted and his abstractions made with a singularly fine feeling for what is truly poetical and expressive in those phases of nature which he loved. His scale of colour is relatively low; fuller, of course, than that of the first fathers of the art in England, as Cozens and Sandby, but more restrained, on the other hand, than that of David Cox; and immeasurably, it is needless to say, than that of Turner. But he so contrives the choice and juxtaposition of his tints as never to give the sense of poverty, and to suggest with admirable tact the broad and speaking relations of tone and effect in nature. His use of the pure water-colour wash is quite masterly, luminous to the extreme where he wants lights, and in the darks rich and powerful without loss of transparency; he knows well how to suggest the multiplicity of nature without perplexing the eye by detail; and with a few perfectly-chosen and cunningly-laid tints of dark-greenish gray for his foreground trees, of dim purplish red for homesteads and villages, of sober yellow for his harvest-fields, and sober blue (where the blue has not flown, as it has proved somewhat apt to fly) in his skies, can often set before us in perfection the very essence and spirit of the English lowland scenery which he loved.

# MÜLLER.



WILLIAM MÜLLER, a brilliant artist who is very inadequately represented in our public collections, was a native of Bristol, his father, a Prussian, having taken refuge there from Dantzic during the war with France under Napoleon. The elder Müller was a man of science, and author of one or two works on natural history. He was appointed curator of the Bristol Museum, and married an Englishwoman, who bore him three sons. William, afterwards the painter, was the second of these, and was born in 1812. He was educated almost entirely by his mother; and while still a child he began to draw from the models in his father's museum, and also to help him in the illustrations of his books. The boy also made careful studies from skeletons and fossils, which were used as diagrams by various scientific lecturers. At fifteen he was apprenticed to J. B. Pyne, the landscape-painter, who taught him the use of oils, and to whom he always afterwards said he owed much of his facility of handling and rapidity of execution. About a year after he left Pyne's studio Müller lost his father, and from that time forth supported himself entirely by his art, living with his mother and brothers till the death of the former in 1836. His first commission for a large oil-picture was to paint a view of the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, for the Dean of Bristol. Most of his early work, however, consisted of sketches or small oil-pictures, representing the scenery in the neighbourhood of Bristol. These pictures were bought by Bristol dealers at very low prices; but Müller—who, it should be said, always painted with his left hand—made up by the number of these rapid pieces for the smallness of the sums obtained for them. In 1831, during a tour through Norfolk and Suffolk, he became acquainted with the works of the Norwich school of artists, especially those of Cotman, and was much influenced by them, as he was also by Skinner Prout, who in the same year came to live in Bristol. He and Müller formed a close friendship, and worked together constantly.

Müller's first important oil-picture for the Royal Academy, "The Destruction of Old London Bridge," was begun in 1832. He went to town more than once to make studies for it on the spot, and the picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy at the Spring Exhibition of 1833, but hung too high to be well seen. The same summer Müller made his first excursion with Prout and another friend into Wales—a country he loved to paint, and where many of his best landscapes were produced. George Fripp,

who lived in Bristol, also became his friend and companion, and with him Müller made his first tour on the Continent. Starting in the summer of 1834, the two artists, then in the heyday of youth and health, spent eight months chiefly in Italy, but travelling also through parts of Germany, Switzerland, and France—seeing everything, enjoying everything, and, above all, sketching everything that it was possible to sketch. Müller, having extraordinary quickness in grasping at a glance the structural features of a landscape, and placing himself at the right point of view for his work, was often able to accomplish as many as three elaborate studies in a day. He would come home in high spirits, laden with subjects from which he at once began to paint oil pictures. Among this series are some of his best-known works, such as “The Sibyl’s Temple,” “The Old Roman Aqueduct,” “The Via Mala,” “The Doge’s Palace,” and many others.

There was a marked change in Müller’s colouring after his return from Italy—it grew richer and stronger, and at the same time more luminous. This period—between his return from Italy in 1835, and his departure for Greece and Egypt in 1838—has been called his “Claude period.” Later, his landscapes became grayer and lower in tone, but perhaps grander in feeling. Among the sunniest works of his bright period were “The Embarkation of the Doge from St. Mark’s Place,” and “The Entrance to Lake Como”; the former a vast work—21 ft. by 27 ft.—containing a number of figures on the quays and in the boats, and fine reflections of the sunset on a broad expanse of rippling water.

In the autumn of 1838, Müller, being no doubt stimulated by the work of Roberts in his desire to paint Eastern subjects, left England for Paris on his way to Greece. He stayed for six weeks at Athens, spending most of his time on the Akropolis, where alone he made about thirty drawings, including six of the Parthenon. From his Greek studies, however, he painted very few large pictures, and none of his best; his subsequent Egyptian studies seem to have laid a much stronger hold on his imagination. Cairo, in 1838, was still basking in all the beauty and shame of a thoroughly Eastern city, with its slave-markets and other picturesque evils untouched; and Müller found here, and on the Nile, endless subjects for his ever-ready pencil. On his way home he stopped at Naples, and made studies for his picture of the “Bay of Naples”; he also made some drawings in passing through Rome; and, having embarked at Civita Vecchia, he arrived in England in March, after an absence of six months. He brought home about a hundred and twenty Egyptian sketches, and from these he painted some of his most famous pictures, “The Arab Shepherds,” “The Slave-Market,” “The Avenue of Sphinxes,” etc.

Though Müller still obtained but low prices for his work, he was now able to lay by a little money, and in 1839 to move to London. Here he at first lived in very

modest lodgings in Rupert Street, afterwards moving to more comfortable quarters in Charlotte Street. He made many friends among his fellow-artists, with whom his vivacious, warm, and energetic nature made him a special favourite. He now exhibited regularly in the Academy and various other exhibitions, selling his pictures chiefly to Mr. Rought, the dealer. In 1840 he went on a tour through France, in the company of his friend and pupil, E. Dighton, in order to make a series of forty sketches of the monuments and other remains of the Renaissance period for a work published by Messrs. Graves & Co. Although living in London, Müller never ceased to work from nature, constantly spending whole days and nights in a covered boat on the Thames and on the Medway. One of his Thames pictures, the magnificent "Eel-traps at Goring," which is one of the glories of the present Manchester Exhibition, was begun and finished within twenty-four hours. He also went for occasional excursions into Wales, and made some fine studies. In a letter to a friend, written from thence in 1842, he says: "I paint in oil on the spot, and rather large. Indeed, I am more than ever convinced in the *actual necessity* of looking at nature with a much more observant eye than the mass of young artists do, and in particular at skies. These are generally neglected."

The year 1843 was a memorable one to Müller. During the first half of it he painted several of his best pictures; and in the second half his great desire to visit the East once more was fulfilled. He left England in September to join the second Lycian Expedition, undertaken by Sir Charles Fellows for the Dilettanti Society. The object of this expedition was to bring over the remainder of the marbles that had been left behind at Xanthus, after the first expedition, to the British Museum, and also to make further excavations. He and his pupil and companion, the late Harry Johnson, had great difficulty in reaching Xanthus, but no hardship had any effect on the indomitable energy and burning enthusiasm of Müller. He worked from morning till night, and completed the splendid collection of Lycian sketches and drawings now in the British Museum—a collection which has perhaps contributed more to his reputation as an artist than any of his more finished work. After two detentions in quarantine on the return journey, he writes: "I *want* to *paint*—it's oozing out of my fingers. I covered the walls of the lazaretto at Smyrna; and at Malta they would not let me." His passion for his art consumed him before his time. On leaving Smyrna he and Johnson started homewards, and, after spending a few days in Paris, they arrived in England at the beginning of May, having been away about eight months. Next summer was spent by Müller with his brother at Bristol and in North Devon, where he painted four or five oil-pictures entirely out of doors. In the autumn he returned to London, and spent the winter there painting large pictures from his Lycian sketches. These Eastern pictures, in spite of the bad

treatment some of them received at the Royal Academy, assured Müller's rank as an artist. Three of them were well hung at the British Institution in January; but the five sent to the Academy were hung, he says himself, "out of sight, as usual." This was a great blow to Müller, who had justly hoped for better things, and imagined that this would be the "crucial test" of his position. But though in his heart he felt the blow bitterly, he wrote about it to his friends with much dignity and manliness, and set to work again with all his wonted energy, completing a large picture, "The Hayfield," during the month of May. Commissions now poured in; but he did not live to execute many of them. His strength gave way, and he was obliged to give up work, and seek rest with his brother in his old home at Bristol. He lingered till the end of the next summer; but the heart was affected; he never regained strength; and, on the 8th of September, 1845, while his brother, who nursed him tenderly, was setting his palette for him, he fell back and died, at the age of thirty-three. He had worked until the very last. When he could no longer go out to sketch, he brushed a fresco on the walls of his room, and was painting from the flowers and fruit his friends sent him when he died. Few painters have lived so purely and absolutely for their art as William Müller, or made a more generous use of the talents committed to their charge. Like all men who aim too exclusively at acquiring the power of making very rapid summaries from nature, he fell into the habit of adopting certain conventionalities of treatment and mechanical methods of execution. Against these defects must be placed his almost unique faculty of seizing instinctively upon the main characteristics of his subjects, and the knowledge which enabled him in his slightest sketches to impress upon us the general atmosphere and nature of the country in which it was made.

FRANCES SITWELL.





Photogravure & Imp. Goupil & Co

## LANDSEER.



THE life of Edwin Landseer, so far as it is known to us, is simply the history of his art: a career more even, more eventless, less impassioned cannot be imagined. Success crowned his boyish efforts and remained with him through life; but the cloud of mental gloom that darkened his later years may perhaps have long influenced his view of things, making his lot a sadder one than many that have been chequered by failures and great griefs.

He was born and lived and died in London, travelling little, taking no part in public affairs, unmarried, popular, and moving in excellent society. His father was John Landseer, an engraver of repute, who in 1813 became Associate Engraver—the only Academic honour then open to engravers. Twenty years earlier John Landseer, then working for Macklin's Illustrated Bible, had met at the

house of his publisher the beautiful Miss Potts, whose charming figure, a sheaf of corn on her fair head, is grouped with the Macklin Family in Reynolds' picture of "The Cottagers" or "Gleaners." The young engraver and the lovely girl became attached; they married, and settled in Foley Street, where their seven children—Jane, Thomas (1796), Charles (1799), Anna Maria, Edwin Henry (March, 1802), Jessica and Emma—were born. The boys developed artistic talent very early; indeed, so marvellous was the child-genius of Edwin that it would be difficult to overrate it, and, compared with the promise of his boyhood, the successes of his later years are disappointing. Never, perhaps, has any other child drawn so well from nature as little Edwin Landseer drew. Nine drawings, made by him between the ages of five and nine, are preserved at South Kensington; and besides these, Mr. W. C. Monkhouse has published many of varying excellence in his most interesting volume on Landseer's life and works.

John Landseer, noting the talent of his boys, devoted himself largely to their training and education; and so soon as Edwin could hold a pencil steadily, he was encouraged to sketch animals from nature. The earliest recorded effort is the South Kensington dog, drawn at the age of five; but a year or two after this was begun the practice of sketching the sheep and cows and goats that grazed in the fields, which then extended nearly all the way between Marylebone and Hampstead. On summer afternoons the child would start off alone, or with his brother, and sketch till his father came for him; and then, ere they returned, there was the drawing lesson—faults pointed out, corrections made, all very gently and tenderly, we may be sure, since the love of drawing grew yearly stronger. In other matters the boy was not diligent: "He was always running away from his teachers and always drawing." His drawings, however, show no sign of idleness: each one is carefully observed, exactly made—the result of intelligent and watchful observation; and by the age of eight he could draw short-haired animals with real success. A new variety, a new position still puzzled him, and, till a much later date, long fur misled the little artist, who lost the form that lay beneath, and with true childish zeal strove to imitate the texture hair by hair. When ten years old, he began to learn anatomy, and by this time had made some studies of real excellence, apart from all question of the draughtsman's age—his animals already had movement, character, vivacity, and his slight sketches a masterly freedom of touch. Two years later, a drawing of three sleeping pigs reveals not only great power of expressing much with little, but a knowledge of composition; and the sketch of Mr. Simpson's dog "Brutus," made when the artist was thirteen, is of its kind as good as any work of his best time; for so slight a matter it is quite masterly. A year earlier he had already made drawings, for the *British Farmer's Magazine*, of a "British Boar and French Hog." We have only to recall the date (1814) at which young England made these drawings, to feel sure that the French hog

might hope in vain for flattery ; and, indeed, the foreigner is long and lean and gaunt, with bristles like a porcupine's, as befit an animal so ill-conditioned as to destroy the peace of England, whilst the British boar is round and fat and sleek, eloquent of our proper pride, conscious that Saxon ancestry and feeding are "greatly to his credit." The merry boastfulness of nationality displayed in the drawings of these animals,—nay, in the very titles, for sure a boar ranks higher than a hog,—shows that the genius of the lad of twelve was quite boyish and natural and healthy. He was thirteen when he drew "Brutus," and in that year made his appearance as an "Honorary Exhibitor" in the Academy, where two drawings of his, "No. 443, Portrait of a Mule," and "No. 584, Portrait of a Pointer Bitch and Puppy," were hung in honour of his talent and his youth. Already dogs stood high in his affections ; but he drew every animal save horses that he came near, and had made excellent studies of lions and tigers, showing great feeling for the beauty of their forms, and the savage grace of their easy, powerful movements. Among artists he was already spoken of as a boy of high promise, for he had learned to draw pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, lions, donkeys and sheep quite perfectly, and, though his technical skill was less than his knowledge of form or his feeling for movement, character and expression, he could use chalk, pencil, ink and the etching-needle, could paint in oils, and knew how to place his animals so as to form a picture. By the advice of Haydon, he now made deeper studies of anatomy, making dissections of his own and copying Haydon's. To improve his style, he made studies from the Elgin Marbles, and when fourteen years old he entered the schools of the Academy—"a bright lad with light curling hair, and a very gentle, graceful manner, and much manliness withal." He was a diligent student, this "curly-headed youngster, dividing his time between Polito's wild beasts at Exeter Change and the Royal Academy Schools," and his talent and industry brought to him an early harvest of success, for when only sixteen his vigorous "Fighting Dogs getting Wind" won him his laurels. That memorable picture, exhibited at the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colour in 1818, excited much attention, both among artists and amateurs ; and Sir George Beaumont, by purchasing the painting, set his seal on the boy artist, who from that moment became the fashion. Well for him that he was by nature sensitive and modest, for the praises of the critics were enough to turn a graver head. Mr. Stephens, who in his *Biography of Landseer* quotes the pæans of the *Examiner*, points out that, in this instance, the unmeasured praise of "Our English Sneiders" was probably due to the influence of Haydon, the friend of both the Landseers and the Hunts—that is to say, of the artist's family and of his critics. Yet, making much allowance for "log-rolling," the "Fighting Dogs" must have been a marvellous achievement for a boy sixteen years old, and it is to be regretted that it has never been engraved. Neither this nor any work of his before

1822 is in our national collections, so that the fresh and earnest excellence of Landseer's vigorous boyhood is comparatively little known, except to those who remember the Landseer Exhibition, held at Burlington House during the winter of 1873-4, when over 280 of his works were brought together. His subjects at this time were a boy's choice, less peaceful and pathetic than those of his riper years; for his love for dogs was still a boy's love—he liked them fighting and rat-catching, teasing cats and worrying frogs. But he had already noted their quaint resemblance to humanity, and "The Braggart," painted in 1819 to represent the three kingdoms, is the father of "Alexander and Diogenes."



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Throughout life he was fastidious in his art, and his execution at this early period was careful and solid, and Dr. Waagen, writing of "The Intruder" (1819), says that "it exhibits a power of colouring and a solidity of execution recalling such masters as Snyders and Fyt." Haydon, too, in one of his lectures had bidden Landseer "study animals, and be the Snyders of England." His backgrounds were now his chief difficulty; nor did he at any time excel in the treatment of accessories; but as a youth he felt himself so deficient in this branch of his art, that in 1822 he employed Patrick Nasmyth to paint the landscape to his "Bull and Frog," and as late as 1824 he asked to be allowed to defer the painting of the background to M. de Merle's "Mastiff." None the less, every season brought him fresh triumphs, and the success of "The Invader" was quite eclipsed by that of his next picture, "Alpine Mastiffs reanimating a

distressed Traveller," exhibited at the British Institution in 1820, when the artist was eighteen years old. The next year is memorable for the production of "The Rat-Catchers," the earliest of the many paintings of the younger brother popularised by the engravings of the elder. This brings us to a time when examples of Landseer's art are easily accessible. True, the nation possesses none of his conspicuous successes painted before the thirties, but "The Dog and his Shadow" and "The Twa Dogs," both in South Kensington Museum, were painted as early as 1822. "The Dog and his Shadow" is, in truth, a landscape-painting, weak, commonplace, and ineffective, and may



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probably have been undertaken as a study of background. "The Twa Dogs" is a much more satisfactory performance, firmly painted and admirably drawn, the figures full of life and character. It was not, however, among his great successes, and his chief picture of this year was "The Larder Invaded," for which the British Institution awarded him a premium of £150.

Though not yet twenty-one years old, young Landseer now ranked among the most hopeful of the rising artists of his day, and, indeed, these early works of his had a thoroughness, a vigorous earnestness and truth, which make them more acceptable to certain critics than the touching and imaginative paintings of his riper years. Dogs did not yet appeal to him from the friend-of-man point of view: he painted them merely as noble animals quivering with life, amusement, and the love of sport; and though they

were his favourite subjects, he from time to time painted lions and other beasts. When twenty-one he made a new departure with a portrait of "Giorgiana, Duchess of Bedford," which was engraved by Heath for *The Keepsake*, and from this time throughout life he drew and painted occasional portraits of members of the aristocracy. He was a charming man and liked society; so out of the acquaintances thus begun there grew up many lasting friendships. But the chief value to us of these efforts is the proof they afford of his wisdom in devoting himself mainly to that branch of art in which he really was a master.

The year 1824 was an epoch-making one in Landseer's eventless life, less for his great success in the spring of it, when he exhibited his "Cat's Paw," the most famous of all his early works, than for an autumn holiday in Scotland with Sir Walter Scott. To any young and ardent spirit the first sight of the Scottish hills and moors, seen in such company, would have been impressive and delightful; but to Landseer it was an artistic regeneration, and there awoke in him a feeling for the romantic and poetic that he had never shown before. On almost every artist some unfamiliar country has had this influence, less intimate and more inspiring than the well-known home; and if the smiling Hampstead fields had been the mother of Landseer's art, so Scotland, with her wild weather, snowy hills, and fleet red-deer, became his love—a love whose wild, unaging beauty grew dearer to him year by year. Nothing that happened afterwards diminished that impression; no later travel ever dimmed the inspiration of that fresh young vision, and to it we owe much that is most noble and poetic in his art. This year of 1824—the date, by the way, of the two little South Kensington pictures, "Sancho Panza" and "The Angler's Guard"—closes the first period of his career, leaving him, at twenty-two, with a reputation made, with popularity earned, and with technical powers fully developed. We may say, indeed, that his execution was far better in these than in his later days.

The pictures of the next few years were far less popular than their forerunners; but among artists it was felt that young Landseer was gaining power; and after the exhibition of his ambitious but only half-successful "Chevy Chase," in 1826, he was elected A.R.A., he being then just twenty-four—the youngest age at which Associates can be elected. Two years before this time he had already established himself in the little house with the big studio in St. John's Wood, where he lived fifty years, and where he died. In 1827 his Highland visit brought forth its first successful fruit—the well-known "Deer-Stalker's Return," which was so popular that he made a replica, and which has been engraved in various sizes by Finden, Ryall and Wagstaff. It was followed, two years later, by the "Illicit Whiskey Still," and in the same year (1829) were painted the pretty little "Fireside Party" of terriers, now in South Kensington, and supposed to be the original Peppers and Mustards described in *Guy Mannering*. What is still more important to us, is that this is the date of the two small sketchy, but excellent and

immensely popular, panels illustrative of the respective joys of Low Life and High Life (National Gallery). The idea of this antithesis had probably been long in the painter's mind, for seven years earlier he had made a drawing of "Low Life—Portrait of Jack." Poor Jack has come off second-best with the engraver, who, while bestowing a full page on High Life, has reduced Jack to the humble proportions and position of a tail-piece. His vulgar little person is, however, more honourably dealt with when he reappears three years later "in office."

During the next decade we can follow Landseer's career almost year by year in our public galleries. 1830 (the year previous to his election as Academician) produced the subtle and infinitely amusing study of the effects of "Highland Music" (South Kensington Museum) on a party of dogs. The piper—a thin-faced Highlander, one of the very best of Landseer's human figures—blows out the wild music of the pipes, watching with quiet, teasing humour its effect upon his dogs, and testing philosophically the fallacy of the adage that the same cause produces the same result. Of the five dogs, no two behave alike: one howls aloud, unable to endure the melancholy of the strain; the fine old hound listens, sad, quiet and resigned; a little terrier snaps and snarls in irritable disquietude of mind; another, lying at his master's feet, looks up with true dog's devotion, finding the noise sublime because the master makes it. The canny piper is as good as any of his dogs; but in this he is a brilliant exception to the large majority of Landseer's human figures. The human mother in the "Highland Breakfast" (1834, South Kensington Museum) is but a poor creature, and the human element in the large and ambitious painting of "The Drover's Departure" (1835, South Kensington Museum) exposes the weaknesses of Landseer's art unsparingly. This is among the largest of his works, and the prettiness of its many sweetly-imagined details has earned it numerous admirers; but it cannot be called a satisfactory picture. To begin with, there is no effect, no massing of light, no tone, no *keeping*; and the colour—always a weak point with Landseer—is purplish and poor. The composition, too, is unsatisfactory, mankind on the right hand and cattle on the left dividing themselves into two independent halves; and the animals, though absolutely neat, clean, and in excellent condition, are uninteresting unless from the farming point of view. But we have not yet quite reached the year 1835; and as it is always most interesting and instructive to note a painter's work, in the order of production, we will return to the year 1833, and go through the decade chronologically, even though this unfortunately implies a good deal of running to and fro between the galleries in South Kensington and Trafalgar Square. Three paintings of this year are in the National Collections: "The Eagle's Nest" (South Kensington Museum), "The Hunted Stag" (National Gallery),—a merely passable specimen of a side of Landseer's art poorly represented in our

Galleries, and which did not fully develop till many years later,—and the delightful “Jack in Office” (South Kensington Museum), a work full of humour, and which John Doyle quickly turned into one of the best of the political satires of “H. B.,” with Lord John Russell as Jack, Brougham the whining pointer bitch, and O’Connell the begging brown retriever. Hume and Lord Durham sustain the parts of the background dogs; and the whole party retain such a comical resemblance to their canine originals that one can hardly believe Landseer to have been quite innocent in the matter. A year of still greater achievement was 1834, when, besides the “Highland Breakfast” (South Kensington Museum), Landseer exhibited “A Naughty Child” (South Kensington Museum), and the magnificent “Suspense” (South Kensington Museum), almost the finest and most suggestive of his pictures. With the exception of “The Old Shepherd’s Chief Mourner,” no work of his appeals to us as does the drooping, anxious, listening figure of this noble hound, waiting outside his wounded master’s door, listening to that dread silence, most terrible to him by instinct, explained for us by the blood-drops, the gauntlets and the torn ostrich feather. In this all Landseer’s best gifts come into play: his marvellous sympathy with the dumb, unreasoning affection of dog nature; his power of expressing sentiment and depicting canine character; his consummate knowledge of canine form; a way he had of hinting pathetic things that elude direct expression. Through his interpretation, the earnest watch, the intent listening of this bloodhound’s vigil become as haunting as the inconsolable despair, the “trance of agony,” of the shepherd’s dog.

The productions of 1835 are less interesting: the most laboured of them, and perhaps of any of Landseer’s pictures, is “The Drover’s Departure”; and there were also a number of portraits of great ladies and their pets: the Countesses of Chesterfield and Blessington; Lady Rachel Russell; the pony, newfoundland and spaniel of Prince George; the Duchess of Kent’s “Dash,” and Lady Bulwer’s “Fairy”; but the great picture of the year was the “Sleeping Bloodhound,” now in the National Gallery, and reproduced at the head of this article. Poor “Countess,” for all that she looks so full of health, is not asleep, but dead. She had fallen from the balcony of her master’s house, and a few hours later she had died from her injuries. Her master, Landseer’s friend and man of business, Mr. Jacob Bell, conveyed her body the next day, Monday, to Landseer’s studio, and by two o’clock on Thursday this noble life-sized portrait was complete. The next year was one of less conspicuous achievement, and is represented in the national collections by “Comical Dogs,” a picture of much lower class, now in South Kensington, where is also that most noble tribute to dog devotion, “The Old Shepherd’s Chief Mourner,” to which Mr. Ruskin has devoted a fine and generous passage in his *Modern Painters*, too well known for quotation.

Both the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner" and "Suspense" have the best qualities of Landseer's art; both are free from overstraining and humanising of expression and feeling that characterises so many of his dogs. The pathos of these poor creatures is that they are entirely *doggy*, and their grief is the overwhelming sorrow of a dog that has lost his master—a grief, if less great, more despairing than any human sorrow; for, unsustained by reason, the dog losing his master loses his all. The language that it has been his life's work to interpret was spoken only by one human tongue, and now that is silent no one in all the world speaks the language the dog understands. The light is out, the key is lost, the eager spirit—so piteously, so unavailingly struggling towards the light of reason—sinks back into hopeless darkness; all that he loved, all that he feared, all that he understood is dead. Too old to love and learn anew, he is henceforward dumb and deaf and stupid. There is no common language between him and the world; he has neither hope, nor love, nor knowledge any more. We needed not the sequel of the "Shepherd's Grave" to know the inevitable ending of this crushing sorrow. But though Landseer's deep sympathy with dog nature has earned for him the title "Shakespeare of Dogs," he was at this, his best time, devoting much energy to fashionable portraiture, and in 1839 he painted the girl Queen, mounted on horseback, a present given to the Prince Albert before her marriage, and thus began a royal patronage and regard that was a source of much honour and pleasure to the painter until his death. This year of the Queen's portrait produced quite a string of works, now belonging to the nation: the famous "Dignity and Impudence" (National Gallery), the little "Highland Dogs" (National Gallery), and the very uninteresting "Tethered Rams" (South Kensington Museum). But his largest production of this season was "Van Amburgh, the Lion Tamer, and his Animals"—a picture painted for the Duke of Wellington, and one of the artist's rare failures. In youth he had painted several successful lion pictures, and the fine lions at the base of the Nelson column (begun 1859, finished 1867) are his; but neither this "Van Amburgh," nor a later attempt (1847) to deal with the same subject, were successful with painters or the public.

His great picture next season was "Laying down the Law," widely known through engravings; and in the same year he exhibited the "Roebuck and Rough Hounds," now in South Kensington. This very inadequately represents his feeling for the forms of deer; but the faces of the dogs are quite charming. These were the last exhibits before a breakdown of health and spirits—a presage of the gloom which was to darken his later years, and from which he sought relief in continental travels. Whether from its depressing conditions, or because his style was already formed, this tour had little influence upon his art, and not until five years later did he exhibit a single continental subject. His noblest stag pictures were as yet unpainted; but though from time to time the high-water mark would

still be reached, the tide had turned, and at thirty-eight his power was already on the wane. His art, as represented in 1842 by "There's no Place like Home" (South Kensington Museum), is distinctly declining, and the oil sketch of the "Defeat of Comus" (1843, National Gallery), is not only devoid of technical beauty, but is so revolting that one cannot look on it without pain. In the next year Mr. Bell induced the artist to paint his favourite mare Betty, the heroine of "Shoeing." This was a commission Landseer had undertaken years before, and the subject arranged for had been a mare and foal; but two foals had outgrown their mother before he found time to set about the work which now hangs in the National Gallery, placed in cruel proximity to Mlle. Bonheur's masterpiece, "The Horsefair." Compared with this, how tame and lifeless does Betty appear! How broad and noble are the generous lights of that French dusty morning, bathing in a mass of ample sunshine the backs of the three white horses who trot together on our right! There is no look of care about the grouping; but the white horses were not massed together without thought: their backs make the chief light of the picture, the key to which the lesser lights are tuned, and, as in nature, all is in perfect keeping. The life and movement of this picture, the sense of the joy that vigorous health and life are to man and beast, is exhilarating, and we cannot turn from it to look with pleasure at Betty's glossy coat. Landseer's delay in setting about this picture proves him to have approached it without enthusiasm, so that it is not quite a fair test of his powers even at this time; but Mr. Ruskin's criticism of it is applicable not only to this, but to many of Landseer's works: "There is a capability of representing the essential character, form and colour of an object without external texture. On this point much has been said by Reynolds and others, and it is perhaps the most unfailing characteristic of a great manner of painting. Compare a dog of Edwin Landseer with a dog of Paul Veronese. In the first, the outward texture is wrought out with exquisite dexterity of handling, and minute attention to all the accidents of curl and gloss which can give the appearance of reality, while the hue and power of the sunshine and the truth of the shadow on all these forms is necessarily neglected, and the larger relations of the animal as a mass of colour to the sky or ground, or other parts of the picture, are utterly lost. . . . I do not mean to withdraw the praise I have given, and shall always be willing to give, to such pictures as the 'Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' and to all in which the character and inner life of animals are developed; but all lovers of art must regret to find Mr. Landseer wasting his energies on such inanities as 'Shoeing,' and sacrificing colour, expression and action to the imitation of a glossy hide."

And beyond these technical defects his art, after boyhood, is wanting in movement and vigour; his horses are the tamest ever broken; and though no one would wish he

had painted fewer good dogs, one may regret that he painted so few naughty ones, and the wonderfully executed "Cavaliers' Pets" (1845, National Gallery), a *tour de force* completed in two days, is certainly less interesting than had the little sitters been less sleepily well-behaved. The moral responsibilities of a lap-dog are not heavy, and Gainsborough's "Tristram and Fox," who snapped and snarled and showed their pretty white teeth in Burlington House last winter, lost no friends through their irritable tempers. And among the many dogs to whom Gainsborough has introduced us, which of us has forgotten the broken-haired Scotch terrier, the immortal companion of Parson Bate? He is less emotional, less devoted to humanity than Landseer's terriers, and though he appears before us in his character of the friend of man, he accepts the friendship in sturdy independent spirit, and is at this moment no more concerned with friend Parson than the Parson with friend dog. Standing alert on his long stiff legs, there is that in his shaggy head and sensitive black polished nose which suggests that the endearing wistfulness of the shaded appealing eyes reveals only one side of his character; that human companionship has not subdued the love of fighting, and that cat has still an irresistible savour in his snuffing nostril. Like most of the dogs it has been one's lot to encounter, he has a sad admixture of faults among his virtues, and it may be perhaps because he recalls the wayward varied naughtiness of so many darlings that he is so long remembered. Like the generality of Gainsborough's dogs, he is brimming over with life and character and individuality, and is broadly and very finely painted.

Beyond all question, dogs and stags were the animals in whose treatment Landseer was most successful; but our public galleries possess no one of his best stag paintings, and therefore the illustrations of this paper perforce omit this side of his art. For variety's sake, "Peace" and "War" (1846, National Gallery) have been included; but they fall far short of his standard of highest excellence; for Landseer was always at his best in a simple, touching subject with one centre of interest, and he never overcame the difficulties of open-air effects. "The Stag at Bay," painted at the same date, is a fine work, almost universally known through the engravings. It was followed by "A Drive of Deer," and in 1848 by the touching and beautiful "Random Shot," familiar to all lovers of Landseer's art. This was pre-eminently a good year, for in the same Academy was hung "Alexander and Diogenes" (National Gallery), the best known of his popular half-human satires, and his last important dog picture. He had by this time outgrown his enthusiasm for dogs as subjects, and after exhibiting "The Maid and the Magpie" (1849, National Gallery), and "A Dialogue at Waterloo" (1850), he turned his attention chiefly to stag subjects. His execution had by this time become *chic*, easy and careless, and his colour and landscape had never been excellent, so that the admirable engravings, mostly by

Thomas Landseer and Charles Lewis, through which these works have become popular, are little, if at all, inferior to the original paintings. "The Monarch of the Glen" (1851) was quickly followed by "The Deer Pass" (1852), and "The Combat—Night and Morning" (1853), and then, after a few successful seasons, came the fine "Scene at Braemar" (1857). But success was less assured now than of old; health and mental vigour were declining, and as time went on attacks of illness and depression became more frequent. Landseer had been knighted in 1850; and in 1866 he was offered the presidency of the Royal Academy, which he declined. His health was by that time quite shattered; and though he continued to paint and to exhibit until the year of his death, good works became more and more rare where much was now mediocre. He died in his house in St. John's Wood, on October 1st, 1873, and was buried on the 11th, with full honours, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Even to the last his popularity was immense, and the sale of such pictures, sketches, and unfinished works as he had in his studio realised £69,709, though his pictures had, as a rule, even from boyhood, found purchasers before they left the easel.

F. MABEL ROBINSON.



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WE have now reached the conclusion of our task, and in this last section are compelled to be somewhat miscellaneous. A number of painters, not bound together by any close artistic relationship, remain to be noticed, and the necessity of the case forces us to treat in the same chapter men so different as Stanfield and Rossetti. Let us proceed to say what is needful about them without further preface, dealing first with three painters of the second order, and reserving till the last three others who were, each in his way, men of genius. We may follow pretty nearly the order of time, though in strict chronological sequence Bonington should come first, for his work, alas! was over before Stanfield and Cooke attained what fame was granted to them.



F JOHN JAMES CHALON there is comparatively little to say, for his life was uneventful, and his character not strongly marked, while no one would place him as an artist very high in the second class. He was the son of French parents, settled at Geneva, where he was born in 1778, being thus two years older than his brother, Alfred Edward Chalon, well known in his day as a painter of small full-length portraits in water colour, and as a prolific illustrator of books. Both brothers were in the course of time elected into the Royal Academy—the younger brother in 1816, and the elder not till 1841. John Chalon was one of the members of the old Water-Colour Society in its early days, but seceded in 1813, and henceforward was known rather as a painter in oil. His talent was varied, and he turned indifferently to the painting of animals, of landscapes, of marine subjects, and of figures, while in the notices of him which appeared after his death, in 1854, his friendly biographers dwelt admiringly upon his extraordinary power of rapid sketching, upon his humour and vivacity. He is scarcely remembered now; but none who know his work can say that he quite deserves the poppy of oblivion. At Burlington House, in the winter exhibition of 1887, there was a landscape of his which was quite admirable in composition, in colour, and in the power of transfusing the distances with warm sunlight, which was the great achievement of the so-called classical landscape painters. The “View of Hastings,” which we reproduce, is, on the other hand, a fine and strongly painted piece of realism—the shore crowded with boats and fisher-folk, and the whole picture full of wind and sun. What Chalon wanted was lightness of touch: his water is hard and glassy, and he is far from showing that sense of the delicacy of wave-form which marked his greater contemporaries, Turner and Bonington.

WILLIAM CLARKSON STANFIELD, nearly twenty years later in date than Chalon, was a painter of much more considerable pretensions, who held, and still to a certain extent holds, a high position, and whose pictures have always brought high prices. At his best, in the years between 1840 and 1850, there were many who preferred his sea-pieces to those of Turner, and who placed his Italian scenes, precise in drawing and attractive in composition and colour, higher than the inspired visions of his great contemporary. It is hardly necessary to dispute these exaggerated claims, proffered rather on Stanfield's behalf than by Stanfield himself, for, whether we start from Mr. Ruskin's principles or

from the principles of which Constable was the chief exponent, we come easily to the conclusion that Stanfield was rather an extremely dexterous painter than a great one. He was the son of Irish parents, and was born at Sunderland in 1794. He began life as a sailor; but, having formed an acquaintance with Douglas Jerrold, he soon found scope for his natural artistic talent in painting the scenes for Jerrold's theatrical entertainments. In 1818 he obtained his first regular engagement as a scene-painter for the Sailors' Theatre, in Wellclose Square, and from this he rapidly rose until, a few years later, he became the recognised and much admired painter of the scenes used at Drury Lane. But at the same time he had begun to practise in other branches of art; he exhibited at the British Artists' in 1823, and four years later at the Academy. Then, abandoning



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scene-painting altogether, he travelled abroad, and on his return exhibited with great success a number of foreign subjects. In 1832 he was made Associate, and three years later Royal Academician. From that time he took rank as one of the most popular and admired artists of his day. His friendship with Jerrold, Dickens, and other members of that *coterie*, brought him prominently forward in literary and artistic society, and he may almost be said to have taken the position as a painter of the sea that Landseer took, about the same time, as a painter of animals. The United Service Club, in 1836, gave him a commission for a large picture of the battle of Trafalgar: a sketch is in the National Gallery, and we reproduce it as a tail-piece to this concluding chapter. A few years later he was again touched by the charm of Italy, and for some time after 1839 he painted great numbers of views of that country, especially of the lakes, which he may almost be said to have discovered as far as the average English public was concerned. But he varied his Italian studies with studies of the Dutch coast and of the sea, and we may say, on the whole, that by pictures of this class he gained most of his fame and is likely to live

in the public memory. The two principal illustrations which we give of his work are both of this class, for it happens that neither the National Gallery nor the South Kensington Museum possesses a really fine Italian landscape of his, that of the "Lake of Como" in the former collection being somewhat cold and uninteresting. The "Market Boat on the Scheldt" is quite an early picture, bearing the date of 1821, though it was not exhibited till five years later; and the "Entrance to the Zuider Zee" dates from 1844, when the painter was fifty years of age. It is curious to remark how faithfully in the later picture he adheres to the ideals which were before him twenty-three years earlier, though in the interval he had steeped himself in Italian sunlight, and had done his best to perform the task, which only Turner and Bonington achieved, of painting Venice and the "watery way of palaces" in all the magic of their beauty. The two sea-pictures—for the Scheldt, at the point where Stanfield paints it, has the character of the sea—are models of careful, precise, and at the same time spirited art; the boats and ships are admirably drawn, the lines of the waves have been followed with the most exact observation. How is it, then, that they leave one cold? that in comparison with Turner on the one hand, and Henry Moore on the other, these marine-pictures of Stanfield appear inadequate? The truth is that to Stanfield the sea has denied the understanding of her inmost secrets. He cannot attain to the glory of her colours, and her never-resting movement demands a subtler brush than his.

A rather foolish fashion has sometimes tried to mark the position of certain English painters by nicknaming them after some foreign artists whose reputation is European. Thus Wilson used at one time to be called the English Claude, and EDWARD WILLIAM COOKE used to be called by picture-dealers and others the English Vandevelde. There is, indeed, something in common between his work and that of the great Dutch marine painter: both could draw ships to perfection, both loved the aspect of the sea in still weather, and the English painter—who was himself of Dutch descent—had undoubtedly studied the works of the Dutchman with care, though without servility. The small picture which we reproduce as a head-piece is a very good example of Cooke's work; the subject is a favourite one with him, the handling clear, decided, and masterly. But he was of a more varied talent than the title that we have quoted would imply; witness the charming little picture called "Windmills at Blackheath," which we select from the large number of his works contained in the South Kensington collection. It would have been easy to show this very clever painter in many other aspects—as a painter of shore-pieces, as a painter of cattle, as a painter of Italian, Spanish, and Egyptian scenery. The two little pictures, however, which we have chosen are fairly representative. Cooke was not a great artist in any sense of the term; but he had inherited from his father, the

well-known engraver, much skill as a draughtsman and a keen eye of natural beauty, and these gifts he turned to good account in the course of a long and industrious career. He was born in 1811 and died in 1880, having lived an uneventful, busy and successful life. His sketch-books and his etchings bear witness to his industry and to his zeal in searching out good subjects wherever a river mouth, or a bridge, or a group of shipping, or a meadow dotted with cows could offer them.

There is very little in common between this group of painters and the young genius, taken away at the moment of his highest promise, who now demands our attention.



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RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON was born at Arnold, a village near Nottingham, on October 25th, 1801. His father is said to have been at one time governor of the county gaol, but to have lost this appointment from a kind of waywardness of disposition which may partly account for the genius of his son. The father himself had some artistic talent, and even practised as a professional painter; but we hear little of his work, nor is much known of any proceedings of his, except that in 1816, a year after the conclusion of peace, he went with his family to Paris. There young Bonington began seriously to study art, working in the Louvre and becoming an inmate of the *atelier* of Gros, then at the head of his profession. It was a time of considerable artistic activity in Paris, and the great romantic reaction, which was at its strongest in 1830, was already beginning to make itself felt. The year 1819 was the year of the exhibition of Géricault's vast canvas, "Le Naufrage de la Méduse;" three years later came the "Dante and Virgil" of Eugène

Delacroix, and in 1824 the picture by the same artist which so deeply impressed his contemporaries, "Le Massacre de Scio." Young Bonington was certainly touched by the movement of the time, though as certainly he did not attempt any of the somewhat wild flights into which his friends were venturing. We have some most interesting evidence as to his proceedings, and as to what was thought of him by the artists of the day, in the form of a long letter written thirty-two years after Bonington's death by Delacroix himself, which M. Charles Blanc was so fortunate as to draw from the great painter for publication in his *Histoire des Peintres de toutes les Écoles*. This letter it is worth while to translate almost in full, so attractive is the sketch that it gives of Bonington, so evidently heartfelt is Delacroix's language. It is dated from Champrosay, Seine-et-Oise, November 30th, 1861, and Delacroix writes :—

"I knew Bonington well, and loved him well. His British *sang-froid*, which was imperturbable, deprived him of none of the qualities which make a character lovable. When I met him first I was very young, and was making studies in the Louvre : it was in 1816 or 1817. I saw a tall youth in a short jacket who was quietly making water-colour studies, generally after Flemish landscapes. He had already attained, in the material which was then an English novelty, a surprising cleverness. Soon after I saw at Schroth's shop some drawings of his of delightful colour and composition, full of the charm which marks Bonington's special merit. No doubt you can find in other modern artists certain qualities of force or exactness which are superior to those exhibited in Bonington's pictures ; but no one in this modern school, or perhaps before, has possessed the lightness of execution which, especially in water-colour, makes of his work a sort of diamond by which the eye is flattered and ravished, whatever the subject of the picture may be, and whether it is imitated from another painter or not.

"He was at that time, about 1820, with Gros ; but he did not stay long, for Gros himself advised him to give free play to his talent, which he already admired. Bonington did not then paint in oil, and the first oil-pictures that came from his brush were marine views. Those of this early date are recognisable by a somewhat excessive impasto, which he afterwards renounced, particularly when about 1824 or 1825 he began to paint pictures in which costume played an important part." Delacroix goes on to say that in the year 1825 he met Bonington again in England, while both were making studies from Dr. Meyrick's unrivalled collection of ancient armour ; and that there they renewed and strengthened their old friendship, becoming from this time very intimate. Afterwards they returned to Paris, and Bonington worked for some time in Delacroix's studio.

"I could never," he proceeds, "sufficiently admire his marvellous understanding of effect and his ease of execution. Not that he was easily satisfied ; on the contrary,

he often worked over again pictures that we thought finished and perfect; but his skill was such that at every moment he found beneath his brush new effects as charming as the old. He appropriated all kinds of details to be found in the pictures of older masters, and adjusted them to his compositions with very great skill. You may see figures of his almost exactly taken from pictures which are under the eyes of all the world, and he never troubled himself about it; nor, indeed, does this habit detract in the least from the merit of his work. These details, *pris sur le vif*, so to speak, and appropriated by him, especially in the matter of costumes, increase the air of truth in his figures, and never in the least suggest *pastiche*. . . . We all loved him. I used often to say to him, 'You are king in your domain, and Raphael could not have done what you do. Never mind other people's styles and theories; go on in your own line.'"

It would be almost an impertinence to add anything to this charming letter, which shows that Delacroix regarded Bonington as an equal, if not as his superior. A few words complete the story of the brilliant but too brief life of this young man, who so happily wedded all the best characteristics of French and English art, and who has been claimed for either school. In 1824 we find him exhibiting in the Salon four oil-pictures and a water-colour drawing, and this, it must be remembered, was the year of the "Hay Wain," the exhibition of which in Paris made an epoch in the history of modern landscape art. It is curious to notice that, besides Constable and Bonington, two other English painters, Thomas Lawrence and Copley Fielding, sent contributions that year, and all received some kind of official rewards; Bonington, then twenty-three, obtained the high distinction of a gold medal. Then he travelled, and in 1825 he went to Venice and to Bologna, making the studies from which he afterwards painted two famous views of the Ducal Palace and of the Grand Canal, the beautiful little picture now in the National Gallery, which we reproduce, and three which passed into the possession of Mr. Thomas Baring. About this time, too, he painted those exquisite small figure-subjects, chiefly from the history of the most picturesque of French monarchs, Francis I., of which some have since been sold at fabulous prices. In 1828, already stricken with fatal illness, he came to London, was kindly received by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at that time at the head of his profession in England, then returned to Paris, came back in despair to die in his native country, and breathed his last in London on September 23rd. He was only twenty-seven years of age, whereas, as M. Charles Blanc reminds us, even Paul Potter, the most short-lived of the great artists, lived till twenty-nine, and Raphael till nearly forty. What would Bonington have achieved had ten more years of life been granted him? We can only make a sorrowful guess, such as we make when we reflect on the death of Keats and Chatterton.

The remaining artists on our list are undoubtedly two of the most interesting figures that have appeared on the horizon of British art during the present century; but so much has been written on both these artists during the last few years, and the work of



both is so familiar to the art-loving public at this moment, that it is not necessary to speak of them here in more than a few words. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (for so he came to sign himself, though he had been christened Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti) was born in London at 38, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, May 12, 1828, and died at Birchington - on - Sea, April 9, 1882. From his boyhood he had been known to a few artists and writers as a being of exceptional gifts; but it was not until the publication of his *Poems and Ballads*, in 1870, that this knowledge was extended to the literary class in general, and it was only when, the year after his death, the Royal Academy held a special exhibition of his pictures that his

name and fame were spread abroad among a really wide public. He had, indeed, lived more or less the life of a recluse; he had refused to publish anything, or to exhibit anything; but when people came to read his poetry and to see his pictures, they understood at once how real was the influence that he had exercised over some of the choicest

minds of his time. A full account of the part played by Rossetti in the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in the years 1848 and 1849 has lately been given by Mr. Holman Hunt in his articles on that movement, and the same excellent witness has left us a picture of the young Rossetti as he then knew him. The son of an Italian exile, at once patriot, poet, and scholar, and of a mother who was half Italian, the lad was entirely alien to the London world in the midst of which he was brought up. He had, indeed, received some kind of instruction at King's College School; but his real education came from his own private reading of poetry, Italian and English, and from the exercise of his wonderful memory upon the master-pieces of the two literatures. He turned early to art, and was for a time a student in the Royal Academy Schools; but he had nothing in common with the traditions and methods of English art, and it was only natural that, finding two kindred spirits in Holman Hunt and Millais, then brilliant young men of his own age, he should lead them with him into the paths of revolution. They formed the little *coterie* which soon became famous under the name of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—the title intending to signify that the members of the Brotherhood sought to work in the spirit of the old Italians before Raphael had come to make art technically perfect but worldly and conventional. In May, 1849, Rossetti exhibited "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," at the Hyde Park Gallery, Holman Hunt "Rienzi," at the Academy, and Millais, at the same place, that wonderful picture of "Lorenzo and Isabella," which now belongs to the Corporation of Liverpool. In the next year, at the Portland Gallery, Rossetti exhibited the picture which, at the late Mr. William Graham's sale in 1886, was bought, with Frederick Walker's "Vagrants," for the nation, and which we reproduce, "The Annunciation," or, as he called it at the time, "Ecce Ancilla Domini." It was painted at his studio in dingy Newman Street; but none of the darkness and dulness of his material surroundings entered into the picture, which was to express the inmost feelings of this young reformer of art. The picture, in the fresh whiteness of its general tone, varied as it is by blue and crimson, and in the extraordinary delicacy of its execution and the bright independence of its design, is assuredly a masterpiece, and is worthy to be considered with the "Lorenzo and Isabella" as realising in the most complete way the desire for sincerity and simplicity in art out of which the new movement sprung. In later years Rossetti ventured into bolder flights of colour, revelled in reds and greens and blues; but, though he cannot be justly charged with affectation—for he was always sincere—he may fairly be charged with mannerism, since in his later work he came more and more to adhere to one scarcely possible type of female beauty. It was hard, as one passed through the exhibition of his works in the spring of 1883, to refute the common criticism—that if he was not affected, his models were. There is nothing of this, however, in the "Ancilla Domini," which, though a very early picture, painted when

he was a lad of twenty-two, may be taken to mark the very perfection of his talent, and to explain, much better than many of his larger and later pictures, the influence which he exercised over the art of Millais, Holman Hunt, and Burne-Jones.

Rossetti was fifty-four when he died; but FREDERICK WALKER, the last name on our list, died at thirty-five. He was born in Marylebone, in 1840, and died in 1875 at Cookham-on-Thames, where he had for some time lived and worked, and in the churchyard of which parish he lies buried. Like Rossetti, he, too, had painted in Newman Street, in the evening-class in Leigh's studio; at seventeen he entered the Academy Schools, and was at the same time learning the art of wood-engraving from Mr. Whymper. It was through his drawings on wood that he became known to the public; and his first opportunities came to him through Thackeray, who engaged him to make illustrations for the *Cornhill Magazine*, then in its infancy. In 1863 Walker exhibited his first picture, "The Lost Path," and the next year he became an Associate of the old Water-Colour Society. From this time forward he painted busily in oil and water colours, exhibiting "The Bathers" in 1867, "The Vagrants"—the National Gallery picture—in 1868, "The Plough" in 1870, "The Harbour of Refuge" in 1872. In 1870 he was elected A.R.A., but he never received promotion to full academic honours. He is one of those painters whose reputation has been steadily growing, until it now stands with the general public at the point where it stood from the first with the best judges among the artists themselves. These men saw from the beginning that in Frederick Walker England had produced an artist of high, if not the highest, original gifts, and the public which now so eagerly buys Mr. Macbeth's etchings after Walker's works has come to share their point of view. Walker, indeed, taught English people with more grace, if with somewhat less force, the lesson that Jean-François Millet had taught the French—the lesson of the poetry of rural life, with its joys and sorrows, its intervals of hard toil and pleasant rest, and its intimate subordination to the movements of nature. For the first time it seemed that a man had arisen who understood the inner life of the peasantry, and who could deal with it as a great poet deals with his subject-matter. Add to this, that Frederick Walker had never forgotten the lessons that he learned as a boy in the sculpture rooms of the British Museum, and that to the end he treated the English peasant with something of the grace and statuesque dignity which the Greek sculptors used to impart to their figures long ago. These are the gifts that he combines in such a picture as "The Vagrants," and it would not be going too far to say that the efforts of a whole class of English artists during the last fifteen years have been directed to the development of them

With these painters we conclude our brief and necessarily partial survey of the history of English art. Enough, let us hope, has been done to show that for a hundred and fifty years that history has been a striking and a memorable one, and that England, where art was a late birth, has taken a high and a distinct place in the general art-history of Europe. We have confined ourselves to the public galleries of London, and these, greatly as they have been developed and purified of recent years, are still very far from ideal perfection, so far as the English school is concerned. Little by little, let us hope, the voids will be filled, and by careful purchases and patriotic gifts we shall see a proper representation of those departments of English art which are as yet poorly represented, or not represented at all. We want examples of the breezy art of David Cox, of the colour of John Phillip, and of the exquisite feeling of George Mason. We want more works of the charming school of portrait-painters which grew up under the influence of Sir Joshua. We want some finer Wilsons, some finer Cotmans, some Romneys as beautiful as those we have, but larger and more characteristic of the painter's highest mood. When the nation possesses these, and when, as the years go on, examples of the best men now living are added to the public galleries, the reproaches which foreign critics have too long been ready to address to English art will surely be taken away.

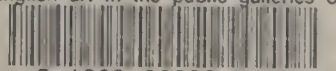
T. H. WARD.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,  
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.





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